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Publishers' Bulletin

DECEMBER 1900



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Type of Peasant

From Russia of To-Day.

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MAGAZINE

1901



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Richard Harding Davis



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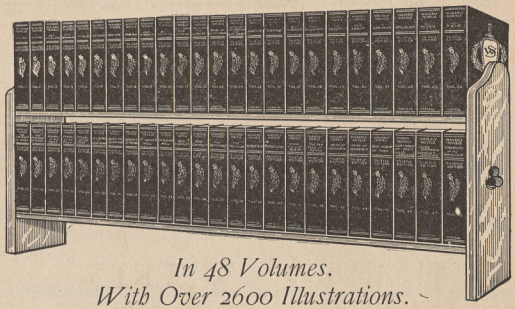
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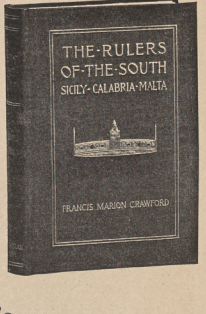
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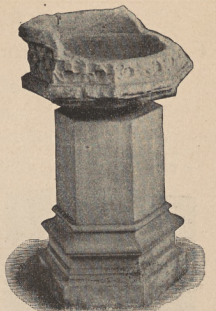
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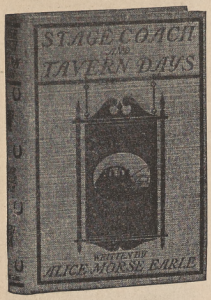


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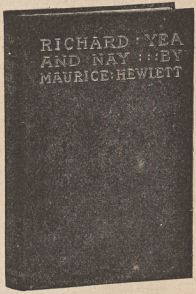
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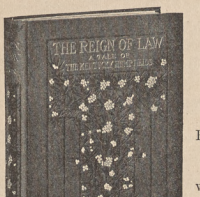
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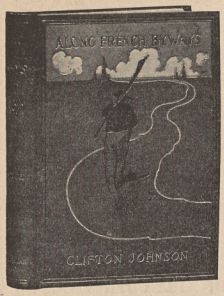
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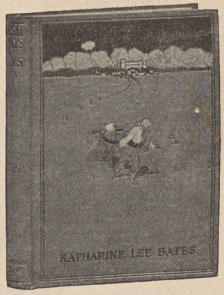
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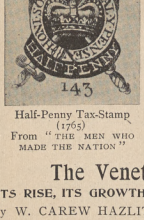
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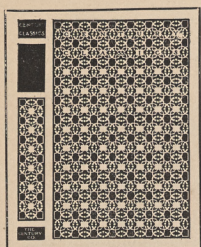
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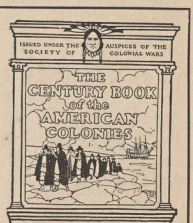
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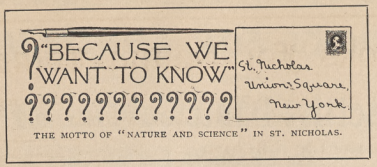
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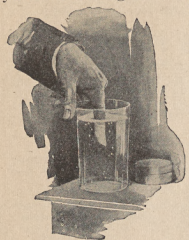
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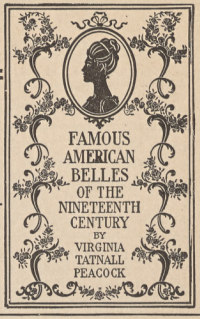
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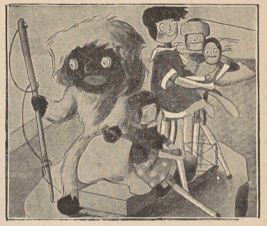
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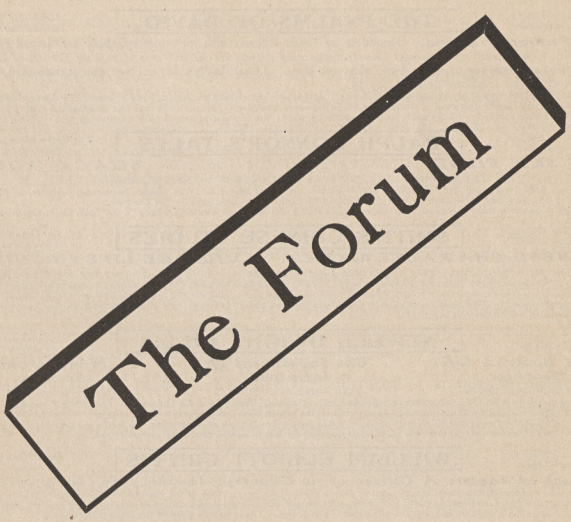
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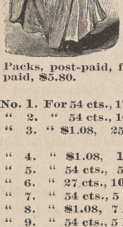
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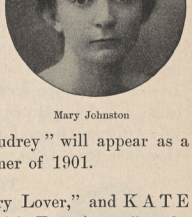
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IN 1901

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Atlantic Monthly, 1901

Reconstruction Period

The most important group of papers which the *Atlantic Monthly* will offer to its readers during 1901 is a series of scholarly, unpartisan studies of the Reconstruction Period, beginning in the January number. The various authors represent both the South and the North, and many shades of political opinion. It is believed that without a knowledge of the conditions under which the Southern States were readmitted to the Union, it is impossible to form a clear opinion of the most significant of our internal problems of the coming decade, namely, the movement for the disfranchisement of the Southern negro.

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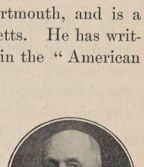
Prof. Woodrow Wilson

WOODROW WILSON, whose general introductory article in the January number is entitled "The Reconstruction of the Southern States," is a Virginian by birth, and is now Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton University. He is the author of "The State," "Congressional Government," "Division and Reunion," etc.



Hon. Samuel W. McCall

SAMUEL W. MCCALL contributes a paper on "Washington during the Reconstruction Period." He was born in Pennsylvania, is a graduate of Dartmouth, and is a member of Congress from Massachusetts. He has written the "Life of Thaddeus Stevens," in the "American Statesmen Series."



Hon. D. H. Chamberlain

DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN, who writes on "South Carolina during Reconstruction," was born in Massachusetts, and educated at Yale College and the Harvard Law School. He served in the Union army, and became a cotton planter in South Carolina in 1866. He was Attorney-General of South Carolina 1868–1872 and Governor 1874–1876.



Thomas Nelson Page

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, who will describe "The Southern People during the Reconstruction," was born in Virginia, and was educated at Washington and Lee and the University of Virginia. He is the author of "In Old Virginia," "The Old South," "Red Rock, a Chronicle of Reconstruction," and many other works of fiction.

Atlantic Monthly, 1901

Reconstruction Period



Hon. Hilary A. Herbert

HILARY A. HERBERT, who will outline "The Conditions of the Reconstruction Problem," is a native of South Carolina, served in the Confederate army, was a member of Congress 1877–1893, and was Secretary of the Navy 1893–1897. He is the author of "The Solid South."



Prof. W. E. B. Du Bois

W. E. B. DU BOIS furnishes a description of "The Freedmen's Bureau." He was born in Massachusetts, educated at Harvard, and is Professor of Economics and History at Atlanta University. He has written "The Suppression of the Slave Trade," "The Philadelphia Negro," etc., and other studies.



William Garrott Brown

WILLIAM G. BROWN, who contributes a paper on "The Ku Klux Movement," was born in Alabama, and graduated at Harvard, where he is now connected with the library. He is the author of "Andrew Jackson," in the Riverside Biographical Series, "The Orator of Secession," and other studies in Southern political history.



Prof. W. A. Dunning

WILLIAM A. DUNNING, who has for his subject "The Undoing of Reconstruction," is a native of New Jersey, and was educated at Columbia, where he is now Professor of History. He is the editor of "The Political Science Quarterly," and is the author of "Essays on the Civil War and Reconstruction."

Studies of the National Life

The *Atlantic's* series of descriptive papers dealing with the different sections of the United States — a series that has attracted marked attention — will be continued by Professor W. D. Lyman's article on "Washington, Our Northwest Corner State," "The Mississippi Valley" by J. K. Hosmer, "Texas" by Professor D. F. Houston, and other articles.

Of no less interest is a group of papers dealing with several representative American cities. Among these will be "A Plea for New York" by James K. Paulding, "Fall River" by Theodore Dreiser, "A Glimpse of Pittsburg" by W. L. Scaife, "The City at Night" (Buffalo) by Rollin Lynde Hartt, "Omaha" by W. R. Lighton, and "New Orleans" by Albert C. Phelps.

Atlantic Monthly, 1901

Essayists

The list of *Atlantic* Essayists has been a notable one from the very founding of the magazine. Among the writers who have promised to contribute to its pages during 1901 are: —

Le Baron R. Briggs,
John Burroughs,
John J. Chapman,
Winthrop M. Daniels,
Martha Baker Dunn,
John Fiske,
Lewis E. Gates,
Arthur T. Hadley,
Norman Hapgood,
George M. Harper,
C. Hanford Henderson,
W. D. Howells,
William DeW. Hyde,
Henry James,
Gerald Stanley Lee,
Hamilton W. Mabie,
John Muir,
Paul E. More,
Rollo Ogden,
Harriet Waters Preston,
Horace E. Scudder,
Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.,
Goldwin Smith,
Bradford Torrey,
Frederick J. Turner,
Henry van Dyke,
Benjamin Ide Wheeler,
Woodrow Wilson.

Notable Single Articles

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ADMINISTRATION will be reviewed in March, 1901, by *Henry Macfarland*, Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

JOHN MARSHALL, by *James B. Thayer*, of the Harvard Law School. Apropos of the centennial of the great jurist's elevation to the chief-justiceship of the Supreme Court, on February 4, 1801.

THE GROWTH OF PUBLIC EXPENDITURES, by *Charles A. Conant*. How growing wealth increases public improvements and how expenditure through official channels has multiplied.

YALE UNIVERSITY, by *Bernadotte Perrin*. An article suggested by the celebration, in October, 1901, of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college.

Short Stories

In addition to the three important serials, the *Atlantic* will publish a large number of brilliant short stories. We have space here to mention but a few: —

The Weaker Sex ..... F. J. STIMSON
The Watcher by the Threshold ..... JOHN BUCHAN
His Enemy ..... ALICE BROWN
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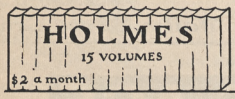
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The EVENING POST Review of the Century

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST of Saturday, January 12, 1901, will contain a notable series of about forty articles by eminent writers, who will present a philosophic and historical review of the main aspects of the Nineteenth Century—a record of the wonderful progress of the world during the last one hundred years. Among the subjects treated will be:

English Literature	*Edmund Gosse*
Printing in the Nineteenth Century	*Theodore L. DeVinne*
American Literature	*Prof. W. P. Trent*
International Law	*Prof. John B. Moore*
Psychical Research of the Century	*Andrew Lang*
Progress of Astronomical Science	*Prof. Simon Newcomb*
Evolution and Religious Conceptions	*Leslie Stephen*
Railway Development	*President Arthur T. Hadley*
Transformations in the Orient	*W. E. Griffis*

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"The Siege of the Legations."

THE LIVING AGE will begin in its issue for November 17, and will continue for several successive numbers, a thrilling account of **"The Siege of the Legations,"** written by Dr. Morrison, the well-known correspondent of The London Times at Peking. This narrative is of absorbing interest in its descriptions of the daily life of the besieged legationers, and it is noteworthy also as containing some disclosures relating to the inside history of what went on at Peking in those stirring days, which are altogether new and of the utmost importance. The unusual length of Dr. Morrison's narrative has precluded and probably will **preclude any other publication of it on this side of the Atlantic.** In England it has attracted wide notice.

FREE FOR THREE MONTHS.

Until the edition is exhausted there will be sent to each new subscriber for 1901, on request, the numbers of THE LIVING AGE from October 1st to December 31st, 1900. These numbers will contain ***The Siege of the Legations,*** as above, Heinrich Seidel's attractive serial, ***The Treasure,*** and the opening chapters of ***A Parisian Household*** by Paul Bourget. **These serials are copyrighted by THE LIVING AGE and will appear only in this magazine.**

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HOLIDAY BULLETIN

The Publications of Houghton Mifflin and Company, Boston New York and Chicago. 1900

Illustrated Holiday Books

PENELOPE'S EXPERIENCES

I. England. II. Scotland.



To the good cheer which Christmas generally brings is this year to be added the special cheer of two Holiday volumes by Mrs. Wiggin. These relate the memorable experiences of Penelope and her traveling companions, Salemina and Francesca, in Great Britain, — first among the charming scenery and the interesting people of England, then through the more rugged scenery and the fascinating people of Scotland. They include many of the experiences of travel made delightful or amusing by the story-teller's art of putting things; passages of romance at once sincere and humorous, wholly charming; tournaments on the plains of English literature and through the glens and kailyards of Scottish; passing glimpses or fuller revelations of many sorts and conditions of men and women, admirable, curious, droll, tolerable, amusing, — and throughout all a vivacity, an agility, a kaleidoscopic variety, a never-failing humor and good-humor, and an exquisite literary skill and grace that make the reader unmindful of time or place, of anything but England and Scotland, and Penelope, Salemina, and Francesca coruscating there. The fascination of Mrs. Wiggin's story is supplemented with over a hundred illustrations by Mr. Charles E. Brock, the famous English artist. He has "caught the bright infection" of Mrs. Wiggin's genius, and has infused into his designs a humor as delightful as it is uncommon. His illustrations are eminently satisfactory to Mrs. Wiggin, and will quite surely gratify her admirers. The two volumes are printed and bound with special care, and are likely to be prime favorites the coming Holiday season.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE

Picturesque descriptions of two score French cities, each having some notable features of interest, — cathedral, castle, quaint architecture, scene or building,

or statue of historical character; acute and suggestive comments and reflections on the people and their towns; a style that lends charm to the whole,— this is a hint of the literary attraction of A Little Tour in France, one of the most engaging books Mr. Henry James has written. All it needs to make it in the highest degree satisfactory is that an artist with eyes for what is most beautiful, majestic, quaint, or distinctive should also take this "little tour" and reproduce in art whatever best illustrates the book, — and this has been done by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and done uncommonly well. About seventy pictures of varied interest and artistic quality finely supplement Mr. James's admirable work; and the Riverside Press has made a book so handsome that it is eminently adapted for Holiday uses.

YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS

Mr. James T. Fields enjoyed the pleasant distinction of being one of the most popular of publishers among authors. He knew personally all the famous English-speaking writers of his time; and after he withdrew from the business in which he had won so enviable a reputation he wrote a book which he felicitously called Yesterdays with Authors, — including a delightful mingling of biography, anecdote, reminiscence, criticism, and letters, of Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, Wordsworth, Miss Mitford, "Barry Cornwall" and some of his Friends. This charming book has now been equipped with twenty-eight portraits and several facsimiles. These render the book exceedingly attractive to lovers of literature; and the noble volume is so complete in its mechanical features that it is a very desirable addition to the list of gift-books.

OLD VIRGINIA AND HER NEIGHBOURS

The two volumes in which Mr. John Fiske tells the story of the colonizing of Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia, and brings that story down nearly to the Revolutionary period, are among the most interesting portions of his extremely interesting history of America. They lend themselves peculiarly well to illustration, since they relate to an era in which history was making in a strenuous and picturesque fashion, as Miss Johnston's two historical romances show. Mr. Fiske's volumes have been furnished with a great number of illustrations, all of historic character and significance. Portraits of the most conspicuous figures, pictures of the most significant scenes, facsimiles of the most important documents, and numerous maps render the volumes of very high value; and the sumptuous style in which they are brought out makes them especially appropriate for Holiday gifts. This is in a marked degree true of the Large-paper Edition.

MR. FISKE'S OTHER VOLUMES

Special mention should be made at this time of the other volumes of similar character by Mr. Fiske. These include The Beginnings of New England, in one volume; The American Revolution, in two volumes; and The Critical

Period of American History, 1783–1789, in one, — all illustrated profusely with portraits, facsimiles, maps, and whatever emphasizes the historic pictorial features of the times of which they treat. All are of the first order of value for gift purposes and for libraries intended to be of permanent character.

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S WORKS

Among sets of books recently issued, one of the first in importance is the new Riverside Edition of Colonel T. W. Higginson's writings in seven handsome volumes, rearranged and edited by the author, printed from new plates, embellished with three portraits, and containing some of the most thoughtful and charming portions of modern literature. The Large-paper Edition is a notable group of books, fit for a royal gift.

RIVERSIDE ALDINE CLASSICS

Five exquisite little books inaugurate the Riverside Aldine Classics, and contain Evangeline, Snow-Bound, The One-Hoss Shay, The Vision of Sir Launfal, The Snow-Image, and other selections from the best of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Hawthorne. These volumes are printed and bound in Pickering style, each has a beautiful frontispiece, and each or all will be an uncommonly pretty gift.

PERENNIAL HOLIDAY VOLUMES

Several volumes of previous years possess such artistic features or such permanently satisfactory qualities of bookmaking that they should not be suffered to drop out of sight. One of these, and a conspicuous example, is General Lew Wallace's The Fair God, with illustrations by Eric Pape. These illustrations are admirable in historic truthfulness, superb in drawing, and easily rank among the finest work of their kind ever produced in America. The dramatic story of the Conquest of Mexico is pictured in an emphatic and beautiful style, and the two volumes are notable works of art. Two other examples of excellent and attractive gift-books, good for all years, are Thoreau's Walden, in two volumes, with photogravures of the most picturesque scenes near Walden Pond and Concord, and Thoreau's Cape Cod, in two volumes, containing numerous colored pictures of characteristic Cape Cod scenes and views by Miss Amelia M. Watson. These books are quite out of the common.

Two other examples are Hawthorne's Wonder Book and Mrs. Deland's charming book The Old Garden and Other Poems, both profusely illustrated in colors by Mr. Walter Crane. The Wonder Book presents Hawthorne's delightful rendering of old classic myths with strong and beautiful designs which emphasize and glorify them. The Old Garden blooms with all sorts of beauty of flower and vine, each in its proper colors, — a collection of marvelous grace and charm.

Other books in this class are: A Year in the Fields, essays selected from the writings of Mr. John Burroughs, with photogravures showing the literary naturalist at his summer home, on his walks, and generally having an interesting, serene time; Miss Jewett's charming Deephaven, with over fifty illustrations which harmonize admirably with the quiet, deep beauty of the story, by Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury; Mr. Warner's Backlog Studies, a very enjoyable series of papers, with twelve designs by Mr. Garrett.

Two books by Miss Phelps should be borne in mind, — Loveliness, the pathetic story of a pet dog stolen and just saved from vivisection, all effectively pictured; and The Story of Jesus Christ, from its subject a specially appropriate Christmas gift, also for the dramatic story Miss Phelps makes of it, with insight, historic imagination, and intense devoutness restoring the impression of that wonderful life. Twenty-four very good pictures add to the beauty and effect of the book.

Foremost in its class of works of art yet produced in America is The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, with the fifty-six magnificent designs of Mr. Elihu Vedder. These are too well known to need description or commendation. The three editions in which they appear should be kept in mind in the gift season.

Biography and History

THEODORE PARKER

Rev. John W. Chadwick's Life of Theodore Parker is one of the most notable biographies of the year. It treats a great man in a thoroughly admirable way, not glozing faults nor overpraising excellences, but giving a life-size picture of the man studying tremendously, preaching with wonderful effect the gospel of love and righteousness, lecturing to vast audiences throughout the North, writing books, the subject of intense admiration and equally intense hatred, fresh-natured, undaunted, profoundly religious, — a most lovable man. Mr. Chadwick writes with exceptionally full knowledge and loyal sympathy; treating the man, his time, and his work in a large way, and with uncommon literary charm.

THE RIVERSIDE BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

This series promises to secure the popular favor which a good scheme merits. Its plan is to include in a group of small volumes (100 pages or a little more) the biographies of Americans who have made or shaped history, leaders in the realms of statesmanship, invention, exploration, art, letters, religion, etc., as auxiliary and supplementary to the study of American history. Books of much positive value and literary attractiveness have already appeared on Andrew Jack-

son, by William Garrott Brown; James B. Eads, the great civil engineer, by Louis How; Benjamin Franklin, by Paul E. More; and additional volumes are expected at an early date on Jefferson, Penn, Peter Cooper, and General Grant. The volumes are in two editions, — for general readers, and for school use.

NOTABLE BIOGRAPHIES RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Very desirable gift-books may be selected from a group of biographies which to most readers are yet unfamiliar, but are uncommonly well worth reading. Such are the very interesting book by Rev. E. E. Hale on James Russell Lowell and his Friends, full of information and a delightful kind of personal and literary gossip, and illustrated with forty-eight capital pictures, including many portraits; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Reminiscences, covering fourscore years of most varied experience in New York, Boston, and Europe, abounding in anecdotes of famous persons and recollections of great events, and rendered yet more attractive by twenty-four illustrations, mostly portraits; Memoirs of a Revolutionist, a remarkable book, in which the eminent Russian exile, Prince Kropotkin, tells the dramatic story of his wonderful career from the days when he was a petted page in the Russian court, through his years of study and achievements in science, and from his awakening to a profound sense of the woes and hopelessness of the poor of his country and his many years of sublime self-sacrifice in their behalf, — a veritable wonder book; the two volumes in which Mr. George C. Gorham records the public service and the herculean efforts of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's undaunted and indomitable Secretary of War during the great struggle between the North and the South; the two other volumes which illustrate the vast enterprises, the sterling patriotism, the boundless philanthropy, of John Murray Forbes, who rendered the country uncounted signal services during the Civil War; the unique volume, Recollections of My Mother, in which Mrs. Susan I. Lesley describes in the most charming way the strong character and the variously useful life of Mrs. Anne Jean Lyman of Northampton, Mass., and gives an exceedingly interesting series of views of New England social life a half century ago; Dr. Munger's luminous account of the character and work of Horace Bushnell, one of the great glories of the American pulpit, with a discriminating statement of Bushnell's leadership in the progress of theology toward a broader conception and a juster recognition of the results of scientific research and wiser critical methods; and the important later volumes in the American Statesmen Series, — Mr. McCall's Thaddeus Stevens, Professor Hart's Salmon P. Chase, Mr. C. F. Adams's Charles Francis Adams, and Mr. Moorfield Storey's Charles Sumner.

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FOSTER'S CENTURY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

Hon. John W. Foster, who succeeded Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State, has held an unprecedented number of responsible positions in the American diplomatic service. This large experience enables him to speak with uncommon intelligence and authority on those topics which naturally come within the scope of his book just published. It covers for a hundred years a large variety of subjects of diplomacy between this and foreign countries, which all intelligent readers would be glad to know about. A chapter is given to the Monroe Doctrine; and, in short, the book sheds light on many topics of diplomacy, and produces in the reader's mind a heartier respect for his government.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

The average citizen of this country has always had an idea that the navy is a respectable institution, but he has known very little about it. The exploits at Manila and Santiago aroused him to intense admiration and pride in it, and he now wishes to know its history. This has just been written by two men especially competent to the work. Professor Ira N. Hollis, of Harvard University, under the title The Frigate Constitution; the Central Figure of the Navy under Sail, has told the story of the famous "Old Ironsides" and the great events which served to make her the leading figure of the United States Navy. He brings the story down to the introduction of iron in construction and steam as motive power. From this point, in another volume, Lieutenant Bennett, who was on the cruiser New York in the recent war with Spain, continues the story, describing the vast changes from the first ironclad vessels to the formidable battleships of to-day, and narrating the great victories that have been won by the navy in its iron age. His book is entitled The Monitor and the Navy under Steam. Both volumes are full of accurate knowledge, are interestingly written, and fully illustrated.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS

The realm of the Czar is so vast and the policy of his ministers so well defined and inflexible, though little known to the outside world; the growth of his empire is so steady and so like the movement of Fate, that a peculiar interest attaches to the country, its people and its government. Mr. Edmund Noble, who has lived long in Russia and made a careful and prolonged study of all its features and its history, has written a popular book on Russia and the Russians, from the earliest times until the present. He points out the controlling forces of its development, describes the people and the government, — in short, he tells just what most persons wish to know definitely about a country which wields so tremendous a power, and which seems likely to wield yet greater.

Poetry and Drama

AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY

This great work on which Mr. E. C. Stedman has been engaged for years is worth waiting for so long. In its 950 pages are the most characteristic poems of all American poets from 1787 to the present. These have been selected with the utmost care, and with that almost unerring discrimination for which Mr. Stedman is distinguished. Biographical sketches of the poets are given; and prefixed to the volume is an exceedingly valuable introduction discussing the poetry of America with Mr. Stedman's well-known critical acumen. The frontispiece contains the portraits of eight famous poets. The book is in all its features a thoroughly good piece of work, and the volume is so handsome a product of bookmaking that it should be a prime favorite the coming Holiday season. Very few books will be available that can compare with this in intrinsic value and attractiveness. It bids fair to enjoy a high popularity like that accorded to Mr. Stedman's Victorian Anthology, which is unrivaled in its field.

CAMBRIDGE EDITIONS

A notable feature in the literary product of several years past has been the successive volumes of the Cambridge Edition of famous poets. It has from the first been recognized as unequaled in accuracy of text, in scholarly skill of editing, in the judiciousness of its notes, in its orderly arrangement and its equipment of biographical sketches and indexes. The books are intended to be models of bookmaking: they are printed on opaque paper of high grade; they are bound firmly, yet so that they open readily and lie open. The edition includes the Poetical Works of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Tennyson, Browning, Milton, Burns, Scott, Keats; and now Mrs. Browning has been added, under the very competent editorship of Miss Harriet Waters Preston. These eleven volumes contain a large section of the best poetry in the English language.

ORPHEUS: A MASQUE

This is a handsome book containing a notable poem by Mrs. James T. Fields. It is a new rendering of the Orpheus myth; and partly in rhyme, partly in blank verse, but always in fine poetic form and spirit, Mrs. Fields relates the classic legend and achieves a genuine literary success.

THE FIELDS OF DAWN AND LATER SONNETS

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, sonnet-laureate of America, in the first portion of his new volume, gives us a series of pastorals relating to the charming time of youth when boy and maiden are inseparable comrades, but not lovers. These are delightful, though they may not strike so high a note as that of the later sonnets

in the book. But the whole has an uncommon grace and power of expression, and the touch of the poet is on it all.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID AND OTHER POEMS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

This tasteful book contains poems which Miss Edna Dean Proctor has written about her native State. They are intensely loyal, appreciative of the majesty and beauty of the scenery of New Hampshire, and imbued with the genuine poetic spirit, like the poems in Miss Proctor's volume published some years since. Her new book is rendered additionally attractive by thirteen fine illustrations from photographs of the Granite State's most picturesque scenes. This is easily an excellent book for a gift.

NEW CABINET EDITION

The Complete Poetical Works of Burns, Scott, and Keats have just been brought out from new plates in the Cabinet Edition. There had already appeared in this edition the Poems of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and Tennyson. The type of this edition is much larger than that of the previous Cabinet Edition, so that it may be confidently commended for legibility. The books have all been carefully edited; the longer poems have numbered lines for convenient reference; the binding is at once firm and attractive; and each volume has a fine portrait of the poet framed in an artistic border. For study, for reading, or for a gift, these books are altogether desirable.

FOUR PLAYS BY MR. HOWELLS

Four booklets have recently been brought out, each containing a short play by Mr. W. D. Howells. These are Bride Roses, Room 45, An Indian Giver, and The Smoking Car. All bear the hall-mark of Mr. Howells's humor, delicate irony, and literary charm. They are admirably adapted for private theatricals, or public for that matter, and are so pretty inside and out that they will make exquisite little gifts.

Fiction

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

The most notable work of fiction to be mentioned here is Miss Mary Johnston's story of the earliest years of Colonial Virginia. This was published last February, and has now reached the 270th thousand. The popular interest indicated by its large sale is not due to superficial qualities unsupported by great excellences. The distinguishing characteristics of the story are: fidelity to the scenes, characters, and history of the time to which the story relates; uncommon skill in the plot, which holds the reader's eager attention from be-

ginning to end; sharp discrimination of characters who act their individual parts in the thrilling drama with uncommon consistency; a hero and a heroine of truly heroic mould, who are in speech and act worthy of the deep interest their experiences inspire; a fine appreciation of the majesty and beauty of the scenes through which the story glides or rushes, and singular charm of description without a trace of exaggeration or excess; a perfect purity of tone and sentiment which lifts the story into the clear upper regions of romance; and a style of great force and rare beauty.

PRISONERS OF HOPE

Miss Johnston's earlier story, which relates to a somewhat later time, has enjoyed a large degree of popularity, although it has not reached the generous figures of To Have and To Hold. The distinguishing features of the story are much like those of the former; it is marked by the same historic and literary conscientiousness; it has characters of positive strength and charm; and its style is simply wonderful for a first venture in literature.

ROBERT TOURNAY

Mr. William Sage has scored a genuine popular success in his romance of the French Revolution. He has so effectively, yet without exaggeration, reproduced the fierce temper of the epoch of political and social delirium, and the romance between the peasant Revolutionary colonel and the aristocratic daughter of towards a hundred earls is so interesting, that the popularity of the book is easily understood.

THE LAST REFUGE

Mr. Henry B. Fuller in a Sicilian romance illustrates in the pure, charming style which his readers find so satisfactory the depression and emptiness which follow a satiety of the pleasures, even the harmless pleasures, of life. The hero, who has enjoyed so much that life has lost its zest for him, seeks by further enjoyment of social gayeties, of Art, of Nature, to regain the old delight and enthusiasm. Failing in this, he goes to a city which greatly needs help, and here in helping finds the Refuge which contents him. The course of the story, especially the Roman part, offers opportunity for exceedingly artistic descriptions.

THE HOUSE BEHIND THE CEDARS

Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt has proved his skill as a writer of short stories by his two previous books, The Conjure Woman and The Wife of His Youth. Now he proves his equal power for a longer flight by a novel which merits wide reading and is quite sure to win it. Like the earlier books of Mr. Chesnutt, this is a story of the Color Line, — at all times a difficult theme, the treatment of which, to be at all effective, must be marked by skill, discrimination,

and sincerity, with special knowledge of the subject. Mr. Chesnutt boldly takes the case of a beautiful girl and a gifted young man, on the border line between the races, who seek to escape, by stepping over the color line, from the slavery of caste which persists long after involuntary servitude has become a matter of history. The trials, not to say tragedy, almost inevitable, can easily be surmised, but Mr. Chesnutt's treatment of the difficult question is strong, delicate, artistic, and gives his novel a unique place in American literature.

THE HALF-HEARTED

A story of over-training, of the hero's consequent failure to win a seat in Parliament or the lady he loved, but by the stimulus of a soldier's service in India gaining the re-invigoration of will which re-creates the man, making of him a hero indeed, who by the height of sacrifice saves the empire. This is a hint of a strong novel by Mr. John Buchan, the English novelist, — a novel worthy of wide popularity.

THE BLACK GOWN

Albany is the scene of the greater part of the novel of Colonial New York which Miss Ruth Hall has just published. It relates to the middle of the Eighteenth Century, when the Dutch were gradually coming under the sway of the English, whom the Indians had not all learned to love and trust. Miss Hall's descriptions of Dutch life are written with full knowledge and are uncommonly attractive. There is plenty of movement in the story, with a very good hero and a heroine worthy of him.

FORTUNE'S BOATS

There is a fivefold strand of romance in Miss Barbara Yechton's new story, which pleased the readers of The Churchman before its appearance in book form. Now it promises to please many more by its interesting story of five sisters who in various useful and ingenious ways worked for a livelihood for themselves and their widowed mother, and mingled philanthropic and generous aims with their work; and by its fortunate course of romance, which Miss Yechton describes with intelligent sympathy.

THE PRODIGAL

A young Aucklander vies with the Prodigal Son of the New Testament story in wasting his substance in riotous living. He wanders forth to seek his fortune or misfortune, as may chance, and reaches the water front at San Francisco. His rich father's agents under instructions dole him a very scanty pittance, and require him to come for it daily. He rages, roams, meets an attractive and providential schoolmistress with whom he judiciously falls in love, and the sequel is "all that could be desired." Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote tells the story with the full intelligence and the narrative skill which make her

novels of Western life so valuable as pictures of the country and people, and so fresh and wholesome through and through. The Prodigal has illustrations by Mrs. Foote herself, which will be a distinct attraction for those who recall the skill and grace with which she has illustrated other books.

THROUGH OLD-ROSE GLASSES

Under this winning title Mary Tracy Earle has gathered into a handsome book eight stories, each complete in itself, yet many of them connected by scenes and characters. The stories are quite above the average in subject, and in the setting as well as the telling. The freshness, humor, and style of the stories ought to insure them a wide reading among those who like really good fiction.

A WHITE GUARD TO SATAN

Miss A. M. Ewell here makes a welcome addition to historical fiction. The story relates to Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia in 1676, and purports to be told by a contemporary of the outbreak. The incident from which the tale derives its name is skillfully described, and the atmosphere of the time is finely preserved. Altogether, this is a story to be noted for reading and keeping or giving.

THE SON OF THE WOLF

This book of Alaska stories, by Mr. Jack London, has won extraordinary praise from judicious critics for its grasp of the fierce characteristics of the life and region it treats. Its power, dramatic force, appreciation of the more or less wild figures that haunt the Arctic region, and its uncommonly effective style, make it one of the most remarkable of recent books of fiction.

LOVE IN A CLOUD

Mr. Arlo Bates's new story has gained a wide reading among those who enjoy a novel that does not exact severe attention, but is decidedly bright, light in touch, with a clear vein of irony, a humorous holding up of the mirror to some of the peculiarities of some Boston people, and a style that makes his story very pleasant reading.

POOR PEOPLE

Mr. I. K. Friedman's story of the hardships, temptations, virtues, and romance of tenement life in a great city has attracted much attention, yet not so much as it merits for its positive interest as a story, for its deep and sincere sympathy with its characters, for its frequent touches of humor, and the readable style in which the story is told.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN

Mrs. M. E. M. Davis's story of the Creole quarter of New Orleans is such a fine and unmixed bit of romance, and is so attractively told, that it not only

deserves to be read far and wide, but it may well figure among gift-books, it comes so pleasantly near to being an idyl, and is so pretty a book.

MRS. WIGGIN'S STORIES

The critic was quite right who said that, judged by their power to hold and delight readers, Mrs. Wiggin's stories stand very near the head of the list. Indeed they do, and whose stand above them? The Birds' Christmas Carol is probably the most popular Christmas story of its class, and is always a great favorite at the holiday season, — and the whole round year besides. A quite similar tale might be told of Timothy's Quest, The Story of Patsy, Polly Oliver's Problem, and all the rest of her attractive list.

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S BOOKS

Mr. Smith's army of admirers will surely keep his books in mind for the Christmas cheer of themselves or their friends, unless their impatience to have and read them has spurred them already to procure them. Yet there must be a good many other millions of Americans who would find great enjoyment in reading, and in seeing on their shelves, Caleb West, Tom Grogan, Colonel Carter of Cartersville, The Other Fellow, A Gentleman Vagabond, A Day at Laguerre's, and the charming travel sketches Gondola Days, A White Umbrella in Mexico, and Well-Worn Roads, — all three of these illustrated by Mr. Smith himself.

MISS JEWETT'S STORIES

Twelve pretty volumes of stories and two novels stand to the credit — very much to the credit — of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, besides three delightful books for girls. If the man be a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, how eminent a public benefactress must she be who multiplies in her readers kind thoughts, humane appreciation, intelligent sympathies, and delightful humor, while telling them very interesting stories! From Deephaven to The Country of the Pointed Firs, every book of the entire list is something to be grateful for.

A SINGULAR LIFE

Miss Phelps's latest long story has a strong vitality and a deep hold on the imagination of its readers. Its intense earnestness and the singleness of aim in Emanuel Bayard appeal powerfully to respect and affection. In various ways Miss Phelps's other stories maintain their grasp on public interest: "The Supply at Saint Agatha's," "The Gates Ajar" and its two companion volumes, "The Story of Avis," — and all of them.

Essays

COUNSEL UPON THE READING OF BOOKS

This is really a book of "light and leading," since it contains essays or lectures that are wise and helpful on History, Biography, Economics, Fiction, Poetry, Essays and Criticism, by Professor H. Morse Stephens, Miss Agnes Repplier, President Hadley, Professors Brander Matthews and Bliss Perry, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. It is very seldom that persons so competent unite to do so good a work, and this is made yet more helpful and attractive by an Introduction by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. For thousands upon thousands of young men and women there could be no better gift than this.

MOUNTAIN PLAYMATES

There were two of these, and they played on a sightly hilltop near Mt. Chocorua. They played at farming with such success that the old farm took on a new life; at artistic rug-making, and many women rejoiced that a new and profitable industry was offered to them; and with all their play was mingled a cheerful philosophy, with poetry, love of the beautiful Nature about them, — and Mrs. Helen R. Albee has written a very attractive book concerning it, which is a handsome volume besides.

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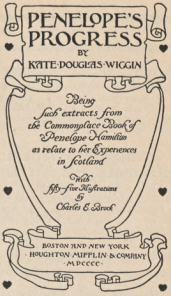
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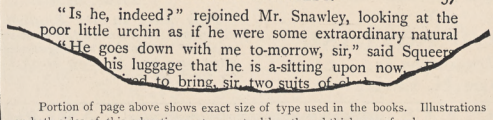
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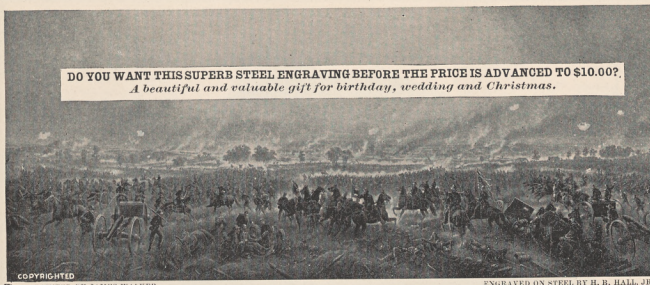
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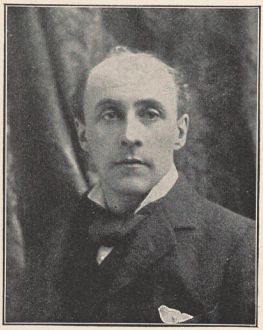
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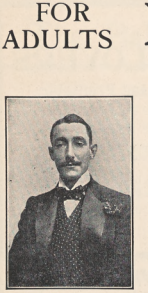
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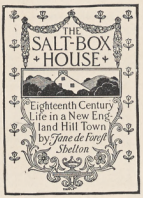
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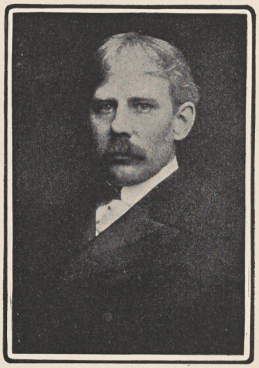


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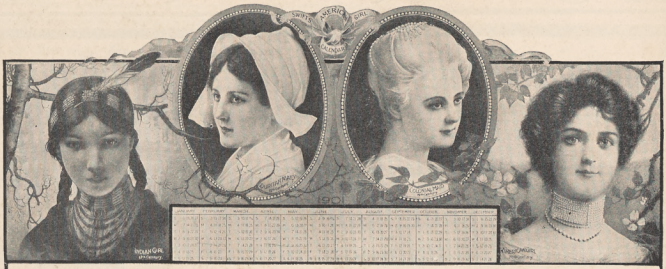
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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

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VERSES.

(TO P. G. S. WRITTEN IN A GIFT COPY OF MR. LOWELL'S POEMS.)

If here, sweet friend, no verse you find
To wake far echoes in the mind,
No reach of passion that can stir
Your chords of deeper character,
Let it suffice if here and there
You seem to snuff New England air,
And give a kindly thought to one
Who in our ampler Western sun
Finds no such sunshine as he drew
In London's dreariest fogs from you.

(WRITTEN IN A COPY OF "AMONG MY BOOKS" FOR P. G. S.)

Last year I brought you verses,
This year with prose make bold;
I know not which the worse is;
Both are but empty purses
For your superfluous gold.

Put in your sunny fancies,
Your feeling quick and fine,
Your mirth that sings and dances,
Your nature's graver glances,
And think they all are mine.

(WRITTEN IN A COPY OF "FIRESIDE TRAVELS" FOR P. G. S.)

If to my fireside I return,
And, as Life's embers fainter burn,
No travels plan save that last post
To the low inn where Death is host,
Yet when my thoughts an outing seek,
Bowed pilgrims and with footing weak,
No spots to all men's memories known
Shall lure them forth; one path alone

Will they with constant faith retread,
Brightening 'neath Memory's sunset red.
Across the muffled course of steeds
Through the sheep-dotted park it leads
By water silvered in the breeze
With the swan's shattered images,
By sun-steeped elms where not the rush
And rapture of the embowered thrush
Detain them — that could once detain
Those feet more light than summer rain
That sang beside me: — Sure 't is I,
And not my lumpish thoughts, that fly
To lay my tribute at those feet
Of gratitude forever sweet
For comfort given when great the lack,
For sunshine, when my heaven was black,
Poured through my dull and sullen mood
From skies of purest womanhood.

This path lifelong my feet shall bless
With sense of dear indebtedness; —
Yet what avails it her or me,
Myself a dream, a vision she?

James Russell Lowell.

THE STORY OF A NEW ENGLAND TOWN.[1]

THE history of Middletown, Connecticut, is not that of one of the world's great centres of commerce or of government, of literature or of art; nevertheless it has its points of attraction, not only for those who dwell within the precincts of the town, but for all who feel interested in the development of civilization in our western hemisphere. The mere length of time during which the town has existed may serve to stamp for us the folly of the assertion that "America has no history," — one of those platitudes that people go on repeating until they become deadened to their absurdity. Next year the English-speaking folk of our planet are to take part at Winchester, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Wessex, in a grand millennial celebration of the mighty hero, statesman, and author who stands preëminent among the founders of English nationality and English literature; the history of Middletown carries us back over one fourth of the interval that has elapsed since the death of Alfred the Great. It is a history as long as that of Rome from the beginning of the Punic Wars to the reign of Augustus, and twice as long as that of Athens when she was doing the things that have made her for all time the light of the world. These are great names, perhaps, to bring into the same paragraph with that of our modest little town. But the period of development with which we are concerned is as important as any that is known in history.

[1] Address delivered October 10, 1900, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Middletown.

In the time of Charles I., when our story begins, there were about 5,000,000 people in the world speaking the language of Shakespeare; at the time of our first national census there were about 12,000,000, one third of them in the United States; to-day there are more than 120,000,000, three fifths of them in the United States; and there are children now going to school who will live to see this vast number trebled. The task of organizing society politically, so that such immense communities might grow up peacefully, preserving their liberties and affording ample opportunity for the varied exercise of the human faculties, is a task which baffled the splendid talents of ancient Greece, and in which the success of the Romans was but partial and short-lived. We believe that the men who use the mingled speech of Alfred and of William the Norman have solved the great political problem better than others have solved it. If we except the provinces of the Netherlands, the Swiss cantons, and such tiny city states as Monaco and San Marino, which retain their ancient institutions, there is not a nation on earth, making any pretense to freedom and civilization, which has not a constitution in great measure copied, within the present century, either from England or from the United States. Thus, whether willingly or not, does the civilized world confess the primacy of the English race in matters political.

But as between our British cousins and ourselves, it is quite generally conceded that the credit for having successfully extended the principles of free government over vast stretches of territory belongs in a special degree to the American people. The experiment of federalism is not a new one. The Greeks applied to it their supple and inventive genius with many interesting results, but they failed because the only kind of popular government they knew was the town meeting; and of course you cannot bring together forty or fifty town meetings from different points of the compass to some common centre, to carry on the work of government by discussion. But our forefathers under King Alfred, a thousand years ago, were familiar with a device which it had never entered into the mind of Greek or Roman to conceive: they sent from each township a couple of esteemed men to be its representatives in the county court. Here was an institution that admitted of indefinite expansion. That old English county court is now seen to have been the parent of all modern popular legislatures.

Now the Puritan settlers of New England naturally brought across the ocean the political habits and devices to which they and their fathers had been inured. They migrated for the most part in congregations, led by their pastors and deacons, bringing with them their notions of law and government and their custom of managing their local affairs in a primary assembly, which was always in reality a town meeting, even though it might be called a vestry or a court-leet. Such men with such antecedents, coming two hundred and sixty-five years ago into the Connecticut Valley, were confronted with circumstances which soon made some form of representative federal government a necessity.

About eight miles north of Middletown, as the crow flies, there stands an old house of entertainment known as Shipman's Tavern, in bygone days a favorite resort of merry sleighing parties, and famous for its fragrant mugs of steaming flip. It is now a lonely place; but if you go behind it into the orchard, and toil up a hillside among the gnarled fantastic apple trees, a grade so steep that it almost invites one to all fours, you suddenly come upon a scene so rare that when beheld for the twentieth time it excites surprise. I have seen few sights more entrancing. The land falls abruptly

away in a perpendicular precipice, while far below the beautiful river flows placidly through long stretches of smiling meadows, such as Virgil and Dante might have chosen for their Elysian fields. Turning toward the north, you see, gleaming like a star upon the horizon, the gilded dome of the Capitol at Hartford, and you are at once reminded that this is sacred ground. It was in this happy valley that a state was for the first time brought into existence through the instrumentality of a written constitution; and here it was that germs of federalism were sown which afterward played a leading part in the development of our nation. Into the details of this subject we have not time to go at length, but a few words will indicate the importance of the events in which the founders of Connecticut and of Middletown were concerned.

We are so accustomed to general statements about our Puritan forefathers and their aims in crossing the ocean that we are liable to forget what a great diversity of opinion there was among them, not so much on questions of doctrine as on questions of organization and of government. The two extremes were to be seen in the New Haven colony, where church and state were absolutely identified, and in Rhode Island, where they were completely separated. The first step in founding a church in Massachusetts was not taken without putting a couple of malcontents on board ship and packing them off to England. The leaders of the great exodus were inclined to carry things with a high hand. Worthy William Blackstone, whom they found cosily settled all by himself in the place now known as Boston, was fain to retreat before them; he had come three thousand miles, he said, to get away from my lords the Bishops, and now he had no mind to stay and submit to the humors of my lords the Brethren! Afterward, as the dissentients became more numerous, they scattered about and founded little commonwealths each for himself. Thus did New Hampshire begin its life with John Wheelwright, the Providence Plantation with Roger Williams, Rhode Island with Anne Hutchinson and her friends. Thus it was with those families in Dorchester and Watertown and the new settlement soon to be called Cambridge, who did not look with entire approval upon the proceedings of the magistrates in Boston. In 1631 the governor and council laid a tax upon the colony to pay for building a palisade, and the men of Watertown refused to pay their share, because they were not represented in the body that laid the tax. This protest led to the revival of the ancient county court as a house of representatives for Massachusetts. Winthrop and Cotton and Dudley readily yielded the point, because they fully understood its importance; but they were unable to make such concessions as would satisfy the malcontents. Their notions were aristocratic; they believed that the few ought to make laws for the many. Moreover, they wished to make a commonwealth like that of the children of Israel under the Judges, and into it nothing must enter that was not sanctified; so they restricted the privileges of voting and of holding public office to members of the Congregational churches qualified to take part in the communion service.

At this juncture there arrived from England two notable men, the Rev. Thomas Hooker and the Rev. Samuel Stone, both graduates of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and with them came many followers and friends. They were settled as pastor and teacher of the congregation at the New Town (Cambridge), and at once became known as leaders of the opposition to the policy of the ruler of Massachusetts. With them were associated the layman John Haynes and the ministers John Warham of Dorchester and George Phillips of Watertown, ancestor of Wendell Phillips.

For our present purpose, it is enough to say that within three years from the arrival of Hooker and Stone the three congregations of Dorchester, Cambridge, and Watertown had migrated in a body to the further, or western, bank of New England's chief river, the Connecticut, or "long tidal stream," as it was called in the Algonquin language. Here the new Dorchester presently took the name Windsor, while its neighbor to the southward called itself Hartford, after Mr. Stone's English birthplace, which is pronounced in the same way though spelled with an *e*. As for the new Watertown, it was rebaptized Wethersfield, after the birthplace of one of its principal men, John Talcott, whose name in the colonial records, where orthography wanders at its own sweet will, usually appears as "Tailcoat." The wholesale character of this westward migration may be judged from the fact that of the families living in Cambridge on New Year's Day, 1635, not more than eleven were there on the Christmas of 1636; the rest were all in Hartford.

Along with this exodus there went another from Roxbury, led by William Pynchon, whose book on the Atonement was afterward publicly burned in the market place at Boston. This migration paused on the eastern bank of the river at Springfield, where our story may leave it, as it took no part in the founding of a new commonwealth.

This sudden and decisive westward movement was a very notable affair. If the growth of New England had been like that of Virginia or of Pennsylvania, the frontier would have crept gradually westward from the shores of Massachusetts Bay, always opposing a solid front to the savage perils of the wilderness, and there would have been one large state with its seat of government at Boston. But the differences in political ideals and the desire of escaping from the rule of my lords the Brethren led to this premature dispersal in all directions, of which the exodus to the Connecticut Valley was the most considerable instance.

The new towns, Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield, were indisputably outside of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in so far as grants from the crown could go. For two years a supervision was exercised over the Connecticut Valley by persons acting under a commission from Boston. Then in January, 1639, a memorable thing was done. The men of the three river towns held a convention at Hartford, and drew up a written constitution which created the state of Connecticut. This was the first instance known to history in which a commonwealth was created in such a way. Much eloquence has been expended over the compact drawn up and signed by the Pilgrims in the cabin of the Mayflower, and that is certainly an admirable document; but it is not a constitution; it does not lay down the lines upon which a government is to be constructed. It is simply a promise to be good and to obey the laws. On the other hand, the "Fundamental Orders of Connecticut" summon into existence a state government which is, with strict limitations, paramount over the local governments of the three towns, its creators. This is not the place for inquiring into the origin of written constitutions. Their precursors in a certain sense were the charters of mediæval towns, and such documents as the Great Charter of 1215, by which the English sovereign was bound to respect sundry rights and liberties of his people. Our colonial charters were in a sense constitutions, and laws that infringed them could be set aside by the courts. By rare good fortune, aided by the consummate tact of the younger Winthrop, Connecticut obtained in 1662 such a charter, which confirmed her in the possession of her liberties. But these charters were always, in form at least, a grant of privileges from an overlord to a vassal, some-

thing given or bartered by a superior to an inferior. With the constitution which created Connecticut it was quite otherwise. You may read its eleven articles from beginning to end, and not learn from it that there was ever such a country as England or such a personage as the British sovereign. It is purely a contract, in accordance with which we the people of these three river towns propose to conduct our public affairs. Here is the form of government which commends itself to our judgment, and we hereby agree to obey it while we reserve the right to amend it. Unlike the Declaration of Independence, this document contains no theoretical phrases about liberty and equality, and it is all the more impressive for their absence. It does not deem it necessary to insist upon political freedom and upon equality before the law, but it takes them for granted and proceeds at once to business. Surely this was the true birth of American democracy, and the Connecticut Valley was its birthplace!

If we were further to pursue this rich and fruitful theme, we might point to the decisive part played by the state of Connecticut, a hundred and fifty years later, in the great discussion out of which our Federal Constitution emerged into life. Connecticut had her governor and council elected by a majority vote in a suffrage that was nearly universal, while, on the other hand, in her lower house the towns enjoyed an equality of representation. During all that period of five generations, her public men, indeed all her people, were familiar with the combination of the two principles of equal representation and the representation of popular majorities. It therefore happened that at the critical moment of the immortal convention at Philadelphia, in 1787, when the big states led by Virginia were at swords' points with the little states led by New Jersey, and it seemed impossible to agree upon any form of federal government, — at that fateful moment when nothing kept the convention from breaking up in despair but the fear that anarchy would surely follow, — at that moment Connecticut came forward with her compromise, which presently healed the strife and gave us our Federal Constitution. Equal representation in one house of Congress, combined with popular representation in the other, — such was the compromise which reconciled the jarring interests, and won over all the smaller states to the belief that they could enter into a more perfect union without jeopardizing their welfare. The part then played by Connecticut was that of savior of the American nation, and she was enabled to play it through the circumstances which attended her first beginnings as a commonwealth.

In the present survey our attention has been for quite a while confined to the north of Rocky Hill. It is now time for us to turn southward and glance for a moment even as far as the shores of Long Island Sound, in order that we may get a picture of the surroundings among which Middletown came into existence.

In their bold westward exodus to the Connecticut River the English settlers courted danger, and one of its immediate consequences was an Indian war. The blow which our forefathers struck was surely Cromwellian in its effectiveness. To use the frontiersman's cynical phrase, it made many "good Indians." By annihilating the strongest tribe in New England it secured peace for forty years, and it laid open the coast for white settlers all the way from Point Judith to the East River. Previously, the English had no settlement there except the blockhouse at Saybrook erected as a warning and defense against the Dutch. But now the next migration from England, led by men for whom even the ideas of Winthrop and Cotton were not sufficiently aristocratic and theocratic, listened to the enthusiastic

descriptions of the men who had hunted Pequots, and thus were led to pursue their way by sea to that alluring coast. In the founding of New Haven, Milford, Branford, Guilford, Stamford, and Southold over across the Sound, we need only note that at first these were little self-governing republics, like the cities of ancient Greece, and that their union into the republic of New Haven was perhaps even more conspicuously an act of federation than the act by which the three river towns had lately created the republic of Connecticut.

A spirit of federalism was then, indeed, in the air; and we can see how the germs of it were everywhere latent in the incompatible views and purposes of different groups of Puritans. Rather than live alongside of their neighbors and cultivate the arts of persuasion, they moved away and set up for themselves. It was not until a generation later that the Quakers thrust themselves in where they were not wanted, and through a course of martyrdom won for the New World its first glorious victory in behalf of free speech. The earlier method was to keep at arm's length. There was room enough in the wilderness, and no love was lost between the neighboring communities. The New Haven people restricted the suffrage to church members, and vituperated their Connecticut neighbors for not doing likewise. It was customary for them to speak of the "profane" and "Christless" government of Connecticut. So in our own time we sometimes meet with people who — forgetful of the injunction "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" — fancy that a Christian nation ought to introduce the name of God into its written constitution.

But while the wilderness was spacious enough to accommodate these diverse commonwealths, its dark and unknown recesses abounded in dangers. With the Dutchmen at the west, the Frenchmen at the north, and the Indians everywhere, circumspection was necessary, prompt and harmonious action was imperatively called for. Thus the scattering entailed the necessity of federation, and the result was the noble New England Confederacy, into which the four colonies of Connecticut, New Haven, Massachusetts, and Plymouth entered in 1643. This act of sovereignty was undertaken without any consultation with the British government or any reference to it. The Confederacy received a serious blow in 1662, when Charles II. annexed New Haven, without its consent, to Connecticut; but it had a most useful career still before it, for without the aid of a single British regiment or a single gold piece from the Stuart treasury it carried New England through the frightful ordeal of King Philip's War, and came to an honored end when it was forcibly displaced by the arbitrary rule of Andros. It would be difficult to overstate the importance of this New England federation as a preparatory training for the greater work of federation a century later.

Thus we are beginning to get some correct appreciation of the political and social atmosphere in which Middletown came into existence. It was in the central home and nursing place of the ideas and institutions which to-day constitute the chief greatness of America and make the very name *United States* so deeply significant, so redolent of hopeful prophecy, like the fresh breath of the summer morning. Let us not forget that what is most vital, most organic, most prolific, in our national life, the easy and natural combination of imperial vastness with unhampered local self-government, had its beginnings more intimately associated with the banks of our beautiful river than with any other locality.

The Puritan exodus from England was something unprecedented for volume, and in those days when families of a dozen children were common a swarm-

ing from the parent hive was frequent. It might seem as if a movement downstream from Wethersfield would naturally have come first in order. But the banks of the river would seem to have been shrouded in woodland vegetation as dense as that of the Congo or some stretches of the lower Mississippi in our days. The settlers were apt to be attracted by smooth open spaces, such as the Indians called *Pequoig;* such a place was Wethersfield itself. But the little Connecticut republic first made a long reach and laid its hand upon some desirable places on the Sound. In the eventful year 1639, Roger Ludlow, of Windsor, led a swarm to Fairfield, the settlement of which was soon followed by that of Stratford at the mouth of the Housatonic River. This forward movement separated Stamford from its sister towns of the New Haven republic. Then in 1644 Connecticut bought Saybrook from the representatives of the grantees, Lord Saye and his friends, and in the next year a colony planted at the mouth of Pequot River was afterward called New London, and the name of the river was changed to Thames. Apparently Connecticut had an eye to the main chance, or, in modern parlance, to the keys of empire; at all events, she had no notion of being debarred from access to salt water, and while she seized the mouths of the three great rivers, she claimed the inheritance of the Pequots, including all the lands where that domineering tribe had ever exacted tribute.

In 1645, the same year that New London was founded, came the settlement of Farmington, and in 1646 the attention of the General Court was directed to the country above the *Wondunk*, or great bend where the river forces its way eastward through a narrow rift in the Chatham hills. The name of the region west of the river was Mattabesett, or Mattabeseck (for coming from Algonquin mouths the dentals were not readily distinguishable from gutturals). It is the same name as Mattapoisett, on the coast of Buzzard's Bay, and it means a carrying place or portage, where the red men would walk from one stream head to the next, carrying their canoes upon their shoulders. It may also mean the end of the carrying place, the spot where the canoe is relaunched, and in its application to Middletown there is some uncertainty, arising perhaps from embarrassment of riches. We have surely streams and portages in plenty. What with the Sebethe and its southwestern tributary that flows past Ebenezer Jackson's romantic lane, what with the Pameacha and the Sanseer uniting in Sumner's Creek, Middletown is fairly encompassed with running waters, which doubtless made a braver show in the seventeenth century than in these days of comparative treelessness and drought. Just when the first settlement was made in Mattabesett we are not too precisely informed, but it was probably during the year 1650, to which an ancient and unvarying tradition has always assigned it. In September, 1651, we find an order of the General Court that Mattabesett shall be a town, and that its people shall choose for themselves a constable. In 1652 we find the town represented in the General Court, and in 1653 the aboriginal name of Mattabesett gives place to Middletown. The Rev. David Dudley Field, in his commemorative address of fifty years ago, suggested that this name was "probably taken from some town in England for which the settlers had a particular regard." I have not found any Middletown in England, though the name Middleton occurs in Lancashire, and twice in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere; but the lengthening change from a familiar Middleton to Middletown is not in accordance with the general rule in such cases, so that we must probably fall back upon the more prosaic explanation that the name was roughly descriptive of the place as about halfway between the upper settlements and the Saybrook

fort. If so, it was one of the earliest instances in America of the adoption of a new and descriptive name instead of one taken from the Bible or commemorative of some loved spot in the mother country. Let us be thankful that it preserves the old dignified simplicity; a later and more grandiloquent fashion would have outraged our feelings with *Centreville!*

Mattabesett had its denizens before the peaked hats of the Puritans were seen approaching the mouth of the Sebethe. They were Algonquins of the kind that were to be found everywhere east of Henry Hudson's river, and in many other parts of the continent, even to the Rocky Mountains. The apostle Eliot preached to Mohegans at Hartford in the same language which he addressed to the Massachusetts tribe at Natick, and his translation of the Bible is perfectly intelligible to-day to the Ojibwas on Lake Superior. Between the Algonquins of New England and such neighbors as the Mohawks there was of course an ancient and deep-seated difference of blood, speech, and tradition; but one Algonquin was so much like another that we need not speculate too curiously about the best name to be given to the tawny warriors who were gathered in the grimy wigwams that clustered upon Indian Hill. Very commonly the name of a clan was applied to its principal war chief. Just as Rob Roy's proudest title was The Macgregor, so the head of the Sequeens in the Connecticut Valley was The Sequeen. Our ancient friend Sowheag, upon Indian Hill, was of that ilk, and it would not be incorrect to call him a Mohegan.

It is worth mentioning that the territory of Mattabesett was bought of Sowheag's Indians and duly paid for. Sometimes historians tell us that it was only Dutchmen, and not Englishmen, who bought the red men's land instead of stealing it. Such statements have been made in New York, but if we pass on to Philadelphia we hear that it was only Quakers who were thus scrupulous, and when we arrive in Baltimore we learn that it was only Roman Catholics. In point of fact, it was the invariable custom of European settlers on this Atlantic coast to purchase the lands on which they settled, and the transaction was usually recorded in a deed to which the sagamores affixed their marks. Nor was the affair really such a mockery as it may at first thought seem to us. The red man got what he sorely coveted, steel hatchets and grindstones, glass beads and rum, perhaps muskets and ammunition, while he was apt to reserve sundry rights of catching game and fish. A struggle was inevitable when the white man's agriculture encroached upon and exhausted the Indian's hunting ground; but other circumstances usually brought it on long before that point was reached. The age of iron superseded the stone age in America by the same law of progress that from time immemorial has been bearing humanity onward from brutal savagery to higher and more perfect life. In the course of it our forefathers certainly ousted and dispossessed the red men, but they did not do it in a spirit of robbery.

The original extent of territory purchased from Sowheag cannot be accurately stated, but ten years later we find it stretching five miles or more southward from the Sebethe River, and northward as far as Rocky Hill; while from the west bank of the Connecticut it extended inland from five to ten miles, and from the east bank more than six miles, comprising the present areas of Portland and Chatham.

The original centre of settlement was the space in front of the present Catholic church, between Spring Street and the old graveyard. There in 1652 was built the first meeting-house, — a rude wooden structure, twenty feet square and only ten feet in height, — which until 1680 served the purposes alike of pub-

lic worship and of civil administration, as in most New England towns of the seventeenth century. A second meeting-house was then built on the east side of Main Street, about opposite the site of Liberty Street. About that neighborhood were congregated most of the Lower Houses, as they were called; for a couple of miles north of the Sebethe, and separated from this settlement by stretches of marshy meadow, was the village which within the memory of men now living was still called the Upper Houses. In those heroic ages of theology, when John Cotton used at bedtime to "sweeten his mouth with a morsel of Calvin," when on freezing Sundays the breaths of the congregation were visible while at the end of the second hour the minister reached his climax with seventeenthly, — in those days it was apparently deemed no hardship for the good people of the Upper Houses to trudge through the mire of early springtime or under the fierce sun of August to attend the services at the central village. Indulgence in street cars had not come in to weaken their fibre. But by 1703 there were people enough in the Upper Houses to have a meeting-house of their own, and we find them marked off into a separate parish, — the first stage in the process of fission which ended in 1851 in the incorporation of the town of Cromwell.

I do not intend, however, to become prolix in details of the changes that have occurred in the map of Middletown during more than two centuries. Many such facts are recounted in the address, lately mentioned, of Dr. Field, my predecessor in this pleasant function fifty years ago. It is a scholarly and faithful sketch of the history of our town, and full of interest to readers who care for that history. Instead of an accumulation of facts, I prefer in this brief hour to generalize upon a few salient points. As regards the territorial development of the town, it may be noted that while it long ago became restricted to the western bank of the river, its most conspicuous movement has lately been in a southerly direction. After the cutting down at the north there came a considerable development just below the great bend, in which the most prominent feature is the Asylum upon its lofty hill. Nothing else, perhaps, has so far altered the look of things to the traveler approaching by the river. But little more than a century ago, say at the time of the Declaration of Independence, the centre of the town was still north of Washington Street. There stood the town house in the middle of Main Street, while down at the southern end, just east of the space since known as Union Park, stood the Episcopal church, built in 1750. With the growth of the state there had been a creation of counties in 1668, and until 1786 Middletown was still a part of Hartford County. A reminiscence of bygone days was kept up in the alternate sittings of the legislature at Hartford and New Haven, but Middletown had grown to be larger than either of those places; with a population of between 5000 and 6000 it was the largest town in Connecticut, and ranked among the most important in the United States at a time when only Philadelphia, New York, and Boston could count more than 15,000. John Adams, in 1771, was deeply impressed with the town from the moment when he first caught sight of it from Prospect Hill on the Hartford road; but his admiration reached a climax when he went to the Old North meeting-house and listened to the choir. About the same time, a well-known churchman and Tory, that sad dog Dr. Samuel Peters, the inventor of the fabled New Haven Blue Laws, said of Middletown: "Here is an elegant church, with steeple, bell, clock, and organ; and a large meeting without a steeple. The people are polite, and not much troubled with that fanatic zeal which per-

vades the rest of the colony." This is testimony to an urbanity of manner that goes with some knowledge of the world. The people of the thirteen American commonwealths were then all more or less rustic or provincial, but there was a kind of experience which had a notable effect in widening men's minds, softening prejudices, and cultivating urbanity, and that was the kind of experience that was gained by foreign trade. During the eighteenth century Middletown profited largely by such experience. In 1776, among fifty names of residents on Main Street, seventeen were in one way or another connected with the sea, either as merchants, shipowners, skippers, or ropemakers. The town was then a port of some consequence; more shipping was owned here than anywhere else in the state, and vessels were built of marked excellence. After 1700 the cheerful music of adze and hammer was always to be heard in the shipyards. These circumstances brought wealth and the refinement that comes with the broadening of experience. The proximity of Yale College, too, was an important source of culture. Richard Alsop, born in 1761, grandson of a merchant and shipowner who sat in the Continental Congress, was a wit, linguist, pamphleteer, and poet, who cannot be omitted from any thorough study of American literature. There was a volume of business large enough to employ able lawyers, and thoroughness of training sufficient to make great ones. Such was Titus Hosmer, brilliant father of a brilliant son, whom men used to speak of as the peer of Oliver Ellsworth of Windsor and William Samuel Johnson of Stratford. In the society graced by the presence of such men there was also material comfort and elegance. The change in this respect from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century was strongly marked. On opposite sides of the old village green, until some thirty years ago, one might have seen the contrast well exemplified. While near the corner of Main and Spring streets a group of small houses preserved the picturesque reminiscence of one of the styles which our forefathers brought from their English lanes and byways, just opposite was the spacious estate of Captain Hackstaff with its majestic avenue of buttonball trees. The complete destruction and disappearance of that noble landmark, to give place to a railway junction, is a typical instance of the kind of transformation wrought upon the face of things by the Titanic and forceful age in which we are living. The river bank, once so proud in its beauty, like the elder sister in the fairy tale, has become a grimy Cinderella pressed into the service of the gnomes and elves of modern industry. The shriek of the iron horse is daily echoed by the White Rocks, and the view that from my study window used to range across green pastures to the quiet blue water is now obstructed by a tall embankment and a coal wharf.

The mention of the railroad reminds us of the fact that in the middle of the nineteenth century our town had ceased to rank as foremost in the state for population. The two capital cities, perhaps one or two others, had already passed it in numbers and in commercial activity, and when its growth was compared with that of American cities in general it had begun to seem rather small and insignificant. The Rev. Dr. Field, in this connection, pointed to the wholesale westward emigration of New Englanders. "Why are there not more of us here?" he asks. Is it not because so many have found new homes in the central parts of New York and about the shores of the Great Lakes? Truly, Connecticut has been a sturdy colonizer. In the Revolutionary period the valley of the Susquehanna was her goal, a little later the bluffs overlooking Lake Erie, and finally the Northwest in general, until she has come in a certain sense to realize the

charter of Charles II., which gave her free sweep as far as the Pacific. The celebrated Alexis de Tocqueville, when he visited this country during the presidency of Andrew Jackson, observed that Connecticut sent two Senators of her own to Washington; but upon inquiry he discovered that nine members of the Senate first saw the light in this state, and a dozen more were born of Connecticut parents. I will not vouch for the figures, but I give you the point of his remark. Now, this westward migration, first greatly stimulated by the invention of steamboats, acquired an immense volume after the introduction of railways. Vast tracts of country, abounding in industrial resources, became tributary to sundry centres of rail and water traffic, such as Buffalo and Cleveland, Milwaukee and Chicago, and such centres offered business inducements which drew population westward as with a mighty magnet. After a time, however, this sort of depletion began to work its own cure; for there can be no doubt that Eastern cities are far more prosperous through their myriad dealings with a civilized West than they could ever have become had the era of the Indian and the bison been prolonged.

In this rapid and extensive series of industrial changes, those towns and villages naturally suffered most that were left aside by the new routes of travel. The mountain towns were the first to feel the change, for the railroad shuns steep places. A century ago the largest town in central Massachusetts was Petersham, with 2000 inhabitants, and it was proposed to make it the shire town of Worcester County; to-day the city of Worcester numbers more than 100,000 souls, Petersham barely 1000. With Middletown there was no topographical reason why the railway between New Haven and Hartford should not pass through it; but undue reliance upon the river seems to have encouraged a too conservative policy on the part of its citizens, while Meriden, which had no such resource, was nerved to the utmost efforts. The result soon showed that, under the new dispensation, nothing could make up for the loss of the railroad. In the commercial race Middletown fell behind, and perhaps it was only the branch line to Berlin that saved her from the fate of the New England hill towns. The weight of the blow was increased by some of the circumstances which attended the Civil War.

I have already spoken of the mari time enterprise of Middletown at an earlier period. Her shipping interests suffered severely in the War of 1812, and some of the energy thus repressed sought a vent for itself in manufactures. Of the manufacturing that sprang up so generally in New England after 1812 Middletown had her fair share, and in this her abundance of water power was eminently favorable. But her shipping likewise revived, and its prosperity lasted until the Civil War. In the decade preceding that mighty convulsion there was a distinctly nautical flavor about the town. To this, no doubt, the fame of McDonough in some ways contributed, for it was linked with personal associations that drew naval officers here from other parts of the country.

How well I remember the days when the gallant Commodore Tattnall, last commander of the Merrimac, used to be seen on our streets, side by side, perhaps, with General Mansfield, who was presently to yield up his life on the field of Antietam, our hero of the Civil War, as Meigs and Parsons were our heroes of the War of Independence. Then there was a thriving trade with the West Indies and China, and visitors to what seemed an inland town were surprised at the name of Custom House over a brown-stone building on Main Street. But with the Civil War began a decline in the American merchant marine, from which it has not yet recovered. The cities fronting upon East River are seven

times as large as in 1850, yet when the steamboat lands you at Peck Slip no such bewildering forest of masts now greets your eyes as in that earlier time. When this decline first became apparent, people had an easy explanation at hand. It was due, they said, to the depredations of the Alabama and other Confederate cruisers. Yet it continued to go on long after those mischievous craft had been sent to the bottom and the bill of damages paid. In truth, you can no more destroy a nation's oceanic commerce with cruisers than you can destroy a lawn by mowing it with a scythe. If, after cutting down the grass, it does not spring up with fresh luxuriance, it is because some baleful influence has attacked the roots. It is much to be feared that the drought under which our merchant marine has withered has been due to unwise navigation laws, to national legislation which has failed to profit by the results of human experience in other times and countries.

However that may be, it is clear that a great change was wrought in the business aspects of Middletown. With the decline in her shipping interests she became more and more dependent upon the prosperity of her manufactures, and while these bravely flourished, every increase in their activity made more manifest the need for better railway facilities than she enjoyed. To supply this need the project for building the Air Line Railroad was devised, and speedily became the theme of animated and sometimes acrimonious debate. Among the topics of discussion on which my youthful years were nourished, along with predestination and original sin and Webster's Seventh of March Speech, a certain preëminence was assumed by the Air Line Railroad. I think I found it more abstruse and perplexing than any of the others. Its advocates were inclined to paint the future in rose color, while beside the gloom depicted by its adversaries the blackest midnight would be cheerful. As usual in such cases, there were elements of truth on both sides. Great comfort was taken in the thought that the proposed road would shorten by twenty miles or so the transit between New York and Boston, — a point of much importance, perhaps ultimately destined to be of paramount importance. What was underestimated was the length of time that would be needed for carrying a thoroughly efficient double-track road through such a difficult stretch of country, as well as the resistance to be encountered from powerful interests already vested in older routes. For a long time the fortunes of the enterprise were such as might seem to justify the frowns and jeers of the scorners. The money gave out, and things came to a standstill for years, while long lines of embankment, mantled in verdure, reminded one of moraines from an ancient glacier, and about the freestone piers of a future bridge over the road to Staddle Hill we boys used to play in an antiquarian mood such as we might have felt before the crumbling towers of Kenilworth. In later years, after the work was resumed and the road put in operation, it turned out that the burden of debt incurred was in danger of ruining many towns before the promised benefits could be felt. For Middletown it was a trying time: taxation rose to unprecedented rates, thus frightening business away; among the outward symptoms of the embarrassment were ill-kept streets for a few years, an unwonted sight, and out of keeping with the traditional New England tidiness. Yet the ordeal was but temporary. There was too much health and vigor in the community to yield to the buffets of adverse fortune. The town is becoming as much of a railroad centre as circumstances require, and the episode here narrated is over, leaving behind it an instructive lesson for the student of municipal and commercial history.

Yet if Middletown has not kept pace

in material development with some of her neighbor cities, she has had her compensations. It has become characteristic of us Yankees to brag of numbers and bigness. A real estate agent lately asked me if I did not wish to improve my property; and when I asked his meaning, it appeared that his idea of improvement was to cut away the trees in the garden and build a house there, for some new neighbor to stare in at my windows. To make comfort, privacy, refined enjoyment, everything in short, subservient to getting an income from every available scrap of property, — such is the aim in life which material civilization is too apt to beget. I remember that John Stuart Mill somewhere, in dealing with certain economic questions, suddenly pauses and asks if, after all, this earth is going to be a better or pleasanter place to live in after its forests have all been cleared and its rough places terraced, and there is but one deadly monotony of brick and mortar, one deafening jangle of hoofs upon stone pavements "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." There are other things worth considering in a community besides the number of individuals in it and the value of their taxable property. The city of Glasgow is three times as populous as Edinburgh and a thousand times noisier, but it is the smaller city that engages our interest and appeals to our higher sympathies. Of late years, in weighing the results of my own experience, after an acquaintance with nearly all parts of the United States, from Maine to California, and from Duluth to New Orleans, amounting in many places to familiar intimacy, and after more or less sojourning in the Old World, I feel enabled to appreciate more clearly than of old the qualities of the community in which it was my good fortune to be reared. We understand things only by contrast, and in early life we are apt to mistake our immediate environment for the universal order of nature. What is more beautiful than the view from one leafy hillside to another in the purple distance across some intervening lowland, especially if the valley be lighted with the gleam of water sparkling in the sunshine? Such pleasure daily greets the eye in Middletown, and no child can help drinking it in; but to realize the power of it one must go to some town that is set in a flat, monotonous landscape, and then after some lapse of time come back and note the enhanced effect of the familiar scene when clothed in the novelty of contrast.

Looking back, then, upon Middletown, in the light both of history and of personal experience, it seems to me that in an age and country where material civilization has been achieving its grandest triumphs, but not without some attendant drawbacks, in an age and country where the chief danger has been that the higher interests of life should be sacrificed to material ends, Middletown has avoided this danger. From the reefs of mere vulgarizing dollar worship her prow has been steered clear. In the social life of the town, some of the old-time charm, something of the courtliness and quiet refinement that marked the days of spinning wheels and knee buckles, has always remained, and is still to be found. Something — very much indeed — has been due to institutions of learning, the Wesleyan University and the Berkeley Divinity School; much also to the preservation of old traditions and mental habits through sundry strong personalities, — the saving remnant of which the prophet speaks: such men, for example, as that eminent lawyer and scholar, Jonathan Barnes, and his accomplished son, the gentle preacher, taken from us all too early, or that deeply religious and poetic soul, John Langdon Dudley. I could mention others, but to single out recent names might seem invidious. Those that have sprung to my lips well fitted their environment. In the very aspect of these

broad, quiet streets, with their arching trees, their dignified and hospitable, sometimes quaint homesteads, we see the sweet domesticity of the old New England unimpaired. Nowhere is true worth of character more justly valued or cordially welcomed, with small regard to mere conventional standards; and this I believe to be one of the surest marks of high civilization. It was surely in an auspicious day, fruitful in good results, that our forefathers came down the river and made for themselves a home in Mattabeseck.

John Fiske.

WAR AS A MORAL MEDICINE

A RECENT number of the North American Review contained an article by that most popular of religious writers, Dean Farrar, extolling war, not only as the means, unavoidable in certain cases, of self-defense and of maintaining international police, but as a moral tonic necessary to the health of nations. The appearance of the article at the time was the more remarkable because the war fever was already at its height, so that the preacher, in extolling war, was not dealing with the special need of the day, but propounding a broad theory of moral hygienics.

There seems to be prevailing at present a sort of satiety of civilization, which is leading in all the departments of life to a temporary reversal of the softening of manners made during the century. The revived love of war is not an isolated phenomenon. Half a century ago, prize fighting was under the ban of decent society. In England, at least, no gentleman would have owned that he had been present at a prize fight. Only by one or two newspapers were prize fights reported; and these, at Eton, where there was no dislike of sport, but the great object was to train gentlemen, it was strictly forbidden to take. Now columns of respectable journals here are filled with reports of prize fights in all their savage details, and women have begun to attend them. The tendency shows itself also in the popularity of so violent a game as football, which formerly was played in England by adults only among the roughs, mostly in the north country. The present ideal is the "strenuous life;" that is, the life of combativeness and aggression. That life which has produced, for example, the United States, with all their industry, their commerce, their wealth, their science, their invention, their literature, their laws, their social and political order, being pacific, is not strenuous, and falls short of the ideal.

The spread of Jingoism, to use the now familiar name, is connected with the general change in the cast of thought; with the loosening, by criticism and science, of the hold of Christianity, the religion of mild and philanthropic virtue; with the prevalence of the physical over the moral view of man; with the theory of the survival of the fittest, which is embraced perhaps without fully considering wherein, when the case is that of a rational and moral being, not of brutes, fitness to survive consists. A German philosopher died, the other day, who frankly preached the gospel of force, and held that the chief obstacle to progress was morality. Something like the germ of that theory in its historical form may be traced to Mommsen.

That war has been found necessary to restore the moral tone of nations, and that it has had that effect, are historical propositions capable of historical proof or refutation, and of which we should be

glad to see the proof. Nobody denies that common effort and self-sacrifice in a righteous cause invigorate and exalt a nation. Nobody denies that the Greek character was elevated and strengthened by the heroic defense of Greece against the Persian, or that the character of the Dutch was elevated and strengthened by the heroic defense of the Netherlands against the armies of Philip II. But the question is whether war is a moral restorative, necessary and desirable in itself, which is what Dean Farrar and other imperialists explicitly or implicitly maintain.

An Englishman past middle age has seen three wars, — the Afghan, the Crimean, and that with China called the "Lorcha" war. He would be puzzled, I fancy, to point out any moral or social improvement which had resulted from any one of the three. The Crimean war was hailed by Tennyson, in the well-known lines in Maud, with all his moral fervor and splendor of language, as a relief from the vice and meanness of a commercial civilization. There was to be a truce to the reign of dishonesty and lies. The land was to wake to higher aims, casting off her lust for gold; there was to be a respite from the wrongs and shames of peace; noble thought was to be set free. The war spirit was at its height, and all opposition was hooted down; so that the experiment was fairly tried. What was the result? Can any Englishman point to an improvement in the national character which dates from the time of that war? Were politics exalted or purified? Was there, at the time or afterwards, less of selfish ambition or cabal amongst our public men? Did the greed of gain depart, or show any sign of departing? Did commercial fraud, or fraud of any kind, visibly abate? Was not rather a stimulus given to it by the war contracts? Was there an increase of nobleness in any department of life? Whether there was an increase of sweetness it would be satirical to inquire. We speak, of course, of general effects on national character, not of individual heroism or devotion, striking instances of which might readily be produced in the case of war as they might in the case of plague, fire, or shipwreck.

The same question might be asked in regard to the Afghan and Chinese wars. The Afghan war was the work of Palmerston, who was in his own person the model and cynosure of Jingoism, and would have shown, if anybody could, the ennobling effect of that training. It was made by him to defeat the machinations of Russia, the object of his fanatical hatred, with whom he had taken it into his head that Dost Mahomed, the Afghan ruler, was intriguing. A British army perished, and with it Sir Alexander Burnes, the envoy whose dispatches, when explanation was demanded in Parliament, Palmerston produced as his warrant for the war. They seemed to countenance the hypothesis on which the war had been made. Years afterward an authentic copy of these dispatches came to light. It was then found that the copy produced by Palmerston to Parliament had been infamously mutilated, and that the envoy's real report, instead of countenancing, had discountenanced the war.

The Lorcha war against China was opposed at the time by the highest morality of England, and has now probably not a single defender. But the war passion swept the country at the time, and ejected Bright, Cobden, and other opponents from their seats in the House of Commons. The innocent and unresisting city of Canton, with its swarming population, was bombarded for twenty-seven hours. Is it possible to point to any moral improvement or reform left behind in the nation which made the war?

Chatham called himself a lover of honorable war, and is reputed by his war policy to have restored the spirit of his nation when nothing else could

restore it. He excited great enthusiasm. But can any one point to a definite improvement, political, social, or moral, which ensued? In politics there ensued the carnival of corruption under Bute, the North ministry, and the coalition of Fox and North.

On the other hand, can it be shown that peace has led in any country, otherwise healthy and moral, to a loss of national courage or military qualities of any kind? England before the Crimean war had been long at peace; yet her soldiers showed no lack of valor or endurance, though there was at first a lack of expertness in military administration. The United States, before the war of secession, had been at peace, with the inconsiderable exception of the Mexican war, for more than forty years. Yet in no war were higher military qualities of every kind displayed.

The moral world surely would be strangely ordered if a nation could be cured of its own vices by making an attack on another nation. Could a man cure himself of his personal or domestic vices by an onslaught on a man in the street?

It is forgotten that there are two parties to a war, of which one is generally fighting in a bad cause, and one must always be vanquished. The nation which is fighting in a bad cause can hardly be improved in character, nor can the spirit of the vanquished be exalted. The moral effects produced in the vanquished usually are a bitter sense of humiliation and an intense desire of revenge. The attack of Great Britain on the independence of the South African republics had its source partly in the desire of vengeance for Majuba Hill.

For four centuries Turkey was almost incessantly at war. What was the effect on the character of the Turk?

That the soldier's calling is lawful, that high qualities are shown by him in war, that many soldiers have been excellent Christians, are facts which hardly needed Dean Farrar's eloquent illustration. On the other hand, it is vain to deny that when the passions are fired by battle or storm terrible things are often done. It is enough to allude to the night of the storming of Badajos, and to the atrocities committed by Masséna's army when it was lying before Torres Vedras. Submission to discipline is highly valuable, and the soldier is an example of it with which, perhaps, society could hardly afford to dispense. Yet the notion that there is no discipline, or none worth naming, but that of the barracks or the camp is an error, and a pernicious error, fostered, possibly, as Jingo sentiment generally is, by the writings of Carlyle. There is discipline, there is often very strict and stern discipline, in the organizations of peaceful industry. In the railroad service, for example, there is discipline almost as strict as that of the army, with the advantage of being less mechanical and more intelligent.

There are books of the Old Testament, Dean Farrar says, which ring with the clash of conflict. No doubt there are; and there are passages which ring with the shrieks of Canaanite women and children massacred by a ruthless invader, or of the people of a captured city tortured to death by their Jewish conqueror. But are these passages given to us for our instruction? If Christ and John the Baptist recognized the soldier's calling, as they recognized everything else that was established, did they commend the use of war as a moral medicine for the state? What did Christ say about those who took the sword? Did he say what the churches, for the most part, are saying now?

Let the effect of war be ever so good on the soldier who faces the shot, submits to the discipline, endures the hardship; it does not extend to those who are sitting safe at home, reading in their newspapers the exciting details of carnage, or playing with a puppet made by

its distortion and squeaking to represent the agonies of a dying Boer. Sixteen thousand wounded Dervishes lie stretched on the field of battle, with their wounds untended and without water, under a burning sun. It is possible that the hearts of soldiers in the victorious army may be kept sound by the part they played in battle; but what will be the effect on people who gloat over the picture at home? What were the scenes in London on the arrival of the news of victory over the Boers? Were they manifestations of a national character ennobled by heroic effort, or carnivals of which, if shame could penetrate a music hall, the music halls themselves might have been ashamed?

Dean Farrar, one cannot help thinking, would touch less lightly on dread of the horrors of war as a motive for avoiding it if he had seen the wreck of a battlefield, the contents of a field hospital after a battle, or even the burning farms of the Transvaal, with the women and children turned adrift, as an eye-witness describes them, and desperately trying to rescue something from the ashes of their homes.

"It [war] is a fraction of that Armageddon struggle described in the Apocalypse, in which the Son of God rides forth at the head of all his saints to subdue the machinations of the Devil and his angels." When Dean Farrar's inspiration carries him to this height, I must own he transcends my apprehension. Yet governments supposed to be the quintessence of practical wisdom are really being actuated, or believing themselves to be actuated, by fancies about their "destiny," the "white man's burden," and the "mission" of the Anglo-Saxon race not less mystical or more nearly allied in their effect on conduct to the sober dictates of righteousness and humanity.

Goldwin Smith.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

VI.

At this moment the drawing-room was lively enough, whatever anxieties might have been known under the elms, and two deep-arched windows on either side of the great fireplace were filled with ladies who looked on at the dancing. This fine group of elderly gentlewomen, dressed in the highest French fashion of five years back, sat together, with nodding turbans and swaying fans, and faced the doorway as Mary Hamilton came in. They had begun to comment upon her absence, but something could be forgiven a young hostess who might be having a thoughtful eye to her trays of refreshment.

There were ladies of every age in this large evening company, and plenty of elderly gentlemen, although it might be thought dull for want of beaux. In the smaller northwest parlor, and easily seen and heard through the open door, was a smiling posse of boys, the escorts of their mothers or pretty sisters, — half-grown young persons, who were at one moment in devoted attendance, sobered with a dread of being mistaken for anything but men of forty, and at the next chuckling and pushing one another with a distinct air of schoolboy indifference. They gave little promise of ever rivaling their elders in any distinction of looks or behavior; but while the ladies now and then bestowed a withering glance, the men,

[1] Copyright, 1900, by Sarah Orne Jewett.

recognizing that there must be lapses in the process of development, seemed to view these future citizens with a kinder tolerance. There was still an anxious look on many faces, as if this show of finery and gayety were out of keeping with the country's sad distresses. Though Hamilton, like Nero, fiddled while Rome was burning, everybody had come to look on: the surrender of Burgoyne had put new heart into everybody, and the evening was a pleasant relief to the dark apprehension and cheerless economies of many lives. Most persons were rich in anticipation of the success of Paul Jones's enterprise; as if he were a sort of lucky lottery in which every one was sure of a handsome prize. The winning of large prize money in the capture of richly laden British vessels had already been a very heartening incident of this most difficult and dreary time of war.

When Mary Hamilton came in, there happened to be a pause between the dances, and an instant murmur of delight ran from chair to chair of those who were seated about the room. She had looked pale and downcast in the early evening, but was rosy-cheeked now, and there was a new light in her eyes; it seemed as if the charm of her beauty had never shone so bright. She crossed the open space of the floor, unconscious as a child, and Captain Paul Jones stepped out to meet her. The pink brocaded flowers of her shimmering satin gown bloomed the better for the evening air, and a fall of splendid lace of a light, frosty pattern only half hid her white throat. It was her brother's pleasure to command such marvels of French gowns, and to send orders by his captains for Mary's adorning; she was part of the splendor of his house, moreover, and his heart was filled with perfect satisfaction as she went down the room.

The simpler figures of the first dances were over, the country dances and reels, and now Mr. Lord and Betsey Wyat took their places with Mary and the captain, and made their courtesies at the beginning of an old French dance of great elegance which was known to be the favorite of Judge Chadbourne. They stood before him in a pretty row, like courtiers who would offer pleasure to their rightful king, and made their obeisance, all living color and fine clothes and affectionate intent. The captain was scarcely so tall as his partner, but gallant enough in his uniform, and took his steps with beautiful grace and the least fling of carelessness, while Mr. John Lord moved with the precision of a French abbé, always responsible for outward decorum whatever might be the fire within his heart.

The captain was taking his fill of pleasure for once; he had danced many a time with Mary Hamilton, that spring, in the great houses of Portsmouth and York, and still oftener here in Berwick, where he had never felt his hostess so charming or so approachable as to-night. At last, when the music stopped, they left the room together, while their companions were still blushing at so much applause, and went out through the crowded hall. There was a cry of admiration as they passed among the guests; they were carried on the swift current of this evident delight and their own excitement. It is easy for any girl to make a hero of a gallant sailor, — for any girl who is wholly a patriot at heart to do honor to the cordial ally of her country.

They walked together out of the south door, where Mary had so lately entered alone, and went across the broad terrace to the balustrade which overhung the steep bank of the river. Mary Hamilton was most exquisite to see in the moonlight; her dress softened and shimmered the more, and her eyes had a brightness now that was lost in the lighted room. The captain was always a man of impulse; in one moment more he could have dared to kiss the face that shone, eager, warm, and blooming like a flower, close to his own. He was

not unskilled in love-making, but he had never been so fettered by the spell of love itself or the royalty of beauty as he was that night.

"This air is very sweet after an arduous day," said he, looking up for an instant through the elm boughs to the moon.

"You must be much fatigued, Sir Captain," said Mary kindly; she looked at the moon longer than he, but looked at him at last.

"'No, noble mistress, 't is fresh morning with me,'" he answered gently, and added the rest of the lovely words under his breath, as if he said them only to himself.

"I think that you will never have any mistress save Glory," said Mary. She knew The Tempest, too; but this brave little man, this world-circling sailor, what Calibans and Ariels might he not have known!

"This is my last night on land," he answered, with affecting directness. "Will you bid me go my lonely way unblest, or shall I dare to say what is in my heart now, my dear and noble mistress?"

Mary looked at him with most straightforward earnestness as he spoke; there was so great a force in her shining eyes that this time it was his own that turned away.

"Will you do a great kindness, if I ask you now?" she begged him; and he promised with his hand upon his heart.

"You sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, and your image shall go always with me, and smile at me in a thousand gloomy hours. I am often a sad and lonely man upon the sea."

"There has been talk of Mr. Wallingford's taking the last commission."

"How have you learned what only a few trusted men were told?" the captain demanded fiercely, forgetting his play of lover in a jealous guarding of high affairs.

"I know, and by no man's wrongful betraying. I give you my deepest proof of friendship now," said the eager girl. "I ask now if you will befriend our neighbor, my dear friend and playmate in childhood. He has been much misjudged and has come to stand in danger, with his dear mother whom I love almost as my own."

"Not your young rascal of a Tory!" the captain interrupted, in a towering rage. "I know him to be a rascal and a spy, madam!"

"A loyal gentleman I believe him in my heart," said Mary proudly, but she took a step backward as they faced each other, — "a loyal gentleman who will serve our cause with entire devotion since he gives his word. His hesitations have been the fault of his advisers, old men who cannot but hold to early prejudice and narrow views. With you at sea, his own right instincts must be confirmed; he will serve his country well. I come to you to beg from my very heart that you will stand his friend."

She stood waiting for assurance: there was a lovely smile on her face; it would be like refusing some easy benefaction to a child. Mary Hamilton knew her country's troubles, great and small; she had listened to the most serious plans and secret conferences at her brother's side: but the captain forgot all this, and only hated to crush so innocent a childish hope. He also moved a step backward, with an impatient gesture; she did not know what she was asking; then, still looking at her, he drew nearer than before. The captain was a man of quick decisions. He put his arm about her as if she were a child indeed. She shrank from this, but stood still and waited for him to speak.

"My dear," he said, speaking eagerly, so that she must listen and would not draw away, "my dear, you ask an almost impossible thing; you should see that a suspected man were better left ashore, on such a voyage as this. Do you not discern that he may even turn

my crew against me? He has been the young squire and benefactor of a good third of my men, and can you not see that I must always be on my guard?"

"But we must not distrust his word," begged Mary again, a little shaken.

"I have followed the sea, boy and man, since I was twelve years old. I have been a seafarer all my days," said Paul Jones. "I know all the sad experiences of human nature that a man may learn. I trust no man in war and danger and these days of self-advancement, so far that I am not always on the alert against treachery. Too many have failed me whom I counted my sure friends. I am going out now, only half trusted here at home, to the coasts where treason can hurt me most. I myself am still a suspected and envied man by those beneath me. I am given only this poor ship, after many generous promises. I fear a curse goes with it."

"You shall have my prayers," faltered Mary, with a quivering lip. The bitterness of his speech moved her deepest feelings; she was overstrung, and she was but a girl, and they stood in the moonlight together.

"Do not ask me again what I must only deny you, even in this happy moment of nearness," he said sadly, and watched her face fall and all the light go out of it. He knew all that she knew, and even more, of Wallingford's dangerous position, and pitied her for a single moment with all the pity that belonged to his heart. A lonely man, solitary in his very nature, and always foreboding with a kind of hopelessness the sorrows that must fall to him by reason of an unkindness that his nature stirred in the hearts of his fellows, his very soul had lain bare to her trusting look.

He stood there for one moment self-arraigned before Mary Hamilton, and knowing that what he lacked was love. He was the captain of the Ranger; it was true that Glory was his mistress. In that moment the heavens had opened, and his own hand had shut the gates.

The smile came back to Mary's face, so strange a flash of tenderness had brightened his own. When that unforgettable light went out, she did not know that all the jealousy of a lonely heart began to burn within him.

"I have changed my mind. I will take your friend," he said suddenly, with a new tone of authority and coldness. "And I will endeavor to remember that he is your friend. May I win your faith and patience, 't is a hard ploy."

Then Mary, of her own accord, put her hand into the captain's, and he bent and kissed it.

"I shall watch a star in the sky for you every night," she told him, "and say my prayers for the Ranger till you come sailing home."

"God grant I may tread the deck of another and a better ship," said the captain hastily. Now he was himself again, and again they both heard the music in the house.

"Will you keep this ring for me, and give me yours?" he asked. "'T will be but a talisman to keep me to my best. I am humble, and I ask no more."

"No," said the girl, whose awakened feeling assured her of his own. She was light-headed with happiness; she could have thrown herself into the arms of such a hero, — of a man so noble, who had done a hard and unwelcome thing for her poor asking. She had failed to do him rightful honor until now, and this beautiful kindness was his revenge. "No," she entreated him, "not your own ring; you have done too much for me; but if you wish it, I shall give you mine. 'T is but a poor ring when you have done so great a kindness."

She gave it as a child might give away a treasure; not as a woman gives, who loves and gives a ring for token. The captain sighed; being no victor after all, his face grew sombre. He must try what a great conqueror might do when

he came back next year with Glory all his own; and yet again he lingered to plead with her once more.

"Dear Mary," he said, as he lifted her hand again, "you will not forget me? I shall be far from this to-morrow night, and you will remember that a wanderer like me must sometimes be cruel to his own heart, and cold to the one woman he truly loves."

Something stirred now in Mary Hamilton's heart that had always slept before, and, frightened and disturbed, she drew her hand away. She was like a snared bird that he could have pinched to death a moment before; now a fury of disappointment possessed him, for she was as far away as if she had flown into the open sky beyond his reach.

"Glory is your mistress; it is Glory whom you must win," she whispered, thinking to comfort him.

"When I come back," he said sadly, "if I come back, I hope that you will have a welcome for me." He spoke formally now, and there was a haggard look upon his face. There had come into his heart a strange longing to forget ambition. The thought of his past had strangely afflicted him in that clear moment of life and vision; but the light faded, the dark current of his life flowed on, and there was no reflection upon it of Mary Hamilton's sweet eyes. "If I carry that cursed young Tory away to sea," he said to himself, "I shall know where he is; not here, at any rate, to have this angel for his asking!"

They were on their way to the house again.

"Alas," said Paul Jones once more, with a sad bitterness in his voice, "a home like this can never be for me: the Fates are my enemies; let us hope 't is for the happiness of others that they lure me on!"

Mary cast a piteous, appealing glance at this lonely hero. He was no more the Sea Wolf or the chief among pleasure-makers ashore, but an unloved, unloving man, conscious of heavy burdens and vexed by his very dreams. At least he could remember this last kindness and her grateful heart.

Colonel Hamilton was standing in the wide hall with a group of friends about him. Old Cæsar and his underservants were busy with some heavy-laden silver trays. The captain approached his host with outstretched hands, to speak his farewells.

"I must be off, gentlemen. I must take my boat," said he, in a manly tone that was heard and repeated along the rooms. It brought many of the company to their feet and to surround him, with a new sense of his high commission and authority. "I ask again for your kind wishes, Colonel Hamilton, and yours, Mr. Justice, and for your blessing on my voyage, reverend sir;" and saluting those of the elder ladies who had been most kind, and kissing his hand to some younger friends and partners of the dance, he turned to go. Then, with his fine laced hat in hand, the captain waved for silence and hushed the friendly voices that would speak a last word of confidence in his high success.

"Many friends of his and mine who are assembled here should know that your neighbor, Mr. Wallingford, sails with me in the morning. I count my crew well, now, from your noble river! Farewell, dear ladies; farewell, my good friends and gentlemen."

There was a sudden shout in the hushed house, and a loud murmur of talk among the guests, and Hamilton himself stepped forward and began to speak excitedly; but the captain stayed for neither question nor answer, and they saw him go away hurriedly, bowing stiffly to either hand on his way toward the door. Mary had been standing there, with a proud smile and gentle dignity in her look of attendance, since they had come in together, and he

stopped one moment more to take her hand with a low and formal bow, to lift it to his lips, and give one quick regretful look in her happy face. Then Hamilton and some of the younger men followed him down through the gardens to the boat landing. The fleet tide of the river was setting seaward; the captain's boat swept quickly out from shore, and the oars flashed away in the moonlight. There were ladies on the terrace, and on the broad lookout of the housetop, within the high railing; there were rounds upon rounds of cheers from the men who stood on the shore, black and white together. The captain turned once when he was well out into the river bay and waved his hand. It was as if the spectators were standing on the edge of a great future, to bid a hero hail and farewell.

The whole countryside was awake and busy in the moonlight. So late at night as this there were lights still shining in one low farmhouse after another, as the captain went away. The large new boat of the Ranger was rowed by man-of-war's men in trim rig, who were leaving their homes on the river shores for perhaps the last time; a second boat was to join them at Stiles's Cove, heaped with sea chests and sailors' kits. The great stream lay shining and still under the moon, a glorious track of light lay ready to lead them on, and the dark pines stood high on the eastern shore to watch them pass. The little captain, wrapped in his boat cloak, sat thoughtful and gloomy at the stern. The gold lace glittered on his hat, and the new flag trailed aft. This was the first reach of a voyage that would go down in history. He was not familiar with many of his men, but in this hour he saw their young faces before him, and remembered his own going from home. The Scottish bay of Carsethorn, the laird's house at Arbigland, the heights of the Cumberland coast, rose again to the vision of a hopeful young adventurer to Virginia and the southern seas.

They could still hear the music, faint and far away; perhaps the girls were dancing again, and not weeping for poor Jack, the sailor; but as the men pulled at their oars, light in the channel's flow, and looked back at the bright house, they saw a fire shining on the shore at Hamilton's. Word had been passed that the captain was going down; the crowd had gathered again; they were cheering like mad, and the boys in the boat yelled themselves hoarse, while some one drifting in a skiff near by fired a heavy pistol, which roused all the river birds and echoed in the river pines from shore to shore. Huzza! they were bringing refuse from the shipyard now, and piling it on the flame! The bonfire towered high, and lighted the shipping and the reefed sails of the gundelows. The steep roof of the house with its high dormer windows, the leafless elms, were all like glowing gold against the blue height of the sky. The eagles waked, and flew crying above the river in the strange light. Somebody was swinging a lantern from the roof of Hamilton house, and then there came a light to an upper window that had been dark before, and another, and another, till all the great house was lit and seemed to tower into the skies. The boat's crew leaned upon their oars, drifting and losing way as they tried to shout back. It cheered their brave hearts, and sent them gayly on their dark journey; a moment before they had thought heavily that some could play and dance ashore while others must go off into the night, leaving all but the thought of Glory behind them.

The whole river country was up. The old Piscataqua plantations had not been so stirred since the news came, many months before, of the peril of Boston and the fight at Lexington, when a company had started from Saco and marched across country, gathering like

a rolling snowball on its way, and with Eben Sullivan and Nathan Lord's Berwick company had reached the great Bunker Hill fight in good season. Captain Moulton's company had taken the post road out of old York to join them; there was running to and fro in the country then, and a frenzy of haste, of bawling orders, of piteous leavetakings, of noisy drums and fifes and all the confusion of war. But this was felt to be almost as great a moment, and to mark a still bolder challenge to the foreign foe. There were bonfires on all the river points, and hardly a farmer whose beacon did not answer to his neighbor's. There were shadowy groups of women standing on the high banks against the dim sky, and crying shrill farewells to the boys in the boats: "God speed the Ranger! God bless you, Captain Paul!" and one voice after another took up the cry. "Good-by, boys! Good-by, boys!" they heard the girls calling after them all down the river, and saw new firelights brighten as they came.

The boat now felt the swift seagoing current more and more; they had passed High Point and the Devil's Reach and the old Hodgdon Farm and the mouth of Dover River, and at Hodgdon's Landing they had taken off young Ichabod Lord with his little chest, and his mother's tears wet upon his coat; they swept faster still down past Dover Point and the mouth of Great Bay, where a new current caught them again like a mill race. The fires were bright along the Kittery shore, and the sound of old Portsmouth bells came up along the water, and soon they saw the lights at Rice's Ferry and all the leafless forest of idle shipping, and came at last to the dark crank-looking hull of the Ranger lying in midstream.

VII.

It was a gray, cold morning, windy and wet after the mild southerly airs of the night before. When the day broke and the heavy clouds changed to a paler hue, there were already many persons to be seen waiting on the Portsmouth wharves. There was a subdued excitement as the crowd gathered, and the hull and heavy spars of the Ranger out in the gray river were hardly imposing enough to be the centre of such general interest. She might have been one of the less noticeable merchantmen of that busy port, well used to its tugging tides and racing currents, and looked like a clumsy trading vessel, until one came near enough to see that she was built with a gun deck, and that her ports were the many shrewd eyes of a warship, bent upon aggression as well as defense.

At that early hour there was a continual coming and going between the frigate and the shore, and an ever increasing cluster of boats surrounded her. There was loud shouting on the river and from the pier heads, and now and then a round of cheers from some excited portion of the admiring multitude. There were sad partings between the sailors and their wives and mothers at the water's edge, and there were sudden gusts of laughter among the idle lookers-on. The people had come out of their houses on Badger's Island, while from Newington and upper Kittery the wherries were coming down in a hurry, most of them strongly rowed by women with the short cross-handed stroke that jerked such boats steadily ahead against the wind, or through any river tide or set of current. The old market women bound for the Spring Market in Portsmouth, with their autumn freight of geese and chickens and high-priced eggs, rested on their crossed oars, and waited in midstream to see what came of this great excitement. Though they might be late to catch the best of their early traffic, some of them drove a thriving trade, and their hard red apples were tossed from boat to boat by rollicking

customers, while those that missed their aim went bobbing, gay and shining on the cold water, out to sea.

The tide had now turned, and the noise of voices grew louder; there was a cold waft of air from the rising northerly wind, and suddenly everybody heard a shrill whistle on the ship and a cheer, and there was a yell from the tangled boats, before those on shore could see that the Ranger's men were lying out along the yards, and her sails were being spread. Then there were cheers indeed; then there were handkerchiefs and hats a-waving; then every boy and every man who wished in his heart to go and fight Great Britain on her own coasts split his throat with trying to cheer louder than the rest, while even those who had counseled prudence and delay felt the natural joy of seeing a great ship spread her wings to go to sea.

Almost every man and woman who looked on knew some lad or man who was sailing, and now there was great shouting and running near the slip where a last boat was putting off in haste. There was a young man aboard her, and many persons of dignity and position were bidding him farewell. The cheering grew louder; at that moment the slow bells began to ring in St. John's steeple and the old North Church; there was not a man who knew his story who did not honor young Mr. Wallingford for his bold and manly step. Word had been passed that he had taken a commission and was sailing with the rest, but few believed it. He was bound by family ties, he was endangering all future inheritance from old Loyalist relatives who would rather see him in jail than bent upon this thing: the only son of his mother, and she a Tory widow, there were reasons enough to keep any hero back upon the narrow neutral ground that still remained. And Roger Wallingford was not a hero, — only a plain gentleman, with a good heart and steady sense of honor.

He talked soberly with his old friends, and listened to Mr. Langdon's instructions and messages to France, and put some thick letters safely into the pockets of his uniform, which, having been made on a venture, with those for other officers, fitted him but awkwardly. As he stood in the boat nearing the frigate's side, there could hardly be a more gallant-looking fellow of his age. There was in his face all the high breeding and character of his house, with much personal courage and youthful expectancy. A handsome sword that had been his grandfather's hung heavy from the belt that dragged at his thin waist, and furrowed deep the stiff new cloth of his coat. More than one rough-cheeked market woman, in that bitter morning air, felt an unwonted slackening in her throat, and could not speak, but blessed him over and over in her warm heart, as her tears sprung quick to blur this last sight of young Wallingford going to the wars. Here was a chapter of romance, though some things in the great struggle with England were prosaic enough; there was as much rebellion now against raising men and money as there had ever been against the Stamp Act or the hated duties. The states were trying to excuse themselves, and to extort from one another; the selfish and cold-hearted are ever to be pushed forward to their public duties, and here in Portsmouth the patriots had many a day grown faint-hearted with despair.

The anchor broke ground at last; the Ranger swung free and began to drift; the creak of the cables and the chanty that helped to wind them mingled now with the noise of church bells and the firing of guns on the forts at Newcastle. As Wallingford went up the vessel's side and stepped to the deck, it happened that the Ranger fired her own parting gun, and the powder smoke blew thick in his face. When it cleared away he saw the captain close beside him, and made his proper salute. Then he turned quickly

for a last glimpse of his friends; the boat was still close under the quarter, and they waved to him and shouted last words that he could not hear. They had been his father's friends, every one, — they wished to be going too, those good gentlemen; it was a splendid errand, and they were all brave men.

"Mr. Langdon and his friends bade me say to you and to Lieutenant Simpson that they meant to come aboard again, sir; they were sorry to be too late; they would have me take breakfast and wait while they finished these last dispatches which they send you for Mr. Franklin and Mr. Adams. I was late from home; it has been a sudden start for me," said the young man impulsively. "I thank you for your welcome message, which I got at two o'clock by the courier," he added, with a wistful appeal in the friendliness of his tone, as one gentleman might speak with another in such case.

"I had further business with them!" exclaimed the superior officer. "They owed it to me to board me long ago, instead of dallying with your breakfast. Damn your breakfast, Mr. Wallingford!" he said angrily, and turned his back. "I left them and the shore at three in the morning; I have been at my affairs all night. Go below, sir!" he commanded the new lieutenant fiercely. "Now you have no gray-headed pomposities to wait upon and admire you, you had best begin to learn something of your duties. Get you down and fall to work, sir! Go to Simpson for orders!"

Wallingford looked like an icicle under the droop of the great mainsail; he gazed with wonder and pity at the piqued and wearied little man; then his face grew crimson, and, saluting the captain stiffly, he went at once below. There was many a friendly greeting and warm handshake waiting for him between decks, but these could please him little just then; he made his way to the narrow cabin, cluttered and piled high with his sea kit and hasty provisionings, and sat there in the dim light until right-mindedness prevailed. When he came on deck again, they were going out of the lower harbor, with a following wind, straight to sea. He may have gone below a boy, but he came on deck a man.

Sir William Pepperrell's stately gambrel-roofed house, with the deer park and gardens and row of already decaying warehouses, looked drowsy with age on Kittery Point, and opposite, hiding away in Little Harbor, was the rambling, huge old mansion of the Wentworths, with its fine council chamber and handsome rooms where he had danced many a night with the pretty Portsmouth girls. All Roger Wallingford's youth and pleasantries were left behind him now; the summer nights were ended; the winter feasts, if there were any that dreary year, must go on without him. The Isles of Shoals lay ahead like pieces of frozen drift in the early morning light, and the great sea stretched away to the horizon, bleak and cold and far, a stormy road to France.

The ship, heading out into the waste of water, took a steady movement between wind and wave, and a swinging gait that seemed to deny at every moment the possibility of return. The gray shore sank and narrowed to a line behind her. At last the long blue hill in Northwood and the three hills of Agamenticus were seen like islands, and long before noon these also had sunk behind the waves, and the Ranger was well at sea.

VIII.

The Haggens house, with its square chimneys, and a broad middle-aged look of comfort, like those who were sheltered under its roof, stood facing the whole southern country just where the two roads joined from the upper settlements. A double stream of travel and traffic flowed steadily by this well-known corner, toward the upper and lower

landings of the tide river. From the huge square stone that floored a pointed porch of severely classic design could be seen a fine sweep of land from the Butlers' Hill on the left, over the high oak woods of a second height to the deep pasture valleys. Major Hight's new house and huge sentinel pines stood on a ridge beyond, with the river itself showing a gleam of silver here and there all along the low lands toward Portsmouth. Across the country westward was the top of Garrison Hill at Dover, and the blue heights of Deerfield and Nottingham; to the south was the dark pine-forested region of the Rocky Hills. It was a wide and splendid prospect even on a bleak autumn day, and Major Haggens, the socially minded master of the house, was trying hard to enjoy it as he sat in the morning wind wrapped in his red cloak, and longing for proper companionship. He cast imploring glances across the way to the habitation of his only near neighbor, Mr. Rogers, but he could see the old gentleman sitting fast asleep at that ridiculous hour of the morning, behind a closed window. There was no one to be seen up the road, where Mr. Jenkins's place of business was apt to attract the idle, especially in the harvest time of his famous early apples. These were dull days; before the war there were few mornings of the year when the broad space before the major's house lacked either carriages or travelers for half an hour. In winter the two roads were blocked as far as a man could see with the long processions of ox teams laden with heavy timber, which had come from fifty or even a hundred miles back in the north country. There were hundreds of trees standing yet in the great forests of the White Hills that were marked with the deeply cut King's arrow, but the winter snows of many years to come were likely to find these timber pines for the King's shipyards still standing.

The busy, quick-enriching days of the past seemed to be gone forever, and poverty and uncertainty had replaced them. There was no such market anywhere for Berwick timber as England had always been; the Berwick merchants would be prosperous no more; the town must live long now upon their hoarded gains, and then seek for some other means of living. The gay-hearted old major looked downcast, and gave a deep sigh. He had no such remembrance of the earlier wars, when Old England and New England had fought together against a common enemy. Those battles had been exciting enough, and a short and evident path to glory, where his fellow colonists had felt something of the happy certainties of the Old Testament Jews, and went out boldly to hew Agag in pieces and to smite the Amalekites hip and thigh. It appeared now as if, with all its hardships, war had been a not unwelcome relief to a dull level of prosperity and the narrowness of a domestic horizon. War gave a man the pleasures of travel, it was a man's natural business and outlet of energy; but war with moral enemies, and for opinion's sake, lacked the old color, and made the faces of those who stayed at home grow sullen. They were backbiting Hamilton in many a pious household, that morning, for giving a parting feast to Paul Jones. 'T was all of a piece with Roundhead days, and christening a child by such names as must have depressed Praise-God Barebones, and little Hate-Evil Kilgore who was a neighbor of the major's, down the Landing hill.

The major's sound but lately unpracticed head was a little heavy from the last night's supper, and the world seemed to him badly out of joint. He was a patriot at heart, but one who stood among the moderates. He seemed uneasy in his wooden armchair, and pushed his stout old ivory-headed cane angrily into a crevice below one of the Corinthian pillars of the porch. His tall sister, who, by virtue of two years' precedence in age, resolutely maintained the position of su-

perior officer, had already once or twice opened the door behind to advise him to come in out of the cold wind; the chill might very well send him an attack of gout in the stomach.

"I've got no gout to send, nor any stomach to send it to," returned the major angrily. "What's the use of a stomach, when a man can buy nothing decent to put in it, and has not even a dog to keep him company? I'd welcome even a tax gatherer!" The great door was shut again with decision enough to clack the oval brass knocker, and the major finished some protests against fate deep in his own disparaged interior, and punctuated his inarticulate grumbles by angry bobs of the head. He was really too cold, but he would not submit to Nancy, or let her think that she could rule him, as she seemed to wish.

Suddenly there was something moving down at the end of the street; it came up quickly over the slope into the full appearance of a horse and rider, and hope filled the major's once sorrowful mind. "Jack Hamilton, by zounds!" laughed the old gentleman. "He's late on his way up country. I'll stretch a point: we'll make it an hour earlier, and have our toddy now; it must be after ten."

Hamilton presently declared that he was too much belated; he must go to the far regions of Tow-wow, where he owned great tracts of land; he really must not vex his conscience enough to dismount.

"Here, you, Cuffee! here, 'Pollo, you lazy dog!" the major called, merely turning his head, so that his voice might better reach round the house through the long yard to his barns; and after a moment's consideration, Hamilton threw his leg over the saddle and dismounted unwillingly. The gay creature he had ridden sidled away, and whinnied fretfully, as if she also objected to such an interruption of their plans.

"Keep her here; I shall not stop long," said the colonel to a black namesake of the great god Apollo, who was the first to arrive, and, although breathless, had begun to walk to and fro sentry fashion, as if by automatic impulse. The already heated young mare was nosing his shoulder with an air of intimacy, and nipping at the edge of his frayed hat.

"You'll be just far enough from both dinner and breakfast now," insisted the major, stamping along through the handsome cold hall of the house, with its elaborate panelings of clear, unpainted pine. "You'll get to Tow-wow, or Lebanon, as the good folks want to call it, all the sooner for this delay. You've pounded the first wind out of that colt already; you'd have had her sobbing on Plaisted's Hill. What we can't find in eatables we'll make up in drinkables. Nancy, Nancy, where's my spirit case? You're so precise I never can find anything where I leave it!"

"The case is on the top of the sideboard, directly in the middle, brother Tilly," said Miss Nancy, politely coming out of the room on the right, and looking after him, with her knitting in hand.

Mr. Hamilton turned, and she dropped a somewhat informal curtsy. She wore a plain turban twisted high, which gave her a severe but most distinguished air. Miss Haggens was quite the great lady, and even more French in her appearance than the major himself.

"I was sorry to miss the gayeties last night," she said. "The major is boyish enough for anything, and can answer every beck and call, but I felt that I must not venture. I was sorry when it proved so fine an evening."

"No becks and calls to answer in these days," insisted the busy host. "'T would do you good, Nancy, as it did all the rest of us. Let's have it in the breakfast room; I left a good fire there. If there's no hot water, I'll heat some quick enough in a porringer."

Hamilton, following, seated himself slowly in an armchair by the fireplace. The processes of hospitality would be

swifter if quietly acquiesced in, and now that the slim decanter of Santa Cruz was opened the odor was not unwelcome. He had been busy enough since daybreak, but wore an amused look, though somewhat tired and worried, as the major flew about like a captive bumblebee. Miss Nancy's prim turban got shifted over one ear, and one white and two black handmaidens joined her in the course of such important affairs. At last the major reappeared, victorious and irate, with a steaming porringer which had just begun to heat in the kitchen fireplace, and splashed it all the way along the floor. He went down stiffly on his knees in the breakfast room to blow the coals, with such mighty puffs that a film of ashes at once covered the water and retarded its rise of temperature all the more. Miss Nancy and Colonel Hamilton looked at each other across his broad back and laughed.

"There, there, major! The steam 's rising, and 't will do already," urged the colonel. "I 'd rather not take my drink too hot, and go out again to face the wind."

"I felt the wind myself," acknowledged the major, looking up pleasantly. "My fore door, where I like to sit, is well sheltered, but I felt the wind." Miss Nancy so far descended from her usual lofty dignity as to make a little face, which Hamilton, being a man, did not exactly understand.

"I like to have the water boiling hot; then you can let it cool away, and the flavor 's brought out," explained the major. Phœbe, the old slave woman who looked over his shoulder, now pronounced with satisfaction that the water was minnying, with the steam all in it, to which her master agreed. Miss Nancy put out a strong hand and helped him to his feet.

"You 've set your turban all awry, sister," the major remarked politely by way of revenge, and the little company burst into a hearty laugh. Miss Nancy produced a gay china plate of pound cakes from the cupboard, and sat by in silence, discreetly knitting, until the toddy was not only made, but half gone down the gentlemen's throats.

"And so Roger Wallingford 's gone to sea, and those who would burn him in his house for a Tory are robbed of a great pleasure," she said at last. "I wonder what their feelings are to-day! My heart aches for his mother; 't will be a deathblow to all her pride."

"It will indeed," said Hamilton seriously.

"I was sore afraid of his joining the other side only yesterday," said the major, "but this news has lain heavy as lead on me all the morning. There are those aboard the Ranger who will only have him for a spy. I heard a whisper of this last night, before we parted. I was even glad to think that the poor boy has plenty of old family friends in England, who can serve him if worst comes to worst."

"'T was in my mind, too," agreed the colonel. "John Lord was hinting at trouble, in my countingroom, this morning early. I fancied him more than half glad on his own account that Wallingford is gone; the lads have looked upon each other as rivals, and I have suspected that 't was Roger who was leading in the race." The colonel's wind-freshened cheeks brightened still more as he spoke, and looked up with an expectant smile at Miss Nancy, who did not reply except by giving two or three solemn nods of her turbaned head.

"Everybody loves the boy," she said presently, "but 't is of his dear mother I am thinking most. 'T is a sad heart alone in her great house to front the winter weather. She told me last week that she had a mind not to make the usual change to her house in town. There were like to be disturbances, and she had no mind for anything but quiet. I shall write, myself, to her young cousins in Boston, or to the Sherburnes, who are

near friends, and beg them to visit her; 't is none so cheerful in Boston either, now. We were always together in our youth, but age makes us poor winter comrades. Sit ye down," said Miss Nancy Haggens affectionately, as Hamilton rose and put by his empty glass. "And how is our dear Mary?" she asked, as she rose also, finding him determined. There was an eager look in the old lady's eyes.

"I have not seen my sister," answered Hamilton, looking grave. "I was very early by the riverside with my old brig Pactolus going downstream, and everything and everybody tardy. I shall lay her up for the winter by Christian Shore; but, as things look now, I fear 't is the last voyage of the good old vessel. I stood and watched her away, and when she made the turn past High Point it seemed as if her old topmasts were looking back at me wishfully above the woods."

The major made a sound which was meant for sympathy; he was very warm and peaceful again before the fire.

"My sister will not be long seeking such a friend as you," said Hamilton, with sudden change of tone, and looking at Miss Nancy with an unwonted show of sentiment and concern in his usually impassive face. "I slept but little last night, and my fears, small and great, did not sleep at all. 'T is heavy news from the army, and I am perplexed as to Mary's real feelings. The captain counts upon success; as for the step that Roger Wallingford has taken, it has no doubt averted a very real danger of the moment."

"She must go at once to see his mother. I wish that she might go to-day. You may tell Mary this, with the love of an old friend," said Miss Nancy warningly. "Mary has great reserve of feeling with all her pretty frankness. But young hearts are not easy reading."

"I must be gone all day," said Hamilton gravely.

For once the major listened and had no opinion ready. All the troubles of life had been lifted in the exercise of such instant hospitality.

"We must leave all to Time," he announced cheerfully. "No man regrets more than I our country's sad situation. And mark ye both: the captain of the Ranger 's got all the makings of a hero. Lord bless me," he exclaimed as he followed Hamilton along the hall, "I could have shed tears as I caught his fire, with thinking I was too old and heavy to ship with him myself! I might be useful yet with his raw marines and in the land attacks. I felt last night, as our talk went on, that I should be as good for soldiering as ever."

"Brother Tilly!" Miss Nancy was crying from the breakfast room in despair. "Oh, don't go out into the wind, and you so warm with your toddy! Wait, I command you, Tilly! Phœbe 's coming with your hat and cloak!" But the old campaigner was already out beyond the lilacs in the front yard, with the rising northwester lifting his gray locks.

IX.

That same afternoon of the 1st of November, one might have thought that the adventurers on board the Ranger had taken all the pleasant weather away with them, and all the pleasure and interest of life; only endurance and the bleak chilliness of autumn seemed to be left ashore. The wind changed into the east as night drew on, and a cold fog, gathered along the coast, came drifting up the river with the tide, until rain began to fall with the early dark. The poplars and elms looked shrunken about the gardens at Hamilton's, and the house but ill lighted. The great rooms themselves were cold and empty.

Colonel Hamilton, gloomy with further bad news from the army on Long Island, sat alone reviewing some accounts, shak-

ing his head over a great ledger which had been brought up from the counting-house, and lay before him on a table in the west room. The large Russian stove was lighted for the first time that year, and the tiny grate glowed bright in its tall prison-like front, which was as slow to give out any heat as a New England winter to give place to spring. The pair of candles gave a dull yellow light, and the very air of the west room looked misty about them in a sort of halo, as Mary Hamilton opened the door. She was rosy with color from an afternoon ride, while her brother looked tired and dull. All the long day she had been so much in his anxious thoughts that he glanced over his shoulder with apprehension. In spite of his grave face and unyielding temper, he had a quick imagination, and, for the few persons whom he loved, a most tender heart.

To his blank surprise, his young sister had never worn a more spirited or cheerful look. She was no lovelorn maiden, and had come to him for neither pity nor anxious confidence. She came instead to stand close beside him, with a firm warm hand on his shoulder, and smiling looked into his upturned face.

"Well, sir, have you made the most of a bad day?" she asked, in the tone of comradeship which always went straight to Hamilton's heart, and made him feel like a lover. "They must have had a good offshore wind for many hours," she added before he could answer. "The Ranger must be well off the coast by this time, and out of this hindering fog."

"She must indeed," answered Hamilton, lending himself comfortably to her mood. "The wind was free all day out of the northwest until this easterly chill at sundown. They will not like to drift in a long calm and easterly fog."

"Come, you look miserable here; you are pale with cold yourself, Jack," she urged kindly. "Let us poke this slow contrivance for a fire! I like to see a broad blaze. Cæsar kept me a fine hoard of pitch-pine roots when they cleared that thicket of the upper pasture, and I made a noble heat with them just now in my own room. I told him to look after your stove here, but he was sulky; he seems to think 't is a volcano in a box, and may wreck the house and all his happiness. See, it was full of ashes at the draught. Sir, may I ask what you are laughing at?"

"I thought you would be like Niobe, all tears," he answered boldly, giving her a half-amused, half-curious glance. "And here you praise the wind that blows your lover seaward, and make yourself snug ashore."

The firelight flashed in Mary's face at that moment, and something else flashed back to meet it. She was kneeling close to the small iron door, as if she were before a confessional; but she looked over her shoulder for a moment with a quick smile that had great sweetness and power to charm.

"Let us be happy together, my dear," she said. "They go to serve our country; it should be a day for high hopes, and not for mourning. I look for great gallantry on board the Ranger!"

She stood facing her brother a moment later, and looked straight in his face, as if she had no fears of any curious gaze, simply unconscious of self, as if no great shock had touched her heart in either new-found happiness or sense of loss. It seemed as if her cheerful self-possession were putting a bar to all confidence.

"I cannot understand you!" he exclaimed sharply.

"You are cold and tired, my poor old man! Come, I shall have no more figuring," and she pushed away the ledger beyond his reach on the smooth polished oak of the table top. "Let us make a bit of hot drink for so cold a man!" and was swiftly gone across the hall to the great kitchen, leaving the doors wide open behind her. It seemed warmer at once, and presently the sound of laugh-

ter and a coaxing voice made Hamilton's heart a little gayer. Old Peggy and her young mistress were in the midst of a lively encounter, and presently a noise of open war made him cross the hall with boyish eagerness to see the fray.

Peggy was having a glorious moment of proud resistance, and did not deign to notice the spectator. The combatants stood facing each other in front of the huge fireplace, where there was a high heap of ashes and but faint glow of fire. The old woman's voice was harsh, and she looked pale and desperate; there was always a black day for the household after such a masterpiece of a feast as Peggy had set before her master's guests the night before. The fire of energy was low in her gaunt frame, except for a saving spark that still moved the engines of her tongue. She stood like a thin old Boadicea with arms akimbo, and Mary Hamilton faced her all abloom, with a face full of laughter, and in exactly the same attitude; it was a pleasing sight to Hamilton at the door of the side hall. The usually populous kitchen was deserted of all Peggy's minions except Cæsar, and there were no signs of any preliminaries of even the latest supper.

"Oh, Peggy, what a cross old thing you are!" sighed Mary, at the end of Peggy's remarks upon the text of there being nobody in the house to do anything save herself. "I should really love to stay and have a good battle to warm us up, except that we should both be near to weeping when it was done, and you would be sorrier than you need, and cook something much too nice for supper, tired as you are." Then she dropped her hands and relaxed her mocking pose. "Come, Peggy dear, the colonel 's here, and he 's ridden the whole length of Beech Ridge and the Tow-wow woods since morning with his surveyors; he 's very cold and down-hearted, and I only want a spatter of hot water to mix him a posset. Come, do find me a little skillet, and we 'll heat it here on the coals. See, they 're winking bright under that hill of ashes. Where are all the maids?"

"In their beds, I suppose, black and white alike, and getting their first sleep like ladies," grumbled Peggy. "I told them the master would be late, and would sup at Pine Hill, as he said this morning. 'T is no matter about me; Cæsar and me, we 're old and tough," and the stern features relaxed a little. "Why did n't you tell me 't was for the master, an' he 'd no supper after such a day, with the clock far past seven, and you yourself with nothing but bread and milk to stay you? Truth to tell, I was asleep in the corner of the settle here, and a spark 's burnt me a hole in this good apron and spoilt my temper. You have too much patience with poor old Peggy," she muttered, bending over the ashes and raking them open to their bright life with her hard brown hand.

Mary stood watching her for a moment; a quick change came over her face, and she turned away silently, and went toward the window as if to look up the river.

"What was you designin' to get for supper?" old Cæsar humbly inquired at this auspicious moment. "I mought be a-layin' of the table." But Peggy did not notice him. He was still in a place of safety behind the settle, his gray head just appearing over the high back.

"We might finish the pigeon pie," the young mistress suggested; "the colonel will like a bit of cheese afterward and plenty of cakes. Mind, Peggy, 't is only a cold supper!"

"Was you es-pectin' any of the quality aside yo'selves, missy?" politely demanded Cæsar, in the simple exercise of his duty.

"Don't you keep a-askin' questions; 't ain't no way to converse with human creatur's!" said Peggy severely.

"Laws, Peggy, I feels an int'rist!" said poor Cæsar humbly.

"No, you don't neither; you 're full to bu'stin' of cur'osity, an' it 's a fault that grows by feedin' of it. Let your mind dwell on that, now, next Sabbath mornin' up in your gallery, 'stid o' rollin' your eyes at the meetin' folks an' whisp'rin' with Cato Lord!" and Peggy laughed in spite of herself. "Come out from there, an' fetch me some dry pine chips, if 't won't demean your dignity. I 'll ax you some questions you don't know no answers to, if you be an Afriky potentate!"

The master of the house had tiptoed back across the hall like a pleased schoolboy, and was busy with the ledger when his sister came back, a few minutes later, with a steaming porringer. She proceeded to mix a most fragrant potion in a large gayly flowered glass, while Hamilton described his morning entertainment by the major; then an old dog came loitering in, and watched his master enviously, as he drank, and stirred again, and praised the warm drink, and grew every moment more cheerful.

Mary Hamilton stood leaning against the Russian stove. "It is just getting warm now, this dull old idol of yours," she said, "and we cannot cool it before spring. We 'll sit in the dining room to-night after supper; you shall smoke your pipe there, and I can see the good firelight. We are lonesome after a gay day and night like yesterday; we have had no word of gossip yet about our ball. I have many things to tell you."

Hamilton nodded amiably; the color had come back into his face, and driven away the worn and worried look that had fallen on him before his time. He had made so light of care that care made light of him, and was beginning to weigh him down early in middle life.

"I came across the river at the Great Falls," he said, not without effort, and looking at his young sister, "the roads were so heavy through the woods by Cranberry Meadow."

"So you did n't stop to give Granny Sullivan the money?" asked Mary, as if she were disappointed.

"Yes, on my way this morning. She knew more about last night than I could sweep together to tell her if I stayed an hour."

"The birds tell granny everything," said Mary, laughing. "She gave me a handsome scolding the other day because Peggy's rack of spiced hams had fallen in the ashes that very morning. How was the master?"

"Very absent-minded, and reading his Horace as if the old poet were new. He did not even look up while she loudly thanked me for the money the judge had sent. 'I 'm knitting every minute I 'm not working or eating, for my poor lame lad Jamie,' she said. 'Well, he has nothing to do but read his law books, an' tell others what 's in 'em, and grow rich! 'T is all because his father 's such a gentleman!'"

"How proud she is, the dear old woman!" said Mary warmly.

"Yes, and they have the sense to be proud of her," said Hamilton, settling into his chair more comfortably and putting his empty glass aside.

"I rode to the Rocky Hills myself late this afternoon. I heard that Elder Shackley had been ill. I liked the fresh wind and wet after last night's warmth and a busy morning here in the house. I meant at first to ride north to meet you; but it was better not, since you crossed at the Falls."

"I thought you would go another way," said Hamilton seriously. There were moments when he seemed old enough to be her father; there were, indeed, many years between them. "There is a sad heart and a lonely one across the river to-night, while we seem gay enough together."

Mary's face changed quickly; she stepped toward him, and seated herself on the broad arm of the chair, and drew her brother's head close against her side. "What is it that you wish to say to

me?" she asked. "I have been thinking of dear Madam Wallingford all day long," and Hamilton could feel her young heart beating quick like a bird's, close to his ear.

"She was in my mind, too. I came down that side of the river to see her, but it grew so rainy and late that I gave up my thought of stopping except to leave a message. My mare was very hot and spent," he explained, in a matter-of-fact way. "As I came toward the house I saw my lady standing at a window, and she beckoned me. She came herself to the door, and the wind blew her to and fro like a flag. She had been weeping terribly. 'I longed to see a friend,' she told me, and could say no more. I feared that she might bear us much ill will."

Hamilton was so full of feeling that his own voice failed him, and Mary did not speak at first.

"Well, dear brother?" she asked a moment later, knowing that he had more to say.

"She wished to send you a message; 't was her reason for calling me in. She asked if you would not come to see her to-morrow, late in the afternoon. Earlier she has business of the estate to manage, in place of her son. There are men coming down from the Lake."

"Oh yes, yes, I shall go!" said Mary, with a sob. "Oh, I am so glad; I feared that her heart was broken, and that she would only hate us!"

"I was afraid, too," returned Hamilton, and he took his sister's hand gently in his own, and would have spoken something that she could not bear to hear.

She moved away quickly. "Come, dear man," she said, "you must throw off these muddy clothes; you are warm again now, and they will soon be calling us to supper."

He sighed, and looked at her in bewilderment as he obeyed. She had gone to the window and pushed the shutter back, and was gazing out into the dark night. He looked at her again as he was going out of the room, but still she did not speak. Was it the captain, after all, who had gone away with her heart? She had not even mentioned his name!

She was not always so silent about her lovers; they had been many, and she sometimes spoke frankly enough when he and she were alone together like this, and the troubles and veils of every-day intercourse were all put aside. But who could read a woman's heart? Certainly not a poor bachelor, who had never yet learned to read his own!

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DOMINANCE OF THE CROWD.

TIME was when a man was born upon this planet in a somewhat lonely fashion. A few human beings out of all infinity stood by to care for him. He was brought up with hills and stars and a neighbor or so, until he grew to man's estate. He climbed at last over the furthest hill, and there, on the rim of things, standing on the boundary line of sky and earth that had always been the edge of life to him before, he looked forth upon the freedom of the world, and said in his soul, "What shall I be in this world I see, and whither shall I go in it?" And the sky and the earth and the rivers and the seas and the nights and the days

beckoned to him, and the voices of life rose around him, and they all said, "Come!"

On a corner in New York, around a Street Department wagon, not so very long ago, five thousand men were fighting for shovels, fifty men to a shovel, — a tool for living a little longer.

The problem of living in this modern world is the problem of finding room in it. The Crowd Principle is so universally at work through modern life that the geography of the world has been changed to conform to it. We live in crowds. We get our living in crowds. We are amused in herds. Civilization is a list of cities. Cities are the huge central dynamos of all being. The power of a man can be measured to-day by the mile, — the number of miles between him and the city; that is, between him and what the city stands for, — the centre of mass.

The crowd principle is the first principle of production. The producer who can get the most men together and the most dollars together controls the market; and when he once controls the market, instead of merely getting the most men and the most dollars, he can get all the men and all the dollars. Hence the corporation in production.

The crowd principle is the first principle of distribution. The man who can get the most men to buy a particular thing from him can buy the most of it, and therefore buy it the cheapest, and therefore get more men to buy from him; and having bought this particular thing cheaper than all men could buy it, it is only a step to selling it to all men; and then, having all the men on one thing and all the dollars on one thing, he is able to buy other things for nothing, for everybody, and sell them for a little more than nothing to everybody. Hence the department store, — the syndicate of department stores, — the crowd principle in commerce.

The value of a piece of land is the number of footsteps passing by it in twenty-four hours. The value of a railroad is the number of people near it who cannot keep still. If there are a great many of these people, the railroad runs its trains for them. If there are only a few, though they be heroes and prophets, Dantes, Savonarolas, and George Washingtons, trains shall not be run for them. The railroad is the characteristic property and symbol of property in this modern age, and the entire value of a railroad depends upon its getting control of a crowd, — either a crowd that wants to be where some other crowd is, or a crowd that wants a great many tons of something that some other crowd has.

When we turn from commerce to philosophy, we find the same principle running through them both. The main thing in the philosophy of to-day is the extraordinary emphasis of environment and heredity. A man's destiny is the way the crowd of his ancestors ballot for his life. His soul — if he has a soul — is an atom acted upon by a majority of other atoms.

When we turn to religion in its different phases, we find the same emphasis upon them all, — the emphasis of mass of majority; not that the church exists for the masses, — no one claims this, — but that, such as it is, it is a mass church. While the promise of Scripture, as a last resort, is often heard in the church about two or three gathered together in God's name, the church is run on the working conviction that unless the minister and the elders can gather two or three *hundred* in God's name, He will not pay any particular attention to them, or, if He does, He will not pay the bills. The church of our forefathers, founded on personality, is exchanged for the church of democracy, founded on crowds; and the church of the moment is the institutional church, in which the standing of the clergyman is exchanged for the standing of the congregation. The inevitable result, the crowd clergyman, is seen on every hand amongst us, — the

agent of an audience, who, instead of telling an audience what they ought to do, runs errands for them morning and noon and night. With coddling for majorities and tact for whims, he carefully picks his way. He does his people as much good as they will let him, tells them as much truth as they will hear, until he dies at last, and goes to take his place with Puritan parsons who mastered majorities, with martyrs who would not live and be mastered by majorities, and with apostles who managed to make a new world without the help of majorities at all.

Theology reveals the same tendency. The measuring by numbers is found in all belief, the same cringing before masses of little facts instead of conceiving the few immeasurable ones. Helpless individuals mastered by crowds are bound to believe in a kind of infinitely helpless God. He stands in the midst of the crowds of his laws and the systems of his worlds: to those who are not religious, a pale First Cause; and to those who are, a Great Sentimentality far away in the heavens, who, in a kind of vast weak-mindedness (a Puritan would say), seems to want everybody to be good and hopes they will, but does not quite know what to do about it if they are not.

Every age has its typical idea of heaven and its typical idea of hell (in some of them it would be hard to tell which is which), and every civilization has its typical idea of God. A civilization with sovereign men in it has a sovereign God; and a crowd civilization, reflecting its mood on the heavens, is inclined to a pleasant, large-minded God, eternally considering everybody and considering everything, but inefficient withal, — a kind of legislature of Deity, typical of representative institutions at their best and at their worst.

If we pass from our theology to our social science, we come to the most characteristic result of the crowd principle that the times afford. We are brought face to face with socialism, the millennium machine, the Corliss engine of progress. It were idle to deny to the socialist that he is right, and more right, indeed, than most of us, in seeing that there is a great wrong somewhere; but it would be impossible beyond this point to make any claim for him, except that he is honestly trying to create in the world a wrong we do not have as yet, that shall be large enough to swallow the wrong we have. The term "socialism" stands for many things, in its present state; but so far as the average socialist is concerned, he may be defined as an idealist who turns to materialism — that is, to mass — to carry his idealism out. The world having discovered two great ideals in the New Testament, the service of all men by all other men and the infinite value of the individual, the socialist expects to carry out one of these ideals by destroying the other.

The principle that an infinitely helpful society can be produced by setting up a row of infinitely helpless individuals is socialism, as the average socialist practices it. The average socialist is the type of the eager but effeminate reformer of all ages, because he seeks to gain by machinery things nine tenths of the value of which to men is in gaining them for themselves. Socialism is the attempt to invent conveniences for heroes, to pass a law that will make being a man unnecessary, to do away with sin by framing a world in which it would be worthless to do right because it would be impossible to do wrong. It is a philosophy of helplessness, which, even if it succeeds in helplessly carrying its helplessness out, — in doing away with suffering, for instance, — can only do it by bringing to pass a man not alive enough to be capable of suffering, and putting him in a world where suffering and joy alike would be a bore to him.

But the main importance of socialism in this connection lies in the fact that it

does not confine itself to sociology. It has become a complete philosophy of life, and can be seen penetrating with its subtle satire on human nature almost everything about us. We have the cash register to educate our clerks into pure and honest character, and the souls of conductors can be seen being nurtured, mile after mile, by fare recorders. Corporations buy consciences by the gross. They are hung over the door of every street car. Consciences are worked by pulling a strap. Liverymen have cyclometers to help customers to tell the truth, and the Australian ballot is invented to help men to be manly enough to vote the way they think; and when, in the course of human events, we came to the essentially moral and spiritual reform of a woman's right to dress in good taste, — that is, appropriately for what she is doing, — what did we proceed to do to bring it about? Conventions were held year after year, and over and over, to get women to dress as they wanted to; dress reform associations were founded, syndicates of courage were established over all the land, — all in vain; and finally, — Heaven help us! — how was this great moral and spiritual reform accomplished? By an invention of two wheels, one in front of the other. It was brought about by the Pope Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Connecticut, in two short years.

Everything is brought about by manufacturing companies. It is the socialist spirit, the idea, that if we can only find it, there is some machine that can surely be invented that will take the place of men; not only of hands and feet, but of all the old-fashioned and lumbering virtues, courage, patience, vision, common sense, and religion itself, out of which they are made.

But we depend upon machinery not only for the things that we want, but for the brains with which we decide what we want. If a man wants to know what he thinks he starts a club, and if he wants to be very sure he calls a convention. From the National Undertakers' Association and the Launderers' League to the Christian Endeavor Tournament and the World's Congress, — the Midway Pleasance of Piety, — the Convention strides the world with vociferousness. The silence that descends from the hills is filled with its ceaseless din. The smallest hamlet in the land has learned to listen reverent from afar to the vast insistent roar of It, as the Voice of the Spirit of the Times.

Every idea we have is run into a constitution. We cannot think without a chairman. Our whims have secretaries; our fads have by-laws. Literature is a club. Philosophy is a society. Our reforms are mass meetings. Our culture is a summer school. We cannot mourn our mighty dead without Carnegie Hall and forty vice presidents. We remember our poets with trustees, and the immortality of a genius is watched by a standing committee. Charity is an Association. Theology is a set of resolutions. Religion is an endeavor to be numerous and communicative. We awe the impenitent with crowds, convert the world with boards, and save the lost with delegates; and how Jesus of Nazareth could have done so great a work without being on a committee is beyond our ken. What Socrates and Solomon would have come to if they had only had the advantage of conventions it would be hard to say; but in these days, when the excursion train is applied to wisdom; when, having little enough, we try to make it more by pulling it about; when secretaries urge us, treasurers dun us, programmes unfold out of every mail, — where is the man who, guileless-eyed, can look into his brother's face, can declare upon his honor that he has never been a delegate, never belonged to anything, never been nominated, elected, imposed on, in his life?

Everything convenes, resolves, petitions, adjourns. Nothing stays ad-

journed. We have reports that think for us, committees that do right for us, and platforms that spread their wooden lengths over all the things we love, until there is hardly an inch of the dear old earth to stand on, where, fresh and sweet and from day to day, we can live our lives ourselves, pick the flowers, look at the stars, guess at God, garner our grain, and die. Every new and fresh human being that comes upon the earth is manufactured into a coward or crowded into a machine as soon as we get at him. We have already come to the point where we do not expect to interest anybody in anything without a constitution. There are by-laws for falling in love.

What this means with regard to the typical modern man is, not that he does not think, but that it takes ten thousand men to make him think. He has a crowd soul, a crowd creed. Charged with convictions, galvanized from one convention to another, he contrives to live, and with a sense of multitude applause and cheers he warms his thoughts. When they have been warmed enough, he exhorts, dictates, goes hither and thither on the crutch of the crowd, and places his crutch on the world, and pries on it, if perchance it may be stirred to something. To the bigotry of the man who knows because he speaks for himself has been added a new bigotry on the earth, — the bigotry of the man who speaks for the nation; who, with a more colossal prejudice than he had before, returns from a mass meeting of himself, and, with the effrontery that only a crowd can give, backs his opinions with forty states, and walks the streets of his native town in the uniform of all humanity. This is a kind of fool that has never been possible until these latter days. Only a very great many people, all of them working on him at once, and all of them watching every one else working at once, can produce this kind.

Indeed, the crowd habit has become so strong upon us, has so mastered the mood of the hour, that even you and I, gentle reader, have found ourselves for one brief moment, perhaps, in a certain sheepish feeling at being caught in a small audience. Being caught in a small audience at a lecture is no insignificant experience. You will see people looking furtively about, counting one another. You will make comparisons. You will recall the self-congratulatory air of the last large audience you had the honor to belong to, sitting in these same seats, buzzing confidently to itself before the lecture began. The hush of disappointment in a small audience all alone with itself, the mutual shame of it, the chill in it, that spreads softly through the room, every identical shiver of which the lecturer is hired to warm through before he begins, — all these are signs of the times. People look at the empty chairs as if every modest, unassuming chair there were some great personality saying to each and all of us: "Why are you here? Did you not make a mistake? Are you not ashamed to be a party to — to — as small a crowd as this?" Thus do we sit, poor mortals, doing obeisance to Empty Chairs, — we who are to be lectured to, — until the poor lecturer who is to lecture to us comes in, and the poor lecture begins.

When we turn to education as it stands to-day, the same self-satisfied, inflexible smile of the crowd is upon it all. We see little but the massing of machinery, the crowding together of numbers of teachers and numbers of courses and numbers of students, and the practical total submergence of personality — except by accident — in all educated life.

The infinite value of the individual, the innumerable consequences of one single great teaching man, penetrating every pupil who knows him, becoming a part of the universe, a part of the fibre of thought and existence to every pupil who knows him, — this is a thing that belongs to the past and to the inevitable

future. With all our great institutions, the crowds of men who teach in them, the crowds of men who learn in them, we are still unable to produce out of all the men they graduate enough college presidents to go around. The fact that at almost any given time there may be seen, in this American land of ours, half a score of colleges standing and waiting, wondering if they will ever find a president again, is the climax of what the universities have failed to do. The university will be justified only when a man with a university in him, a whole campus in his soul, comes out of it, to preside over it, and the soul that has room for more than one chair in it comes out of it to teach in it.

When we turn from education to journalism, the pressure of the crowd is still more in evidence. To have the largest circulation is to have the most advertising, and to have the most advertising means to have the most money, and to have the most money means to be able to buy the most ability, and to have the most ability means to keep all that one gains and get more. The degradation of many of our great journals in the last twenty years is but the inevitable carrying out of the syndicate method in letters, — a mass of contributors, a mass of subscribers, and a mass of advertisers. So long as it gives itself over to the circulation idea, the worse a newspaper is the more logical it is. There may be a certain point where it is bound to stop sometime, because there will not be enough bad people who are bad enough, to go around; but we have not come to it yet, and in the meantime about everything that can be thought of is being printed to make bad people. If it be asserted that there are not enough bad people to go around even now, it may be added that there are plenty of good people to take their places as fast as they fail to be bad enough, and that the good people who take the bad papers to find fault with them are the only ones who make such papers possible.

The result of the crowd principle is the only inevitable result. Our journals have fallen off as a matter of course, not only in moral ideals (which everybody realizes), but in brain force, power of expression, imagination and foresight, the things that give distinction and results to utterance and that make a journal worth while. The editorial page has been practically abandoned by most journals, because most journals have been abandoned by their editors; they have become printed countingrooms. With all their greatness, their crowds of writers and masses of readers and piles of cablegrams, they are not able to produce the kind of man who is able to say a thing in the kind of way that will make everybody stop and listen to him, cablegrams and all. Horace Greeley and Samuel Bowles and Charles A. Dana have passed from the press, and the march of the crowd through the miles of their columns every day is trampling on their graves. The newspaper is the mass machine, the crowd thinker. To and fro, from week to week and from year to year, its flaming headlines sway, now hither and now thither, where the greatest numbers go, or the best guess of where they are going to go, and Personality, creative, triumphant, masterful, imperious Personality, — is it not at an end? It were a dazzling sight, perhaps, to gaze at night upon a huge building, thinking with telegraph under the wide sky around the world, the hurrying of its hundred pens upon the desks, and the trembling of its floors with the mighty coming of a Day out of the grip of the press; but even this huge bewildering pile of power, this aggregation, this corporation of forces, machines of souls, glittering down the Night, — does any one suppose It stands by Itself, that It is its own master, that It can do its own will in the world? In all its splendor It stands,

weaving the thoughts of the world in the dark; but that very night, that very moment, It lies in the power of a little ticking-thing behind its doors. It belongs to that legislature of information, — and telegraph, — that owner of what happens in a day, called the Associated Press.

If the One who called Himself a man and a God had not been born in a crowd, if He had not loved and grappled with it, and been crucified and worshiped by it, He might have been a Redeemer for the silent, stately, ancient world that was before He came, but He would have failed to be a Redeemer for this modern world, — a world where the main inspiration and the main discouragement is the crowd, where every great problem and every great hope is one that deals with crowds. It is a world where, from the first day a man looks forth to move, he finds his feet and hands held by crowds. The sun rises over crowds for him, and sets over crowds; and having presumed to be born, when he presumes to die at last, in a crowd of graves he is left, not even alone with God. Ten human lives deep, they have them, — the graves in Paris; and whether men live their lives piled upon other men's lives, in blocks in cities or in the apparent loneliness of town or country, what they shall do or shall not do, or shall have or shall not have, — is it not determined by crowds, by the movement of crowds? The farmer is lonely enough, one would say, as he rests by his fire in the plains, his barns bursting with wheat; but the murmur of the telegraph almost any moment is the voice of the crowd to him, thousands of miles away, shouting in the Stock Exchange: "You shall not sell your wheat! Let it lie! Let it rot in your barns!"

And yet, if a man were to go around the earth with a surveyor's chain, there would seem to be plenty of room for all who are born upon it. The fact that there are enough square miles of the planet for every human being on it to have several square miles to himself does not prove that a man can avoid the crowd, — that it is not a crowded world. If what a man could be were determined by the square mile, it would indeed be a gentle and graceful earth to live on. But an acre of Nowhere satisfies no one, and how many square miles does a man want, to be a nobody in? He can do it better in a crowd, where every one else is doing it.

In the ancient world, when a human being found something in the wrong place and wanted to put it where it belonged, he found himself face to face with a few men. He found he had to deal with these few men. To-day, if he wants anything put where it belongs, he finds himself face to face with a crowd. He finds that he has to deal with a crowd. The world has telephones and newspapers now, and it has railroads; and if a man proposes to do a certain thing in it, the telephones tell the few, and the newspapers tell the crowd, and the crowd gets on to the railroad; and before he rises from his sleep, behold the crowd in his front yard; and if he can get as far as his own front gate in the thing he is going for, he must be — either a statesman? a hero? or a great genius? None of these. Let him be a corporation, — of ideas or of dollars, — let him be some complex, solid, crowded thing, would he do anything for himself, or for anybody else, or for everybody else, in a world too crowded to tell the truth without breaking something.

This is the main fact about this modern world: that it is a crowded world, that in the nature of the case its civilization is a crowd civilization. Every other important thing for this present age to know must be worked out from this one. It is the main thing in dealing with our religion, the thing our literature is about, and the thing our arts will be obliged to express. Any man

who makes the attempt to consider or interpret anything, either in art or life, without a true understanding of the crowd principle as it is working to-day, without a due sense of its central place in all that goes on around us, is a spectator in the blur and bewilderment of this modern world, as helpless in it, and as childish and superficial in it, as a Greek god at the World's Fair, gazing out of his still, Olympian eyes at the Midway Pleasance.

But we are not spectators, — most of us, — nor are we mere Greek gods. In the shuttle of our despair and our hope the world process is being wrought out, not only before our eyes, but in our own lives — each on its smaller scale — and in every life about us. Being modern men, we are optimists by going through the facts, not by going around them. We dare to face our lives, and we dare to interpret them, and other lives through them. The more need we have of hope, the more hope we have. The inheritance of all ages is our inheritance, — to draw our hoping out of. We glory in looking at a fact, — even this present one, — and there is no fact that shall not yield glory to us. Being modern men, we are infinitely old and infinitely young, with a fact. We know that there always is, that there always must be, another fact to put with it, that will light it up. In the meantime life is lighted up with looking for it.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE: AN ODE TO INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

I.

THERE is a time o mellowed fruit and ear,
Long after violet and rose,
When the meditative year
Harvests the months and seasons, ere it goes
To join the elders in that land where they repose.
All the long day, like one in waking dreams
Who counts his gains and toils, it also seems
To pause, to linger in its own warm sun,
Surveying labors done
And trophies won.
Spring and Summer does it gather
Into its gentler, broader lap of weather.

II.

Forever it perceives fulfilled
The promise of the trees;
In open page of garden, vale, and mead,
Abundance it can read,
Sheaves, roots, and spices from the furrows tilled,
And honey from the hiving bees.
All is there,
To Beauty gathered, and to Use;
Yea, all is there
Save this alone: when blows the breeze,

Shaking the Summer from the branches loose,
The empty nests are bare.
The vanished song of Spring hath left behind
No ripened melody, which should remind
The quiet and bereavèd air
Of those orchestral dawns when May was young and fair.
Each wistful day doth almost seem to stand
And listen, but throughout the hazy land
No harvest note of sound
Wakens the teeming stillness from its dream profound.

III.

So runs the story of the ages old,
So does it run to-day;
Each thrifty year has treasures manifold
To count and leave; but they
Contain no voice; and Autumn's bell has tolled,
And Song is flown away.
Thus once from mortals did their Song escape,
Unharvested by Art;
From age to age a migratory shape,
Born only to depart.
Music! where wert thou, till Cremona's call
Lured thee from air, or sky, or Heaven, to fall?

IV.

From oldest time
The human heart has throbbed,
Full of great angels breathing messages sublime,
Whereat it laughed or sobbed.
And some it understood, and forthwith spoke
In divers tongues, or shaped in stone,
Or told in colors with a stroke;
But some
Made it to shudder only, or to kneel
Smitten to ecstasy: still it was dumb,
It could not yet intone,
It could but feel
These raptures and despairs which deep within it broke.

V.

Beyond all language did this ocean lie,
Beyond the jutting shores and capes of speech;
Around the isles of thought its tides swam by;
Blue and ineffable they lapped its beach,
And beat against the shore
With ripple now, and now with roar,
Glowing or glooming to horizon's reach.
By things familiar could its calm be stirred,
Familiar things could smooth its foaming crest

Prayers, loves, and battles, or some silver word
Sung by a star above the fading west;
The round, full hunter's moon,
The silence of the golden noon,
Troubled its deep with omens ne'er expressed.
Never a wave, never one little wave
Broke into Art and from this ocean sang
A sound beyond its day, or gave
Prophetic tone which down the centuries rang.
Over the weaving flow,
The ebb and flood
Of the heart's unfathomed mood,
Music! with wild, sweet cry
Untaught, beneath the sky,
Like wingèd petrel didst thou come, and go.

VI.

The graven image of the Past, —
How awful is its silence, first and last!
How motionless its pictures, words, and forms,
Begotten once 'mid spiritual storms!
We crave a voice that something more should tell
Of those congealèd dreams of Heaven and Hell.
Dumb does it stare and hold before our eyes
The written tablets of its centuries.
Through its vast hall
Of voiceless heirlooms do we pass,
By myrtle and 'neath cypress tall,
Down the wide steps where still the fountains fall
Wetting the margin-grass.
In triremes to Ægean shores
We cross, like Argonauts with muffled oars,
And on to ancient time and land,
Where pyramids arise above the sand;
Never a sound, as still we tread
Yon gardens, temples, deserts of the dead!

VII.

The shepherd sang the pastures of the Lord,
The heathen's rages, and the temple's calm;
He sang how sun and moon and stars adored, —
We only read his Psalm.
Cedars of Lebanon, and mountains sharp,
Waters of Babylon, we know full well;
Where are those hymns that swept the tingling harp
Of royal Israel?
By the white marbles and green bays of Greece,
Apollo smote his lyre through vale and hill;
Music! thou fleddest by the golden fleece,
Thou wert a wild-bird still.

The sculptured god, the tale of Troy, remain,
The priestess by her tripod in the dawn;
But, delphic nightingale, where is thy strain?
That is forever gone!
And where is thine, that melted Tuscan groves
Till amorous branches were together blown,
While silken boys and girls kissed out their loves
Until the night was flown?
Those fluted intervals have passed the reeds
Of Echo's stream, and now in fields remote,
Autumns of memory, 'mid old names and deeds,
Like thin, light leaves they float.
In parchment pale the lovers still survive;
On palace walls their eyes, their lips, still bloom
With hues undying, but yet not alive,
And silent as the tomb.

VIII.

Within that circle where the Arts had long
Sat like a crown of stars, since ancient day,
One space there was of empty night,
One vacant chair remained for Song,
While all the rest was light;
Yet ever down the pathless way
The wild-bird fled along,
Restless, ethereal, perverse, and fond,
Until at length Cremona raised a master wand.
It was the body calling for its soul
In tones that had not been;
Beyond the shores of speech,
Beyond thought's utmost reach,
The heart's deep ocean waves began to roll
Forth from Cremona's violin.
The wild-bird listened, trembled, stopped,
And then with folded wings deep in those waves she dropped.
In shell of wreathèd melody she rose,
The goddess that was now a bird no more;
Dripping with song she floated to the shore,
To Beauty's long-abiding sands,
The new-born one, the youngest one of those
Her sisters, clustering sweet to take her by the hands.
Then, as Cremona's wand was drawn
More potent through the orchestral dawn,
The untamed sounds of Time made haste to come;
Beneath the weaving spell
Did this new Orpheus compel
Grim War to follow with his elemental drum.
And Riot hushed her cymbals there,
Submissive in the charmèd air,
And Victory with her trump was captive borne;

Dance her triangle did bestow;
And, as the spell began to glow
Into the warmer fullness of its morn,
The gypsy fauns their timbrels gave,
Pan from his forest brought his pipes to blow,
And basking Triton from his sapphire wave
Held out the gift of his resounding horn.

IX.

Thus did they
From the firm earth, and from the tidal foam,
From cave and mountain, field and coast,
Gather to their appointed home, —
These voices that were used to roam
Over the old world in a straggling host;
Or else in menial state
To serve the occasion of the great,
'Mid temples, rites, and ceremonies lost.
Thus did they —
These rude and separate voices — now obey
Their goddess, queen, and angel, and at length
Dissolve in oracles of sweetness and of strength.
Who shall say
Why she remained long-while a wandering bird,
What secret cause gave her delay,
By what deep law her coming was deferred
Until our later day?
What miracle, what magic deed of earth,
Surpasses her most wondrous birth?
Where strings and reeds and metals give
Out of their mystic natures forth
Delight that grows not in an outward clime,
Concord that is not born of creed or time,
Nor thoughts nor things of South or North,
Nor voices in the air that live,
But tongues that never were on sea or land,
A Pentecost of sound the soul can understand.

X.

Then, Music! sweep
Thy harp which hath a thousand strings,
At whose unearthly bidding leap
To life celestial visions of those things
Which sometimes are with us in sleep.
A province new is thine;
For when the wind blows through the mountain pine,
Thou givest our responding sigh.
Thy darkening tones contain the spirit's sky,
When gliding night doth with the eve entwine.
Thy magic harp can call

Whatever lives within the waterfall,
Whatever moves among the trees above,
Or hideth in the earth beneath;
Thine is the voice of many springs
Which no poet ever sings;
No one has told like thee of love,
And none like thee can tell of death.
A province new is thine:
Most bountiful the harvest that it yields!
Keep it, nor trespass on thy sisters' fields,
Nor seek to utter what themselves have spoken;
For so, and only so, thy light shall shine
Unclouded, and thy perfect utterance be unbroken.

XI.

Yea, sweep thy harp which hath a thousand strings!
The joy that sometimes is in darkest night,
And the strange sadness which the sunshine brings,
The splendors and the shadows of our inward sight, —
All these within thy weaving harmonies unite.
In thee we hear our uttermost despair,
And Faith through thee sends up her deepest prayer.
Thou dost control
The moods antiphonal that chant within the soul;
And when thou liftest us upon thy wings,
From the shores of speech we rise,
Beyond the isles of thought we go,
Over an unfathomed flow,
Where great waves forever surge
Beneath almost remembered skies,
And on to that horizon's verge
Where stand the gates of Paradise.
On thy wings we pass within,
But summoned back, must we return
Across those heaving ocean streams,
With memories, regrets, unutterable dreams,
Having seen what somewhere must have been,
A light, a day, for which we yearn,
And there, beneath the beams
Of the revealing, central sun,
That Greater Self who bides in every one,
Into whose eyes we look sometimes, and learn
The reason for our Faith that still shall ceaseless burn.

Owen Wister.

(Read at the dedication of the new Symphony Hall, Boston, October 15, 1900.)

WASHINGTON: THE CITY OF LEISURE.

LOOKING up from my desk at the close of a day almost tropical in its sensuous languorousness, with a sky so brilliantly blue that it seems to take on the color of the flowers beneath rather than to reflect them, with the air laden with the perfume of magnolias and the other heavy odors of our Southern flowers, which like love itself become a part of your being if you love them, which you hate with equal fierceness if they cloy and are too all pervading; at that mysterious moment in the day when the sun has not quite died and night has not yet been born, — the hour of twilight, the most mystic of all the twenty-four, when everything is softened and mellowed and beautified by Nature's charity, — my eyes fall on the monument to Washington. It is grim, majestic, impressive; beautiful always; like the man whose fame it perpetuates, eternally suggesting a new thought, a new inspiration; at times harsh, repellent, with a face of granite; at other times, as now, bathed in a sea of crimson, purple, amethyst, — such the profusion of color, — its capstone glistening like a crater of molten gold; even as the face of Washington might have been suffused with hope as, beneath the stately oaks of Mount Vernon, he told the beautiful Martha Dandridge that which has made the dumb become eloquent and the eloquent grow dumb. The nation's monument to George Washington dominates the city of Washington; more lofty than any other monument in the world, it is typical of Washington the city, — a city unlike that which exists anywhere else; with a manner, an "atmosphere," an individuality all her own.

Washington to-day, the Washington whose centennial Congress will appropriately celebrate during the month of December, bears no more relation to "the Federal City" founded by the first President than the blue lump of clay does to the flashing diamond. The Continental Congress was a movable body. It sat in eight places. It fled Philadelphia because its proceedings had been disturbed by a mob, which had not been promptly quelled. It was largely fear of the mob which governed Congress in not locating the capital in or near a large city; which forced it to reject the claims of New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Harrisburg, and Baltimore. A site on the Potomac, fiercely denounced by the New England members as an unhealthy wilderness, was offered. It was accepted reluctantly by both houses, and, under the authority conferred on him, President Washington appointed surveyors to locate the boundaries of the ten square miles over which Congress should have exclusive jurisdiction. It was hoped (an inspiration shared even by Washington) that the new city was destined to become the "greatest commercial emporium" in the United States. Fortunately for itself and the country, it has been saved from that fate. The city of Washington is the first instance in history of a nation's capital created by legislative enactment; all other capitals have been part of the process of national evolution. So absurd did this seem at the time that a distinguished French writer was led to remark: "There is too much of the human element in this affair. You may wager a thousand to one that the town will not be built, or will not be called Washington, or that Congress will not sit there." So much for words. The men who acted, the men who planned the city, had faith in the future and the audacity which belongs to genius. It was an age of narrow streets; of houses jammed together, shutting out vista and light; of beauty sacrificed to

the material. With almost superhuman foresight, these men pictured the Washington of the century to come: they created wide streets and magnificent avenues, and reserved one half of the city for parks and open spaces, so that its inhabitants might forever be gladdened by the sight of grass and flowers, and turn from the work of man to find a new joy in nature. When, a hundred years ago, the seat of government was transferred from Philadelphia to Washington, the crude city boasted but a few hundred houses, and only one executive department completed and ready for occupancy. All else was faith; but men who had created a nation were justified in believing they could build a city. How well they builded the world knows. The lump of clay has been ground on the wheel of time and polished by the hand of progress, until its glistening facets make it the centre of that imperial diadem of cities, — the pride of the New World, the admiration of the Old. It is fitting that Congress should celebrate its anniversary, and once more do honor to the genius of its creators.

Most cities are like most individuals, — we like them if they like us. The place where one has loved, or triumphed, or gained a little measure of fame is always a place of fragrant memories. And it is so when the city is to be regarded as a passing acquaintance, merely, and not as a friend. A good hotel, a delightful dinner, an artistic tea shop (which is one reason why a much-traveled friend of mine holds Glasgow in grateful recollection), are things trivial enough to make us like one city, while things equally trivial cause us to detest the very name of another. But to the stranger as well as to the resident, Washington invites and attracts and fascinates. It is not the garish fascination of Paris, where the brain is seduced through the senses and delirium corrupts reason; or the grim fascination of London, whose weight and vastness and murky past and unknown future hold men entranced, or drive them away shuddering at its hideousness. Washington has a fascination all her own, — a fascination so subtle, so delicate, so intangible, and yet so material, that he must be very callous, very indifferent, very soulless, who does not fall captive to her wiles. Paris is the Sapho of cities, to all men all things, but always with the wanton's light of love in her faithless eye and treacherous smile lurking about her unstable mouth; London passionately showers her gifts into the laps of her favored lovers; but Washington is like a woman whose very presence radiates happiness, whose beauty and grace and charm make the world better for her being; like a young girl who gives a penny fan to a sick child in a hospital, and leaves with him a memory more brilliant than the gaudy colors on which his tired eyes rest.

Nor is it difficult to understand the charm of Washington. The stranger in any other city in America or Europe feels that he is an infinitesimal atom in the microcosm of humanity. He is interested in nobody, and nobody is interested in him, except the policeman. The American city may be spelled Chicago, or New York, or Omaha, on the map, but the name common to them all is business. The stranger whose only occupation is to kill time has no place among men whose moments mean dollars, where all is rush and excitement, where money-making is the beginning and end of all things. Go farther afield and you find the same; for London is not only the capital of the British Empire, but it is one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the world; and so with Paris and Berlin and Vienna. But Washington, capital city though it be, has not been degraded by the greed of commercialism. As we understand the word, there is no business in Washington; there are no huge factories to destroy the clearness of tropical skies with their clouds of smoke, and

deface white buildings with their soot; there are no "hands" to be kenneled in tenement houses; there is no devil's caldron of a stock exchange to brew witches' broth; there is no feverishness, no excitement, no turmoil, because the loss of a minute does not mean the loss of a fortune. Washington is not America; it is itself alone.

Washington invites to repose. It is the only city in America where there is really a leisure class. Not only is the climate for the major portion of the year soothing, but the general air of its inhabitants is one of dignified ease, rather than the scrambling, mad anxiety which is the first thing to impress a foreigner when he lands on our shores. The architecture of the city increases this feeling. There are few hideous sky scrapers; there is a uniformity of color which is restful without being monotonous; the wide streets, lined with trees and often arched by them, set off and soften the national buildings; the little parks and circles, embellished with the statue of warrior or statesman and always full of color of the season's flowers, are a rest for the eye, and a break in what would otherwise be the too rigid contour of streets and houses. One maintains a delightful feeling of surprise. In other cities streets are laid out in straight lines and with the regularity of a geometrical problem; they are simply the way to a place, and as matter of fact as an equation. In Washington a street seemingly straight is as deceptive as a coquette's mood. The straight street after a few hundred yards runs into a circle from which radiate half a dozen other streets; the circle, in the early spring redolent with the breath of hyacinths, must be circumnavigated before the continuation of the street can be followed; and then again after a few hundred yards an avenue cuts in, the angles utilized to make miniature flower gardens, the corners formed by the meeting of the ways giving the architect excellent opportunity to exercise his skill in bold fronts, and making detached houses more common in Washington than in most other cities.

It must not be supposed that Washington is the creation of a night. The men who originally laid out the city did their work well in planting wide avenues and streets, and foreseeing that the infant capital of a struggling confederacy would one day be the seat of government of a mighty nation. But having done that, they let time do the rest. Time slept, but the genius of one man was the magician's wand to break the spell of somnolency. Alexander Shepherd did for Washington what Baron Haussmann did for Paris. Shepherd found Washington a mudhole, and left it the city of beauty it is to-day. He suffered the fate of all reformers, — he was abused, calumniated, driven forth; but he has lived long enough to see his vindication, and to hear Washington discussing the propriety of erecting a statue to his honor. Curiously enough, Shepherd unconsciously rendered even a greater service to his beloved city, and gave to his people an object lesson in the benefits to follow from pure autocracy. With the downfall of the Shepherd régime the people of Washington were disfranchised, and, paradoxical as it may sound in this land of universal suffrage, Washington, the capital, is the only place where the right of suffrage is denied; where the people have no voice in its affairs; where they live and thrive under the infliction of "taxation without representation;" where the rulers owe no allegiance to the people whom they govern, and are possessed of almost autocratic power. Washington has no local legislature, no common council, no board of aldermen. Congress has usurped all of these functions; to Congress the people of Washington must go if they want a street paved, or a schoolhouse erected, or the police force increased; and the mandatory of Congress are the Commissioners, two of them civil-

ians and one of them an army officer, who are appointed by the President, and who may or may not consult the wishes of the people in the making of his appointments. Theoretically this ought to be a very bad arrangement, but — alas for theories when they clash with facts! — Washington is one of the best governed cities in the world. There is no political party to profit from the knavery of contractors or the finding of places for henchmen, no boss to whom universal tribute is paid. Its affairs are honestly and economically administered; its streets are clean and well lighted; its policemen polite and conscientious; its fire department is prompt and reliable; its rate of taxation one of the lowest in the country; its public schools have often been cited as models; its care for the preservation of the public health and the protection of the indigent and sick is admirable. Surely there is a suggestion here for other American cities.

Its geographical position, its native population, and its climate make Washington a curious contrast to the North and South. On the map it is South; in manners and thought and ideas it is of the North, yet still bearing the mark of its birth. Its climate in summer is tropical, which invites the residents whom business or poverty keeps in the city to open their shutters with the going down of the sun, and sit out in front of their houses to catch a passing breath of air. "Stoop life" is a feature of the city, and on any summer evening one may see house after house decorated with its clusters of humanity, young people and old, men and maidens, smoking and talking and flirting; and as the stars appear, so also appear lemonade and other cooling things. A Washington custom also unique is the habit of its women in going about in summer time hatless. In the cities of southern Europe the woman without a hat, but with a flimsy lace shawl thrown over her head, is familiar enough; but in Washington even the mantilla is dispensed with. It is no unusual sight to see in an open street car, in the evening, the majority of its occupants, women and girls, hatless. They ride in the cars for the air, they go calling or to the theatre, but the hat, after dusk, is left at home. It is a pretty sight. There is much beauty in Washington, the warm beauty of the South, with its rich coloring and eyes that flash and sparkle; and these young girls and matrons in their light-colored and diaphanous frocks, their faces full of animation and their heads bared, make a picture so attractive and so foreign that for the moment one forgets he is in an American city.

There are three great doors in the world, says Kipling, where, if you stand long enough, you shall meet any one you wish. The head of the Suez Canal is one, Charing Cross Station the second, and the Nyanza Docks the third. There is one place in America where you only have to sit and wait for people to come to you. Eventually every one comes to Washington. If a woman does not come there as a bride, — and most brides do, — she comes as the wife of an official, or, in her old age, as a claimant knocking at the doors of Congress for justice. If a man does not come there for pleasure, business or politics some time in his life will force him there. Washington is the clearing house of the Union.

It is a stately city, with its wide avenues, its impressive buildings, its tree-lined streets, and statues of the builders of empire at nearly every corner, and the life is governed by its surroundings. It is a city which revolves around the government. One might say the same thing about the world's other capitals, but the assertion would be only qualifiedly true. Separate London from the circle of government, and it still exists as the centre of art and literature, of science and commerce, of finance and society, — the heart of the mightiest of empires, the spot on which is focused

the world's attention; in fine, the concentrated embodiment of that wonderfully complex and disappointing thing, modern civilization. And so in scarcely lesser degree Paris or Berlin or Vienna. Take away the government from Washington, and you would have a city beautiful in the extreme, a city whose wide avenues no traveler sees without admiring the genius of the men whose prophetic vision was great enough to enable them to lay out a city worthy of the nation it represents, but a city whose glory had departed. In Washington there is no life apart from government and politics: it is our daily bread; it is the thread which runs through the woof and warp of our lives; it colors everything. Washington has great scientific collections; it has the largest library in America, one of the great collections of the world, housed in an edifice the envy of librarians the world over: but these things are a part of the government, and owe their existence to government favor.

It would be an idle and profitless speculation to discuss what might be the fate of Washington were the seat of government removed to Oklahoma, or some other remote place, but it serves a useful purpose to point out that the fate of government might have been different had the seat of government been established in New York, or Boston, or some other large city. With that prescience which marked all that the Fathers of the Republic did, they established the capital where there was no danger of parliamentary deliberations being influenced by the mob, or of legislators yielding to the concentrated clamor of the unthinking. Had Congress sat in New York during the blackest days of the civil war, or in Boston during the days of the Electoral Commission, or in Louisville when the Senate deadlocked over the Force Bill, or in Denver when the Sherman law was repealed, is it not certain that the local sentiment would have manifested itself and left its imprint upon legislation? Not that Congress by sitting in Washington is remote from the people, but it need not fear the mob, and the most timid legislator is not terrorized by the dread of physical violence or apprehensive of personal safety. For let it be remembered that Washington is the one capital which knows not the mob and has formed no acquaintance with the riot. Call the roll of the nations' capitals, and there is evoked the cinematograph of troops and police charging the *sans-culottes*, of artillery lending its bass to the shrill tenor of the Marseillaise, of governments overthrown to placate the Commune, of barricades springing up at every corner, and Anarchy reigning supreme. Washington points with pride to its solitary riot. It remembers the awkward quarter of an hour when the redoubtable Coxey walked across the grass of the Capitol and was promptly arrested by a single policeman; and with his arrest the "army of the commonwealth" resolved itself into its original unwashed elements. Thus perished in ridicule Washington's one "riot"!

That Washington moves and has its being around the government is one of the reasons why it is so intensely interesting to the casual visitor. Other cities have things — buildings and collections and monuments — to exhibit to the stranger; their lions are all graven images. Washington has all these and more: it has persons. Its lions are lions of flesh and blood; lords of the forest, whose gentle roars awake many a responsive echo. The stranger in any other city may visit collections, interesting, no doubt, but as cold and passionless as the mummied beauty who three thousand years ago heard love singing in her heart, and whose pulses quickened at the sound of a voice, but who to-day is the text for the vanity of vanities.

> "I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
> Articulation answer'd, once did live,

And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take — and give!"

In Washington, more interesting than White House or Capitol, attractive as they may be, are the men whose roofs they shadow. For in Washington the rulers of the nation for the time being are always in the gaze of the public, and it requires neither introductions nor influence for the humblest citizen to see, frequently to talk with, those who sit in the seats of the mighty. The galleries of Congress are open to all, — to him who cometh first the first seat is given; and, unlike the House of Commons, where women are as jealously veiled from the profane eyes of men as they would be in a harem, and from behind a screen can neither see nor be seen, there are galleries reserved for women, which, with the American's usual chivalrous treatment of women, command a rather better view of the proceedings than those set apart for men only; but women need not flock by themselves unless they want to, and may sit with their male companions. Or the stranger may see the President walking or driving; he may even grasp his hand at one of the tri-weekly informal morning receptions; he may see members of the Cabinet, ambassadors, senators, representatives, admirals, and generals, politicians of high or low degree, enter or leave the White House; he may study a senatorial kingmaker from the adjoining table of a hotel dining room, or see him smoke his after-dinner cigar in the lobby of his hotel; he may hear the great man, without whose name no copy of a daily paper is considered complete, crack his joke like any other little man. In Washington everybody is known. The small boys know the President, and take off their hats to him for the pleasure of being saluted in turn; the car conductors know the Vice President and the Speaker of the House, and are only too happy to impress the country cousin with their knowledge; the colored waiter is an abridged Congressional Directory, and the attendants at White House, Capitol, and elsewhere take a pride in pointing out the elect.

This is the charm to the stranger, who of course touches only the outer rim, who knows Washington only in the most superficial way, and who knows nothing of Washington life as it really is. To one who does know its inner life, it has an attraction which no other city in America can equal. It is a city of curious social contrasts. Other cities claim to be cosmopolitan because they have absorbed, but not assimilated, the sweepings of Europe; but they are no more cosmopolitan than the tower of Babel was an academy of philology. To claim for one American city over another a social preëminence is a delicate, a foolish thing even; for does not every city believe that its society is superior to any other? Yet it will perhaps not be denied by the unprejudiced observer that the entrance to society is through the check book, and that in every large city where there are several strata of society it is difficult to say which is the highest unless gauged by the cost of its entertainments. In Washington the question admits of no discussion. At the head of society, to make as much or as little of it as he chooses, stands the President, of course, — in Washington, unlike foreign capitals, wives enjoying the same rank as their husbands, — then the Vice President, then the members of the Cabinet in the order of their succession to the presidency, the diplomatic corps, the supreme court, senators, representatives, and so on, down a long list, each official, according to his rank, finding himself neatly labeled in society's catalogue. But while this officially settles a man's status in the official world, determines his precedence, makes it certain where he will sit at dinner, and whether he shall precede or follow his fiercest enemy, in Washington, as elsewhere, men rise superior to rank, and fortune is

greater than circumstance. To be a peer of England gives an *entrée* into some circles; the inheritance of one of the old and honored names in American history is an open sesame to many doors. To be a senator is in Washington to command respect and a certain amount of social deference; it serves as an introduction, but it serves as no more. The introduction secured, what follows depends upon the individual, and more perhaps upon his wife, if he be not a bachelor or a widower. For Washington is the paradise of woman: there she holds greater sway than anywhere else; there she wields greater influence than falls to the lot of her sisters elsewhere.

Tradition asserts — a tradition still believed in some of the remoter quarters of the Union — that in the "early days," a nebulous epoch which has defied the investigations of chronology, the baneful influence of woman was spread over Washington; "the female lobbyist," synonymous with everything that was young, beautiful, witty, well dressed, good or bad as the mood suited her, at whose feet men worshiped and whose cook was deified by the jaded palates of the world-weary, — this is the picture which has fired more than one youthful imagination in the day when he viewed life through the covers of a yellow-back novel and the mystery of woman was unfathomable. If she ever existed, she has now become an extinct species, gone to join her male companion, the stories of whose sumptuous dinners, with their inevitable accompaniment of poker, are still pleasant reading for a wet Sunday afternoon. The glory of the lobby has departed. There are lobbyists still, men and women, who eke out a precarious existence, who are so well known and whose trade is recognized as being so disreputable that no one with self-respect may be seen in conversation with them, and whose frayed linen and shiny clothes and contempt of soap do not invite companionship. The lobbyist has ceased to exist because he was too raw in his methods. We have not, perhaps, become more moral, but we have become less crude and more scientific. The lobbyist has given place to the "agent," who sometimes sits on the floor of the House or the Senate, occasionally in the Cabinet, or who exercises his power from afar, and does not even appear in person in Washington. But while this is one phase of Washington, it is too foreign to the purpose of this article to be more than touched upon.

But woman rules, because in Washington everything revolves around the social centre, and society and politics are inseparably interwoven. In other cities society and its diversions, its dinners and its dances, are only the relaxation from the more serious side of life; in Washington they are part of the general scheme of life. The one recognized leader of society, or the half dozen who may be competing for that title, in New York or Boston or Chicago or elsewhere, may give dinners or balls during the season as the whim seizes. In Washington there is no option; there is a social calendar to be religiously kept and observed, from which there is no escape. Diplomacy, law, and statesmanship must eat at the President's table during the season; each member of the Cabinet must in turn play host to his chief; birthdays and coronations of queens and kings must be duly observed with feasting and dancing; and threading in and out of this maze are the dinners, large and small, official and semi-official, of diplomatists and secretaries and legislators and the host of officials one grade lower, while the afternoons are busy with teas and receptions, until it has become an axiom that in Washington no one really works but society women and newspaper correspondents. Because society constantly needs to be entertained, and always welcomes eagerly to its ranks any person who can provide entertainment, and anathematizes the bore, tact and cleverness, bril-

liancy and beauty, exercise greater influence in Washington than they do in most cities. Position counts for much, but not for all, and wealth counts for little. Many men and women whose position and wealth might constitute them prominent in society are simply tolerated, and not welcomed; and while, to entertain, money is as essential in Washington as it is elsewhere, it is not the open sesame which it is in some other cities. Possibly this may need explanation. The millionaire member of the Senate, whose lavish entertainments are the admiration of his friends and the shaft of envy to his enemies, does not because of his millions stand higher in the social scale than his colleague who lives in a hotel, and whose entertaining is confined to the few dinners which it is absolutely incumbent upon him to give during the course of the season. And yet the fact that he does not entertain, that he lives as quietly and modestly as a struggling lawyer or doctor who has yet his name to make, closes no door to him or makes his presence less welcome at any table. And if he is something more than a mere member of the Senate, if in addition to being the possessor of an official title he is a man of force and character and intellect, if he has wife and daughters who are tactful or brilliant or beautiful, he and his family will be welcome to the most exclusive houses, and nobody will think of his poverty; but if he has nothing to distinguish him, if his womenkind are conventional merely, although the newspapers will frequently report his name at dinners, and the names of his wife and daughters at teas and luncheons, they will be only superficially in society. Washington is the paradise of the poor man with brains.

One of the great charms of Washington society, to those who are in it, is that Washington is the only city in the world with an established society where society does not put itself on show for the benefit of the world at large. There is no Metropolitan Opera House or Delmonico's or Prince's or Hotel Ritz or the Bristol, as there is in New York or London or Paris or Berlin; no place where people go to dine out, to see who else is there and to be seen of every one, to place their diamonds and their costumes on exhibition and to have them written about, to be fragments of colored glass in the ever changing kaleidoscope of a life which is always moving, always changing, always making a new pattern before the last one has fallen into place. Except at the theatre, society in Washington never puts itself on parade. It has no opportunity to do so. There is no fashionable restaurant to be recognized as society's clearing house, nor is the fashion of public dining cultivated. People who entertain do so in their own houses; occasionally some function larger than usual may overtax the resources of a private house, and make it necessary to give it in a public hall, or a man may find it more convenient to give a dinner at a hotel rather than at his house or club; but wherever held privacy is insisted upon and maintained. The public may know that a dinner is given at which every guest bears a name distinguished for something, but the public will be given no opportunity to know more than that. There is not even a park or a "Rotten Row" to which society by common consent resorts at a stipulated hour, although Washington is noted for its parks; there is not even a church parade.

It is not that society is more exclusive in Washington than in other cities; it is partly matter of habit, partly because of indifference. In the old days, the diplomatic corps was regarded as being so far superior to the native Americans that its members formed a colony apart; they mingled officially and socially, but not intimately, with the barbarians among whom a hard fate and the exigencies of diplomacy compelled them to live; and conscious of their own greatness, display of any kind was the very last thing

they desired or cultivated. Time has changed the European idea of American society as it has changed American ideas of European manners and morals. The diplomatic corps still occupies its place of preëminence in the world where the social code is the only code known; but while exclusive, while extremely careful whom it admits to its dinner table, it no longer holds itself aloof; it has long ceased to be merely officially polite, and has become intimate; it has taken to wife some of our fairest daughters, and it has shown a sympathetic comprehension of our institutions and our prejudices. It has taught us one thing which other cities might heed. It has shown that society can exist without colossal fortunes; that vulgar display, extravagant and bizarre entertainments, and ostentatious spending of money are merely the signs of the parvenus, whose only hope of attracting attention is by making their money cry out for them. While most of the ambassadors of the Great Powers are provided by their governments with a liberal allowance for entertainments, their obligations to society are rarely paid in the form of large receptions or a "crush;" dinners succeed each other with such frequency that, in turn, everybody in that charmed circle is host and guest, — dinners marked by quiet elegance, comfort, and interesting company. The example of the diplomatic corps has proved contagious, and explains why the best society eschews display as much as possible, and why those great entertainments at which there is such a lavish exhibition of wealth, and which so much delight other cities, are unknown in Washington.

Another reason why Washington society avoids notoriety as much as possible is that society in the capital is a very compact entity. Socially Washington is much like a village, where every one knows everybody else, where concealment is quite impossible. Social Washington is a small world, — so small that its units do not admit of many combinations. The same people meet each other at the teas in the afternoon and at dinners a few hours later, and in the course of a season all society has met so often that most people are bored; and the host or hostess who can in the waning days produce a novelty, whether man or woman, lion of the forest or cooing dove of the plain, the man whose heroic deeds have excited a continent or the young girl whose only charm is her beauty and her freshness, may be sure that none of her invitations will be refused. In fact, if there is one drawback to Washington society, it is its circumscription. I recall the remark made to me by a member of the Cabinet a few years ago. He looked up wearily from his desk one afternoon. "Another Cabinet dinner to-night," he said, with a sigh.

"Has Mr. Secretary Blank such a very bad cook that you dread the ordeal?" I asked.

"No, Blank's cook will pass, and Blank serves better wine than some men I might mention; but we do get so tired of each other and each other's wives before the season is over. To-night will be the seventh week running I have taken Mrs. Blank in to dinner. Now Mrs. Blank is a very charming woman, but after you have taken her in to dinner seven times in as many weeks, there gets to be monotony about the conversation not exactly conducive to make one look forward to a dinner with unalloyed joy. I have no doubt Mrs. Blank thinks just the same thing about me. If we could only break the pairs occasionally, it would lead to an element of novelty; but there is no escape from the order of precedence, and every time we dine the President I know exactly what I have to look forward to."

The narrowness of the circle has its compensation in that it makes it unnecessary for any one to live beyond his position or to try to dazzle his neighbors by a too lavish parade of wealth. A

man either lives on his salary, which is always small, or else regards his salary as an incident, merely, and relies upon private means. But in either case he quickly finds his level; and while his wealth may give him a temporary advantage, it will convey no lasting benefit. The millionaires have splurged their brief hour, serving larks' tongues and swans with all their feathers and other triumphs of the culinary art; they have been written up in the daily papers and pictured in the weeklies, and have drawn their crowds, and have promptly passed into oblivion; while men who never entertained, who lived on a salary of five thousand a year and saved a little each year, wielded the real power then, and still remain a power. In no other capital in the world, in hardly any other city, does money mean so little as it does in the capital of democracy. And these things explain the indifference of society to putting itself on parade. There is nothing to be gained by it; there is no advantage to follow; there is not even the triumph which comes from humiliating a rival. The woman whose husband is a millionaire will wear her diamonds and her Paris frocks; but bitterness is her portion if she presumes on that to set herself above the wife of the man whose only means is his salary, yet whose official position or length of service gives him precedence. That is why the position of women is so important in Washington; why they can, and often do, make things so unpleasant for the rash who believe the bridge of gold will carry them to their desires. That is why most women who have had long experience in Washington are something more than the wives of their husbands, and become their partners and an active force. That is why one hears a woman say, "*We* wanted the red-tape committee," knowing that to be chairman of that committee makes a man famous and feared. That is why a woman has been heard to say, "*We* wanted the sealing-wax office;" for great is the power of the commissioner, unlimited his supply of sealing wax, and much court is paid to his wife. Merit of course rules in Washington, and influence counts for naught; but a woman, especially if she be charming and tactful and magnetic, injures no cause, and more than one man has exchanged the drudgery of the plains for the more cheerful air of Washington and promotion because some woman has felt a passing interest in his career.

Despite the limitations of Washington society, there is a charm about it not to be found elsewhere, because it escapes the bane of society in every other American city, its narrow provincialism. In New York, as in Chicago and other cities, people are naturally interested in their local surroundings; their world is the world of their own and the few adjoining streets, and what happens in the rest of the country, or in countries still more remote, is too far removed from their field of vision to have more than the faintest concern for them. Perhaps there is no city quite so provincial as New York, — due to the fact that the average New Yorker, whether in society or in business, has got into the habit of patronizing the inhabitants of any other city. The New York business man complacently feels that the rest of the country is financed by New York, and must do as New York tells it; the society man or woman of New York believes that outside of New York, with few exceptions, there is no society worthy of the name, and what society does exist is merely a bad imitation of its New York prototype. Washington is saved from this feeling, because there is no local pride, and because the diversity of the elements which go to make up society prevents stagnation; because the whole country, the entire world, is drawn upon, and the topics of conversation are not merely the ordinary gossip of a narrow section of one city, but are the things, sometimes important, sometimes trivial,

holding the attention of the whole world. In any social gathering there will be men and women representing nearly every state of the Union; naval officers representing no state, but with allegiance to all; diplomatists to add the savor of the Old World to that of the New; scientists who have lived very close to Nature in the endeavor to wrest her secrets. A society so made up would perforce perish of inanition if it attempted to live on the small talk that drops from tables or the gossip of the smoking-room. Small talk and gossip there are, of course, but with them there is something more substantial. No one in Washington has yet had courage to establish a salon; the American Madame Roland has yet to make her appearance; but when she does she will be welcomed by her followers, from whose ranks she can select with discriminating care.

Apropos of society, there is a pleasing tradition which has long existed, but which, in the interest of history, I feel compelled reluctantly but ruthlessly to destroy. Tradition asserts that there is an old residential society, composed of native Washingtonians, belonging to the "first families," admission to which inner and sacred circle is denied to every one except the members of these same first families. It is a sort of Faubourg St. Germain, and like that faubourg its inhabitants turn up their aristocratic noses at their temporary rulers, regarding them generally as *sans-culottes*. The adventitious advantage of rank is ignored, and only those who can show the *sang pur* and the quarterings are admitted as equals. As in Paris, so in Washington, women of the faubourg are aristocratic, with gray hair; very haughty and very intolerant of progress, with relics of their past estate visible in miniatures of long dead but abnormally handsome husbands, and a few pieces of treasured silver; and whose retinue always consists of an old colored woman, who was nurse to her mistress's first-born and presumes upon it, and her equally venerable husband, who does his work very badly, and makes up for it in sentimental philosophy. But, alas, this fabled *quartier* exists only in the pages of novelists; like Bohemia, the land of which every one talks, but which no one has yet seen, it defies the discoverers. "The first families" form no distinctive class; they have long since been merged into society at large; and while here and there one may find a name which takes one back to the Virginia of the colonies, and recalls the times when Virginians lived in almost feudal state, the tradition of haughty dames who have never reconciled themselves to the new order of things is a figment of the imagination, as intangible and impalpable as a negro's voodoo curse.

It has been said that politics and society are inseparably interwoven in Washington, but it might even more accurately be said that society is merely the offshoot of politics. Everything in Washington is political, that is to say official, and officials owe their existence to politicians. Everybody, with few exceptions, is in some way connected with the government; the exceptions are the people who have discovered the charm of Washington as a winter resort and the newspaper correspondents, and they are more political than the politicians. The motif of existence in Washington is politics, but the game is played on a generous scale. The absence of local politics eliminates the petty schemes which make American politics so wretchedly sordid. In Washington we talk politics morning, noon, and night; we play politics all the year round; even at times when the most ardent politicians in other parts of the country have forgotten their schemes we are planning the next campaign; but we play the game like gentlemen who may lose a fortune on the turn of a card without betraying an emotion, not like punters who drop their coin with a shudder, and shiver as

chance goes against them. Across the aisle of House or Senate men battle for party, watchful, alert, bold, giving and asking no quarter, eager to turn everything to their advantage. At night, across the dinner table, the stinging satire of the day, the merciless thrusts, the heat and passion of the moment, are forgotten. Opponents in public, in private men are friends, each appreciating the good qualities of the other, respecting sincerity though regretting a judgment so perverted. "Washington is the city where the big men of little towns come to be disillusioned," a newspaper writer has said. It is true. The big man of the little town comes to Washington expecting that political opponents no more break bread than would a Mohammedan think of worshiping in the church of the Christian. He soon discovers his error. He soon learns that while his whole atmosphere is political, while every one he meets is a part of the government, while politics is as much a part of his life as the blood is a part of the body, and neither can be separated from the other, politics is ignored when he enters the drawing-room. It is a lesson which some men learn quickly, — they become something more than mere successful politicians; but it is a lesson which some men are so slow to master that they have ceased to be politicians before they have mastered its rudiments. And Washington is the graveyard of reputations as well as the cradle of fame.

I look up once more at the monument to Washington. It stands now veiled in a sea of silvery light, the Potomac, but a hand's breadth away, a ribbon of uncut velvet, shimmering in blue and silver, until it fines down and is lost in the green of the Virginia hills, — the monument majestic in its size, colossal in its proportions, beautiful in its stern simplicity. It stands there like a sentinel keeping watch over the city it so jealously loves; it stands there part of the genius of George Washington, a fragment of his creative force. By day, warmed by the sun, softened by the iridescence of the prismatic colors, it is the Washington of youth and faith and ambition. By night, bathed in fantastic shadow, forbidding, cold, unapproachable, it is the Washington who has put ambition behind him; who has done his work; who, secure in the affections of his countrymen, can look with serene vision to the future. Inseparably it links the Washington of the past with the Washington of to-day.

A. Maurice Low.

THE MIST.

EURYDICE eludes the dark
To follow Orpheus, the Lark
That leads her to the dawn
With rhapsodies of star delight,
Till, looking backward in his flight,
He finds that she is gone.

John B. Tabb.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.[1]

PART SECOND.

VII.

"'An' there,' sez I to meself, 'we're goin' wherever we go,
But where we 'll be whin we git there it 's never a know I 'll know.'"

WE had planned to go direct from Dublin to Valencia Island, where there is not, I am told, "one dhry step 'twixt your fut an' the States;" but we thought it too tiring a journey for Benella, and arranged for a little visit to Cork first. We nearly missed the train owing to the late arrival of Salemina at the Kingsbridge station. She had been buying malted milk, Mellin's Food, an alcohol lamp, a tin cup, and getting all the doctor's prescriptions renewed.

We intended, too, to go second or third class now and then, in order to study the humors of the natives, but of course we went "first" on this occasion on account of Benella. I told her that we could not follow British usage and call her by her surname. Dusenberry was too long and too — well, too extraordinary for daily use abroad.

"P'r'aps it is," she assented meekly; "and still, Mis' Beresford, when a man's name is Dusenberry, you can't hardly blame him for wanting his child to be called by it, can you?"

This was incontrovertible, and I asked her middle name. It was Frances, and that was too like Francesca.

"You don't like the sound o' Benella?" she inquired. "I 've always set great store by my name, it is so unlikely. My father's name was Benjamin and my mother's Ella, and mine is made from both of 'em; but you can call me any kind of a name you please, after what you 've done for me," and she closed her eyes patiently.

"Call me Daphne, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine,"

I thought, in a poetic parenthesis.

Benella looks frail and yet hardy. She has an unusual and perhaps unnecessary amount of imagination for her station, some native common sense, but limited experience; she is somewhat vague and inconsistent in her theories of life, but I am sure there is vitality, and energy too, in her composition, although it has been temporarily drowned in the Atlantic Ocean. If she were a clock, I should think that some experimenter had taken out her original works, and substituted others to see how they would run. The clock has a New England case and strikes with a New England tone, but the works do not match it altogether. Of course I know that one does not ordinarily engage a lady's maid because of these piquant peculiarities; but in our case the circumstances were extraordinary. I have explained them fully to Himself in my letters, and Francesca too has written pages of illuminating detail to Ronald Macdonald.

The similarity in the minds of men must sometimes come across them with a shock, unless indeed it appeals to their sense of humor. Himself in America, and the Rev. Mr. Macdonald in the north of Scotland, both answered, in course of time, that a lady's maid should be engaged because she is a lady's maid, and for no other reason.

Was ever anything duller than this, more conventional, more commonplace or didactic, less imaginative? Himself

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added, "You are a romantic idiot, and I love you more than tongue can tell." Francesca did not say what Ronald added; probably a part of this same sentence (owing to the aforesaid similarity of men's minds), reserving the rest for the frank intimacy of the connubial state.

Everything looked beautiful in the uncertain glory of the April day. The thistledown clouds opened now and then to shake out a delicate, brilliant little shower, then ceased in a trice, and the sun smiled through the light veil of rain, turning every falling drop to a jewel. It was as if the fairies were busy at aerial watering pots, without any more serious purpose than to amuse themselves and make the earth beautiful; and we realized that Irish rain is as warm as an Irish welcome, and soft as an Irish smile.

Everything was bursting into new life, everything but the primroses, and their glory was departing. The yellow carpet seemed as bright as ever on the sunny hedgerow banks and on the fringe of the woods, but when we plucked some at a wayside station we saw that they were just past their golden prime. We found great clumps of pale delicately scented bog violets in a damp marshy spot, and brought them in to Salemina, who was not in her usual spirits; in fact, seemed distinctly anxious.

She was enchanted with the changeful charm of the landscape, and found Mrs. Delany's Memoirs a book after her own heart, but ever and anon her eyes rested on Benella's pale face. Nothing could have been more doggedly conscientious and assiduous than our attentions to the Derelict. She had beef juice at Kildare, malted milk at Ballybrophy, tea at Dundrum; nevertheless, as we approached Limerick Junction we were obliged to hold a consultation. Salemina wished to alight from the train at the next station, take a three or four hours' rest, then jog on to any comfortable place for the night, and to Cork in the morning.

"I shall feel much more comfortable," she said, "if you go on and amuse yourselves as you like, leaving Benella to me for a day, or even for two or three days. I can't help feeling that the chief fault, or at least the chief responsibility, is mine. If I had n't been born in Salem, or had n't had the word painted on my trunk in such red letters, she would n't have fainted on it, and I need n't have saved her life. It is too late to turn back now; it is saved, or partly saved, and I must persevere in saving it, at least until I find that it 's not worth saving."

"Poor darling," said Francesca sympathizingly. "I 'll look in Murray and find a nice interesting place. You can put Benella to bed in the Southern Hotel at Limerick Junction, and perhaps you can then drive within sight of the Round Tower of Cashel. Then you can take up the afternoon train and go to — let me see — how would you like Buttevant? (Boutez en avant, you know, the 'Push forward' motto of the Barrymores.) It 's delightful, Penelope," she continued; "we 'd better get off, too. It is a garrison town, and there is a military hotel. Then in the vicinity is Kilcolman, where Spenser wrote the Faerie Queene: so there is the beginning of your literary pilgrimage the very first day, without any plotting or planning. The little river Aubeg, which flows by Kilcolman Castle, Spenser called the Mulla, and referred to it as 'Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.' That, by the way, is no more than our Jane Grieve could have done for the rivers of Scotland. What do you say?"

I thought most favorably of Buttevant, but on prudently inquiring the guard's opinion, he said it was not a comfortable place for an invalid lady, and that Mallow was much more the thing. At Limerick Junction, then, we all alighted, and in the ten minutes' wait saw Benella escorted up the hotel stairway by a sympathetic head waiter.

Detached from Salemina's fostering

care and prudent espionage, separated, above all, from the depressing Miss Dusenberry, we planned every conceivable folly in the way of guidebook expeditions. The exhilarating sense of being married, and therefore properly equipped to undertake any sort of excursion with perfect propriety, gave added zest to the affair in my eyes. Sleeping at Cork in an Imperial Hotel was far too usual a proceeding, — we scorned it. As the very apex of boldness and reckless defiance of common sense, we let our heavy luggage go on to the capital of Munster, and, taking our handbags, entered a railway carriage standing on a side track, and were speedily on our way, — we knew not whither, and cared less. We discovered all too soon that we were going to Waterford, the Star of the Suir, —

"The gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford;"

and we were charmed at first sight with its quaint bridge spanning the silvery river. It was only five o'clock, and we walked about the fine old ninth-century town, called by the Cavaliers the Urbs Intacta, because it was the one place in Ireland which successfully resisted the all-conquering Cromwell. Francesca sent a telegram at once to

MISS PEABODY AND MAID, Great Southern Hotel, Limerick Junction.

Came to Waterford instead Cork. Strongbow landed here 1771, defeating Danes and Irish. Youghal to-morrow, pronounced Yawl. Address Green Park, Miss Murphy's. How 's Derelict?

FRANELOPE.

It was absurd, of course, but an absurdity that can be achieved at the cost of eighteen pence is well worth the money.

Nobody but a Baedeker or a Murray could write an account of our doings the next two days. Feeling that we might at any hour be recalled to Benella's bedside, we took a childlike pleasure in crowding as much as possible into the time. This zeal was responsible for our leaving the Urbs Intacta, and pushing on to pass the night in something smaller and more idyllic.

I dissuaded Francesca from seeking a lodging in Ballybricken by informing her that it was the heart of the bacon industry, and the home of the best known body of pig-buyers in Ireland; but her mind was fixed upon Kills and Ballies. On asking our jarvey the meaning of Bally as a prefix, he answered reflectively: "I don't think there 's annything onderhanded in the manin', melady; I think it means *bally* jist."

The name of the place where we did go shall never be divulged, lest a curious public follow in our footsteps; and if perchance it have not our youth, vigor, and appetite for adventure, it might die there in the principal hotel, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. The house is said to be three hundred and seventy-five years old, but we are convinced that this is a wicked understatement of its antiquity. It must have been built since the Deluge, else it would at least have had one general spring cleaning in the course of its existence. Cromwell had been there, too, and in the confusion of his departure they must have forgotten to sweep under the beds. We entered our rooms at ten in the evening, having dismissed our car, knowing well that there was no other place to stop the night. We gave the jarvey twice his fare to avoid altercation, "but divil a penny less would he take," although it was he who had recommended the place as a cosy hotel. "It looks like a small little house, melady, but 't is large inside, and it has a power o' beds in it." We each generously insisted on taking the dirtiest bedroom (they had both been last occupied by the Cromwellian soldiers, we agreed), but relinquished the idea, because the more we compared them, the more impossible it was to decide which was the dirtiest.

VIII.

"And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!"

At midnight I heard a faint tap at my door, and Francesca walked in, her eyes wide and bright, her cheeks flushed, her long dark braid of hair hanging over her black traveling cloak. I laughed as I saw her, she looked so like Sir Patrick Spens in the ballad play at Pettybaw, — a memorable occasion when Ronald Macdonald caught her acting that tragic rôle in his ministerial gown, the very day that Himself came from Paris, to marry me in Pettybaw, dear little Pettybaw!

"I came in to find out if your bed is as bad as mine, but I see you have not slept in it," she whispered.

"I was just coming in to see if yours could be any worse," I replied. "Do you mean to say that you have tried it, courageous girl? I blew out my candle, and then, after an interval in which to forget, sat down on the outside as a preliminary; but the moon rose just then, and I could get no further."

I had not unpacked my bag. I had simply slipped on my mackintosh, selected a wooden chair, and, putting a Cromwellian towel over it, seated myself shudderingly on it and put my feet on the rounds. Francesca followed my example, and we passed the night in reading Celtic romances to each other. We could see the faint outline of sweet Slievenamann from our windows, — the mountain of the fair women of Feimheann, celebrated as the hunting ground of the Finnian chiefs.

"One day Finn and Oscar
Followed the chase in Sliabh-na-mban-Feimheann,
With three thousand Finnian chiefs
Ere the sun looked out from his circle."

In the Finnian legend, the great Finn McCool, when much puzzled in the choice of a wife, seated himself on its summit. At last he decided to make himself a prize in a competition of all the fair women in Ireland. They should start at the foot of the mountain, and the one who first reached the summit should be the great Finn's bride. It was Grainne Oge, the Gallic Helen, and daughter of Cormac, the king of Ireland, who won the chieftain, "being fleetest of foot and longest of wind."

We almost forgot our discomforts in this enthralling story, and slept on each other's nice clean shoulders a little, just before the dawn. And such a dawn! Such infinite softness of air, such dew-drenched verdure! It is a backward spring, they say, but to me the woods are even lovelier than in their summer wealth of foliage, when one can hardly distinguish the beauty of the single tree from that of its neighbors, since the colors are blended in one universal green. Now we see the feathery tassels of the beech bursting out of their brown husks, the russet hues of the young oak leaves, and the countless emerald gleams that "break from the ruby-budded lime." The greenest trees are the larch, the horse-chestnut, and the sycamore, three naturalized citizens who apparently still keep to their native fashions, and put out their foliage as they used to do in their own homes. The young alders and the hawthorn hedges are greening, but it will be a fortnight before we can realize the beauty of that snow-white bloom, with its bittersweet fragrance. The cuckoo-flower came this year before instead of after the bird, they tell us, showing that even Nature, in these days of anarchy and misrule, is capable of taking liberties with her own laws. The last few days of warmth and sunshine have hastened the birds, and as Francesca and I sat at our windows breathing in the sweetness and freshness of the morning, there was a concert of thrushes and blackbirds in the shrubberies. The little birds furnish

the chorus or the undertone of song, the hedge sparrows, redbreasts, and chaffinches, but the meistersingers "call the tune" and lead the feathered orchestra with clear and certain notes. It is a golden time for the minstrels, for nest-building is finished, and the feeding of the young birds a good time yet in the future.

When I was always painting, in those other days before I met Himself, one might think my eyes would have been even keener to see beauty than now, when my brushes are more seldom used; but it is not so. There is something, deep hidden in my consciousness, that makes all loveliness lovelier, that helps me to interpret it in a different and in a larger sense. I have a feeling that I have been lifted out of the individual and given my true place in the general scheme of the universe, and, in some subtle way that I can hardly explain, I am more nearly related to all things good, beautiful, and true than I was when I was wholly an artist, and therefore less a woman. The bursting of the leaf buds brings me a tender thought of the one dear heart that gives me all its spring; and whenever I see the smile of a child, a generous look, the flash of sympathy in an eye, it makes me warm with swift remembrance of the one I love the best of all, just "as a lamplight will set a linnet singing for the sun."

Love is doing the same thing for Francesca; for the smaller feelings merge themselves in the larger ones, as little streams lose themselves in oceans. Whenever we talk quietly together of that strange, new, difficult life that she is going so bravely and so joyously to meet, I know by her expression that Ronald's noble face, a little shy, a little proud, but altogether adoring, serves her for courage and for inspiration, and she feels that his hand is holding hers across the distance, in a clasp that promises strength.

At five o'clock we longed to ring for hot water, but did not dare. Even at six there was no sound of life in the cosy inn which we have named The Cromwell Arms ("Mrs. Duddy, Manageress; Comfort, Cleanliness, Courtesy; Night Porter; Cycling Shed"). From seven to half past we read pages and pages of delicious history and legend, and decided to go from Cappoquin to Youghal by steamer, if we could possibly reach the place of departure in time. At half past seven we pulled the bell energetically. Nothing happened, and we pulled again and again, discovering at last that the connection between the bell rope and the bell wire had long since disappeared, though it had been more than once established with bits of twine, fishing line, and shoe laces. Francesca then went across the hall to examine her methods of communication, and presently I heard a welcome tinkle, and another, and another, followed in due season by a cheerful voice saying, "Don't desthroy it intirely, ma'am; I'll be coming direckly." We ordered jugs of hot water, and were told that it would be some time before it could be had, as ladies were not in the habit of calling for it before nine in the morning, and as the damper of the kitchen range was out of order. Did we wish it in a little canteen with whiskey and a bit of lemon peel, or were we afther wantin' it in a jug? We replied promptly that it was not the hour for toddy, but the hour for baths, with us, and the decrepit and very sleepy night porter departed to wake the cook and build the fire; advising me first, in a friendly way, to take the hearth brush that was "kapin' the windy up and rap on the wall if I needed annything more." At eight o'clock we heard the porter's shuffling step in the hall, followed by a howl and a polite objurgation. A strange dog had passed the night under Francesca's bed, and the porter was giving him what he called "a good hand and fut downstairs." He had put down the hot water for this operation, and on

taking up the burden again we heard him exclaim: "Arrah! look at that now! May the divil fly away with the excommunicated ould jug!" It was past saving, the jug, and leaked so freely that one had to be exceedingly nimble to put to use any of the smoky water in it. "Thim fools o' turf do nothing but smoke on me," apologized the venerable servitor, who then asked "would we be pleased to order breakquist." We were wise in our generation, and asked for nothing but bacon, eggs, and tea; and after a smoky bath and a change of raiment we were seated at our repast in the coffee room, feeling wonderfully fresh and cheerful. By looking directly at each other most of the time, and making experimental journeys from plate to mouth, thus barring out any intimate knowledge of the tablecloth and the waiter's shirt bosom, we managed to make a breakfast. Francesca is enough to give any one a good appetite. Ronald Macdonald will be a lucky fellow, I think, to begin his day by sitting opposite her; for her eyes shine like those of a child, and one's gaze lingers fondly on the cool freshness of her cheek. Breakfast over and the bill settled, we speedily shook off as much of the dust of Mrs. Duddy's hotel as could be shaken off, and departed on the most decrepit side car that ever rolled on two wheels.

"We had better not tell the full particulars of this journey to Salemina," said Francesca prudently, as we rumbled along; "though, oddly enough, if you remember, whenever any one speaks disparagingly of Ireland, she always takes up cudgels in its behalf."

"Francesca, now that you are within three or four months of being married, can you manage to keep a secret?"

"Yes," she whispered eagerly, squeezing my hand and inclining her shoulder cosily to mine. "Yes, oh yes, and how it would raise my spirits after a sleepless night!"

"When Salemina was eighteen she had a romance, and the hero of it was the son of an Irish gentleman, an M. P., who was traveling in America, or living there for a few years, — I can't remember which. He was nothing more than a lad, less than twenty-one years old, but he was very much in love with Salemina. How far her feelings were involved I never knew, but she felt that she could not promise to marry him. Her mother was an invalid, and her father a delightful, scholarly, autocratic, selfish old gentleman, who ruled his household with a rod of iron. Salemina coddled and nursed them both during all her young life; indeed, little as she realized it, she never had any separate existence or individuality until they both died, when she was thirty-one or two years old."

"And what became of the young Irishman? Was he faithful to his first love, or did he marry?"

"He married, many years afterward, and that was the time I first heard the story. His marriage took place in Dublin, on the very day, I believe, that Salemina's father was buried; for Fate has the most relentless way of arranging these coincidences. I don't remember his name, and I don't know where he lives or what has become of him. I imagine the romance has been dead and buried in rose leaves for years. Salemina never has spoken of it to me, but it would account for her sentimental championship of Ireland."

IX.

"Swift Awniduff, which of the Englishman
Is cal' de Black-water."

If you want to fall head over ears in love with Ireland at the very first sight of her charms, take, as we did, the steamer from Cappoquin to Youghal, and float down the vale of the Blackwater. The shores of this Irish Rhine are so lovely that the sail on a sunny day is one of unequaled charm. Behind us the moun-

tains ranged themselves in a mysterious melancholy background; ahead the river wended its way southward in and out, in and out, through rocky cliffs and well-wooded shores.

The first tributary stream that we met was the little Finisk, on the higher banks of which is Affane House. The lands of Affane are said to have been given by one of the FitzGeralds to Sir Walter Raleigh for a breakfast, and it was here that he planted the first cherry tree in Ireland, bringing it from the Canary Islands to the Isle of Weeping.

Looking back just below here, we saw the tower and cloisters of Mount Melleray, the Trappist monastery. Very beautiful and very lonely looked "the little town of God," in the shadows of the gloomy hills. We wished we had known the day before how near we were to it, for we could have claimed a night's lodging at the ladies' guest house, where all creeds, classes, and nationalities are received with a *caed-mille-failte* (hundred thousand welcomes), and where any offering for food or shelter is given only at the visitor's pleasure. The Celtic proverb "Melodious is the closed mouth" might be written over the cloisters; for it is a little village of silence, and only the monks who teach in the schools or who attend visitors are absolved from the vow.

Next came Dromana Castle, where the extraordinary old Countess of Desmond was born, — the wonderful old lady whose supposed one hundred and forty years so astonished posterity. She must have married Thomas, twelfth Earl of Desmond, after 1505, as his first wife is known to have been alive in that year. Raleigh saw her in 1589, and she died in 1604: so it would seem that she must have been at least one hundred and ten or one hundred and twelve when she met her untimely death, — a death brought about entirely by her own youthful impetuosity and her fondness for athletic sports. Robert Sydney, second Earl of Leicester, makes the following reference to her in his Table-Book, written when he was ambassador at Paris, about 1640:

"The old Countess of Desmond was a marryed woman in Edward IV time in England, and lived till towards the end of Queen Elizabeth, so she must needes be neare one hundred and forty yeares old. She had a new sett of teeth not long afore her death, and might have lived much longer had she not mett with a kinde of violent death; for she would needes climbe a nut-tree to gather nuts; so falling down she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death. This, my cousin Walter Fitzwilliam told me."

It is true that the aforesaid Walter may have been a better raconteur than historian; still, local tradition vigorously opposes any lessening of the number of the countess's years, pinning its faith rather on one Hayman, who says that she presented herself at the English court at the age of one hundred and forty years, to petition for her jointure, which she lost by the attainder of the last earl; and it also prefers to have her fall from the historic cherry tree that Sir Walter planted, rather than from a casual nut tree.

Down the lovely river we went, lazily lying back in the sun, almost the only passengers on the little craft, as it was still far too early for tourists; down past Villierstown, Cooneen Ferry, Strancally Castle, with its "Murdering Hole" made famous by the Lords of Desmond, through the Broads of Clashmore; then past Temple Michael, an old castle of the Geraldines, which Cromwell battered down for "dire insolence," until we steamed slowly into the harbor of Youghal, — and, to use our driver's expression, there is no more "onderhanded manin'" in Youghal than the town of the Yew Wood, which is much prettier to the eye and sweeter to the ear.

Here we found a letter from Salemina, and expended another eighteen pence in telegraphing to her: —

PEABODY, Coolkilla House, near Mardyke Walk, Cork.

We are under Yew Tree at Myrtle Grove, where Raleigh and Spenser smoked, read manuscript Faerie Queene, and planted first potato. Delighted Benella better. Join you to-morrow. Don't encourage archæologist.

PENESCA.

We had a charming hour at Myrtle Grove House, an unpretentious gabled dwelling, for a time the residence of the ill-fated soldier captain, Sir Walter Raleigh. You remember, perhaps, that he was mayor of Youghal in 1588. After the suppression of the Geraldine rebellion, the vast estates of the Earl of Desmond and those of one hundred and forty of the leading gentlemen of Munster, his adherents, were confiscated, and proclamation was made all through England inviting gentlemen to "undertake" the plantation of this rich territory. Estates were offered at two or three pence an acre, and no rent was to be paid for the first five years. Many of these great "undertakers," as they were called, were English noblemen who never saw Ireland; but among them were Raleigh and Spenser, who received forty-two thousand and twelve thousand acres respectively, and in consideration of a large share of the patronage of the crown "undertook" to carry the king's business through Parliament.

Francesca was greatly pleased with this information, culled mostly from Joyce's Child's History of Ireland. The volume had been bought in Dublin by Salemina and presented to us as a piece of genial humor, but it became our daily companion.

It was in 1589 that the Shepherd of the Ocean, as Spenser calls him, sailed to England to superintend the publishing of the Faerie Queene: so from what I know of authors' habits, it is probable that Spenser did read him the poem under the Yew Tree in Myrtle Grove garden. It seems long ago, does n't it, when the Faerie Queene was a manuscript, tobacco just discovered, the potato a novelty, and the first Irish cherry tree just a wee thing newly transplanted from the Canary Islands? Were our own cherry trees already in America when Columbus discovered us, or did the Pilgrim Fathers bring over "slips" or "grafts," knowing that they would be needed for George Washington later on, so that he might furnish an untruthful world with a sublime sentiment? We re-read Salemina's letter under the Yew Tree: —

COOLKILLA HOUSE, CORK.

MY DEAREST GIRLS, — It seems years instead of days since we parted, and I miss the two madcaps more than I can say. In your absence my life is always so quiet, discreet, dignified, — and yes, I confess it, so monotonous! I go to none but the best hotels, meet none but the best people, and my timidity and conservatism forever keep me in conventional paths. Dazzled and terrified as I still am when you precipitate adventures upon me, I always find afterwards that I have enjoyed them in spite of my fears. Life without you is like a stenographic report of a dull sermon; with you it is by turns a dramatic story, a poem, and a romance. Sometimes it is a penny-dreadful, as when you deliberately leave your luggage on an express train going south, enter another standing upon a side track, and embark for an unknown destination. I watched you from an upper window of the Junction hotel, but could not leave Benella to argue with you. When your respective husband and lover have charge of you, you will not be allowed such pranks, I warrant you!

Benella has improved wonderfully in the last twenty-four hours, and I am trying to give her some training for her future duties. We can never forget our native land so long as we have her with

us, for she is a perfect specimen of the Puritan spinster, though too young in years, perhaps, for determined celibacy. Do you know, we none of us mentioned wages in our conversations with her? Fortunately, she seems more alive to the advantages of foreign travel than to the filling of her empty coffers. (By the way, I have written to the purser of the ship that she crossed in, to see if I can recover the sixty or seventy dollars she left behind her.)

I don't think she will be able to dress hair, or anything of that sort, — save in the way of plain sewing, she is very unskillful with her hands; and she will be of no use as courier, she is so provincial and inexperienced. She has no head for business whatever, and cannot help Francesca with the accounts. She recites to herself again and again, "Four farthings make one penny, twelve pence make one shilling, twenty shillings make one pound;" but when I give her a handful of money and ask her for six shillings and sixpence, five and three, one pound two, or two pound ten, she cannot manage the operation. She is docile, well mannered, grateful, and really likable, but her present philosophy of life is a thing of shreds and patches. She calls it "the science," as if there were but one; and she became a convert to its teachings this past winter, while living in the house of a woman lecturer in Salem. She attended to the door, ushered in the members of classes, kept the lecture room in order, and so forth, imbibing by the way various doctrines, or parts of doctrines, which she is not the sort of person to assimilate, but with which she is experimenting; holding, meantime, a grim intuition of their foolishness, or so it seems to me. "The science" made it easier for her to seek her ancestors in a foreign country with only a hundred dollars in her purse; for the Salem priestess proclaims the glad tidings that all the wealth of the world is ours, if we will but assert our heirship. Benella believed this more or less until a week's seasickness undermined all her new convictions of every sort. When she woke in the little bedroom at MacCrossan's, she says, her heart was quite at rest, for she knew that we were the kind of people one could rely on! I mustered courage to say, "I hope so, and I hope also that we shall be able to rely upon you, Benella!"

This idea was evidently quite new to her, but she accepted it, and I could see that she turned it over in her mind. You can imagine that this vague philosophy of a Salem woman scientist superimposed on a foundation of orthodoxy makes a curious combination, and one which will only be temporary.

We shall expect you to-morrow evening, and we shall be quite ready to go on to the Lakes of Killarney or wherever you wish. By the way, I met an old acquaintance the morning I arrived here. I went to see Queen's College; and as I was walking under the archway which has carved upon it, "Where Finbarr taught let Munster learn," I saw two gentlemen. They looked like professors, and I asked if I might see the college. They said certainly, and offered to take my card in to some one who would do the honors properly. I passed it to one of them; we looked at each other, and recognition was mutual. He (Dr. La Touche) is giving a course of lectures here on Irish Antiquities. It has been a great privilege to see this city and its environs with so learned a man; I wish you could have shared it.

Good-by for the moment, as I must see about Benella's luncheon.

Yours affectionately, S. P.

X.

"The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided floode."

We had seen all that Youghal could offer to the tourist; we were yearning

for Salemina; we wanted to hear Benella talk about "the science;" we were eager to inspect the archæologist, to see if he "would do" for Salemina instead of the canon, or even the minor canon, of the English Church, for whom we had always privately destined her. Accordingly we decided to go by an earlier train, and give our family a pleasant surprise. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when our car trundled across St. Patrick's Bridge, past Father Mathew's statue, and within view of the church and bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee. Away to the west is the two-armed river. Along its banks rise hills, green and well wooded, with beautiful gardens and verdant pastures reaching to the very brink of the shining stream.

It was Saturday afternoon, and I never drove through a livelier, quainter, more easy-going town. The streets were full of people selling various things and plying various trades, and among them we saw many a girl pretty enough to recall Thackeray's admiration of the Corkagian beauties of his day. There was one in particular, driving a donkey in a straw-colored governess cart, to whose graceful charm we succumbed on the instant. There was an exquisite deluderin' wildness about her, a vivacity, a length of eyelash with a gleam of Irish gray eye, "the grayest of all things blue, the bluest of all things gray," that might well have inspired the English poet to write of her as he did of his own Irish wife; for Spenser, when he was not writing the Faerie Queene or smoking Raleigh's fragrant weed, wooed and wedded a fair colleen of County Cork.

"Tell me, ye merchant daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your town before?
Her goodlie eyes, like sapphyres shining bright;
Her forehead, ivory white;
Her lips like cherries, charming men to byte."

Now we turned into the old Mardyke walk, a *rus in urbe*, an avenue a mile long lined with noble elm trees; forsaken now as a fashionable promenade for the Marina, but still beautiful and still beloved, though frequented chiefly by nursemaids and children. Such babies and such children, of all classes and conditions, — so jolly, smiling, dimpled, curly-headed; such joyous disregard of rags and dirt; such kindness one to the other in the little groups, where a child of ten would be giving an anxious eye to four or five brothers and sisters, and mothering a contented baby in arms as well.

Our driver, though very loquacious, was not quite intelligible. He pronounced the simple phrase "St. Patrick Street" in a way to astonish the traveler; it would seem impossible to crowd as many *h*'s into three words, and to wrap each in flannel, as he succeeded in doing. He seemed pleased with our admiration of the babies, and said that Irish children did be very fat and strong and hearty; that they were the very best soldiers the Queen had, God kape her! they could stand anny hardship and anny climate, for they were not brought up soft, like the English. He also said that, fine as all Irish children undoubtedly were, Cork produced the flower of them all, and the finest women and the finest men; backing his opinion with a Homeric vaunt which Francesca took down on the spot: —

"I 'd back one man from Corkshire
To bate ten more from Yorkshire:
Kerrymen
Agin Derrymen,
And Munster agin creation.
Wirrasthrue! 't is a pity we aren't a nation!"

"We must be very near Coolkilla House, by this time," said Francesca. "That is n't Salemina sitting on that bench under the trees, is it? There is a gentleman with her, and she never wears a wide hat, but it looks like her red umbrella. No, of course it is n't, for whoever it is belongs to that maid with the two

children. Penelope, it is borne in upon me that we should n't have come here unannounced, three hours ahead of the time arranged. Perhaps, whenever we had chosen to come, it would have been too soon. Would n't it be exciting to have to keep out of Salemina's way, as she has always done for us? I could n't endure it; it would make me homesick for Ronald. Go slowly, driver, please."

Nevertheless, as we drew nearer we saw that it was Salemina; or at least it was seven eighths of her, and one eighth of a new person with whom we were not acquainted. She rose to meet us with an exclamation of astonishment, and after a hasty and affectionate greeting presented Dr. La Touche. He said a few courteous words, and to our relief made no allusions to round towers, duns, raths, or other antiquities, and bade us adieu, saying that he should have the honor of waiting upon us that evening, with our permission.

A person in a neat black dress and little black bonnet with white lawn strings now brought up the two children to say good-by to Salemina. It was the Derelict, Benella Dusenberry, clothed in maid's apparel, and looking, notwithstanding that disguise, like a New England schoolma'am. She was delighted to see us, scanned every detail of Francesca's traveling costume with the frankest admiration, and would have allowed us to carry our wraps and umbrellas upstairs if she had not been reminded by Salemina. We had a cosy cup of tea together, and told our various adventures, but Salemina was not especially communicative about hers. Oddly enough, she had met the La Touche children at the hotel in Mallow. They were traveling with a very raw Irish nurse, who had no control over them whatever. They shrieked and kicked when taken to their rooms at night, until Salemina was obliged to speak to them, in order that Benella's rest should not be disturbed.

"I felt so sorry for them," she said, — "the dear little girl put to bed with tangled hair and unwashed face, the boy in a rumpled, untidy nightgown, the bedclothes in confusion. I did n't know who they were nor where they came from, but while the nurse was getting her supper I made them comfortable, and Broona went to sleep with my strange hand in hers. Perhaps it was only the warm Irish heart, the easy friendliness of the Irish temperament, but I felt as if the poor little things must be neglected indeed, or they would not have clung to a woman whom they had never seen before." (This is a mistake; anybody who has the opportunity always clings to Salemina.) "The next morning they were up at daylight, romping in the hall, stamping, thumping, clattering, with a tin cart on wheels rattling behind them. I know it was not my affair, and I was guilty of unpardonable rudeness, but I called the nurse into my room and spoke to her severely. No, you need n't smile; I was severe. 'Will you kindly do your duty and keep the children quiet as they pass through the halls?' I said. 'It is never too soon to teach them to obey the rules of a public place, and to be considerate of older people.' She seemed awestruck; but when she found her tongue she stammered, 'Sure, ma'am, I 've tould thim three times this day already that when their father comes he 'll bate thim with a blackthorn stick!'

"Naturally I was horrified. This, I thought, would explain everything: no mother, and an irritable, cruel father.

"'Will he really do such a thing?' I asked, feeling as if I must know the truth.

"'Sure he will not, ma'am!' she answered cheerfully. 'He would n't lift a feather to thim, not if they murdthered the whole counthryside, ma'am.'

"Well, they traveled third class to Cork, and we came first, so we did not meet, and I did not ask their surnames; but it seems that they were being brought

to their father, whom I met many years ago in America."

As she did not volunteer any further information, we did not like to ask her where, how many years ago, or under what circumstances. "Teasing" of this sort does not appeal to the sophisticated at any time, but it seems unspeakably vulgar to touch on matters of sentiment with a woman of middle age. If she has memories, they are sure to be sad and sacred ones; if she has not, that perhaps is still sadder. We agreed, however, when the evening was over, that Dr. La Touche was probably the love of her youth, — unless indeed he was simply an old friend, and the degree of Salemina's attachment had been exaggerated; something that is very likely to happen in the gossip of a New England town, where they always incline to underestimate the feeling of the man, and overrate that of the woman, in any love affair. "I guess she 'd take him if she could get him," is the spoken or unspoken attitude of the public in rural or provincial New England.

The professor is grave, but very genial when he fully recalls the fact that he is in company, and has not, like the Trappist monks, taken vows of silence. Francesca behaved beautifully, on the whole, and made no embarrassing speeches, although she was in her gayest humor. Salemina blushed a little when the young sinner dragged into the conversation the remark that, undoubtedly, from the beginning of the sixth century to the end of the eighth Ireland was the university of Europe, just as Greece was in the late days of the Roman Republic, and asked our guest when Ireland ceased to be known as "*Insula sanctorum et doctorum*," the island of saints and scholars.

We had seen her go into Salemina's bedroom, and knew perfectly well that she had consulted the Peabody notebook, lying open on the desk; but the professor looked as surprised as if he had heard a pretty paroquet quote Gibbon. I don't like to see grave and reverend scholars stare at pretty paroquets, but I won't belittle Salemina's exquisite and peculiar charm by worrying over the matter. Of course Francesca's heart is fixed upon Ronald Macdonald, but that fact has not altered the glance of her eyes. They no longer say, "Would n't you like to fall in love with me, if you dared?" but they still have a gleam that means, "Don't fall in love with me; it is no use!" And of the two, one is about as dangerous as the other, and each has something of "Fan Fitzgerl's divilment."

"Wid her brows of silky black
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes they dart such azure death on poor
admiring man;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, agin the sparrows,
For you 're bested at Love's archery by young
Miss Fan."

Of course Himself never fell a prey to Francesca's fascinations, but then he is not susceptible; you could send him off for a ten-mile drive in the moonlight with Venus herself, and not be in the least anxious.

Dr. La Touche is gray for his years, tall and spare in frame, and there are many lines of anxiety or thought in his forehead, but a wonderful smile occasionally smooths them all out, and gives his face a rare though transient radiance. He looks to me as if he had loved too many books and too few people; as if he had tried vainly to fill his heart and life with antiquities, which of all things, perhaps, are the most bloodless, the least warming and nourishing when taken in excess or as a steady diet. Himself (God bless him!) shall never have that patient look, if I can help it; but how it will appeal to Salemina! There are women who are born to be petted and served, and there are those who seem born to serve others. Salemina's first idea is always to make tangled things smooth (like little Broona's curly hair); to bring sweet and discreet order out of chaos; to prune and graft and

water and weed and tend things, until they blossom for very shame under her healing touch. Her mind is catholic, well ordered and broad, — always full of other people's interests, never of her own; and her heart always seems to me like some dim, sweet-scented guest chamber in an old New England mansion, cool and clean and quiet, and fragrant of lavender. It has been a lovely, generous life, lived for the most part in the shadow of other people's wishes and plans and desires. I am an impatient person, I confess, and heaven seems so far away when certain things are in question: the righting of a child's wrong, or the demolition of a barrier between two hearts; above all, for certain surgical operations, more or less spiritual, such as removing scales from eyes that refuse to see, and stops from ears too dull to hear. Nobody shall have our Salemina unless he is worthy, but how I should like to see her life enriched and crowned! How I should enjoy having her dear little overworn second fiddle taken from her by main force, and a beautiful first violin, or even the baton for leading an orchestra, put into her unselfish hands!

And so good-by and "good luck to ye, Cork, and your pepper-box steeple," for we leave you to-morrow!

XI.

"If they 'd lease you that cottage rint-free,
You 'd do righter to lave it alone."

Knockarney House, Lough Lein.

We are in the province of Munster, the kingdom of Kerry, the town of Ballyfuchsia, and the house of Mrs. Mullarkey. Knockarney House is not her name for it; I made it myself. Killarney is church of the sloe trees; and as kill is church, the "onderhanded manin'" of "arney" must be something about sloes; then, since knock means hill, Knockarney should be hill of the sloe trees.

I have not lost the memory of Jenny Geddes and Tam o' the Cowgate, but Penelope O'Connor, daughter of the king of Connaught, is more frequently present in my dreams. I have by no means forgotten that there was a time when I was not Irish, but for the moment I am of the turf, turfy. Francesca is really as much in love with Ireland as I, only since she has in her heart a certain tender string pulling her all the while to the land of the heather, she naturally avoids comparisons. Salemina, too, endeavors to appear neutral, lest she should betray an inexplicable interest in Dr. La Touche's country. Benella and I alone are really free to speak the brogue and carry our wild harps slung behind us, like Moore's minstrel boy. Nothing but the ignorance of her national dishes keeps Benella from entire allegiance to this island; but she thinks a people who have grown up without a knowledge of doughnuts, baked beans, and blueberry pie must be lacking in moral foundations. There is nothing extraordinary in all this; for the Irish, like the Celtic tribes everywhere, have always had a sort of fascinating power over people of other races settling among them, so that they become completely fused with the native population, and grow to be more Irish than the Irish themselves.

We stayed for a few days in the best hotel; it really was quite good, and not a bit Irish. There was a Swiss manager, an English housekeeper, a French head waiter, and a German office clerk. Even Salemina, who loves comforts, saw that we should not be getting what is known as the real thing, under these circumstances, and we came here to this — what shall I call Knockarney House? It was built originally for a fishing lodge by a sporting gentleman, who brought parties of friends to stop for a week. On his death it passed somehow into Mrs. Mullarkey's fair hands, and in a fatal moment she determined to open it

occasionally to "paying guests," who might wish a quiet home far from the madding crowd of the summer tourist. This was exactly what we did want, and here we encamped, on the half-hearted advice of some Irish friends in the town, who knew nothing else more comfortable to recommend.

"With us, small, quiet, or out-of-the-way places are never clean; or if they are, then they are not Irish," they said. "You had better see Ireland from the tourist's point of view for a few years yet, until we have learned the art of living; but if you are determined to know the humors of the people, cast all thought of comfort behind you."

So we did, and we afterward thought that this would be a good motto for Mrs. Mullarkey to carve over the door of Knockarney House. (My name for it is adopted more or less by the family, though Francesca persists in dating her letters to Ronald from "The Rale Thing," which it undoubtedly is.) We take almost all the rooms in the house, but there are a few other guests. Mrs. Waterford, an old lady of ninety-three, from Mullinavat, is here primarily for her health, and secondarily to dispose of threepenny shares in an antique necklace, which is to be raffled for the benefit of a Roman Catholic chapel. Then we have a fishing gentleman and his bride from Glasgow, and occasional bicyclers who come in for a dinner, a tea, or a lodging. These three comforts of a home are sometimes quite indistinguishable with us: the tea is frequently made up of fragments of dinner, and the beds are always sprinkled with crumbs. Their source is a mystery, unless they fall from the clothing of the chambermaids, who frequently drop hairpins and brooches and buttons between the sheets, and insert whisk brooms and scissors under the blankets.

We have two general servants, who are supposed to do all the work of the house, and who are as amiable and obliging and incapable as they well can be. Oonah generally waits upon the table, and Molly cooks, when she is not engaged with Peter in the vegetable garden or the stable. But whatever happens, Mrs. Mullarkey, as a descendant of one of the Irish kings, is to be looked upon only as an executive officer. Benella ostensibly oversees the care of our rooms, but she is comparatively helpless in such a kingdom of misrule. Why demand clean linen when there is none; why seek for a towel at midday when it is never ironed until evening; how sweep when a broom is all inadequate to the task? Salemina's usual remark, on entering a humble hostelry anywhere, is: "If the hall is as dirty as this, what must the kitchen be! Order me two hard-boiled eggs, please!"

"Use your 'science,' Benella," I say to that discouraged New England maiden, who has never looked at her philosophy from its practical or humorous side. "If the universe is pure mind and there is no matter, then this dirt is not a real thing, after all. It seems, of course, as if it were thicker under the beds and bureaus than elsewhere, but I suppose our evil thoughts focus themselves there rather than in the centre of the room. Similarly, if the broom handle is broken, deny the dirt away, bring 'the science' down to these simple details of every-day life, and you will make converts by dozens."

Under our educational régime, the "metaphysical" veneer, badly applied in the first place, and wholly unsuited to the foundation material, is slowly disappearing, and Benella is gradually returning to her normal self. Perhaps nothing has been more useful to her development than the confusion of Knockarney House.

Our windows are supported on decrepit tennis rackets and worn-out hearth brushes; the blinds refuse to go up or down; the chairs have weak backs or legs; the door knobs are disassociated

from their handles. As for our food, we have coffee made, I should think, of brown beans and licorice, with bacon and eggs, for breakfast; a bit of sloppy chicken, or fish and potato, with custard pudding or stewed rhubarb, for dinner; and a cold supper of — oh! anything that occurs to Molly at the last moment. Nothing ever occurs either to Molly or Oonah at any previous moment, and in that they are merely conforming to the universal habit. Last week, when we were starting for Valencia Island, the Ballyfuchsia station master was absent at a funeral; meantime the engine had "gone cold on the engineer," and the train could not leave till twelve minutes after the usual time. We thought we must have consulted a wrong time-table, and asked confirmation of a man who seemed to have some connection with the railway. Goaded by his ignorance, I exclaimed, "Is it possible you don't know the time the trains are going?"

"Begorra, how should I?" he answered. "Faix, the thrains don't always be knowin' themselves!"

The starting of the daily "Mail Express" from Ballyfuchsia is a time of great excitement and confusion, which on some occasions increases to positive panic. The station master, armed with a large dinner bell, stands on the platform, wearing an expression of anxiety ludicrously unsuited to the situation. The supreme moment had really arrived some time before, but he is waiting for Farmer Brodigan with his daughter Kathleen, and the Widdy Sullivan, and a few other local worthies who are a "thrifle late on him." Finally they come down the hill, and he paces up and down the station ringing the bell and uttering the warning cry, "*This thrain never shtops! This thrain never shtops! This thrain never shtops!*" — giving one the idea that eternity, instead of Killarney, must be the final destination of the passengers. The clock in the Ballyfuchsia telegraph and post office ceases to go for twenty-four hours at a time, and nobody heeds it, while the postman always has a few moments' leisure to lay down his knapsack of letters and pitch quoits with the Royal Irish Constabulary. However, punctuality is perhaps an individual virtue more than an exclusively national one. I am not sure that we Americans would not be more agreeable if we spent a month in Ireland every year, and perhaps Ireland would profit from a month in America.

At the Brodigans' (Mr. Brodigan is a large farmer, and our nearest neighbor) all the clocks are from ten to twenty minutes fast or slow; and what a peaceful place it is! The family does n't care when it has its dinner, and, *mirabile dictu*, the cook does n't care either!

"If you have no exact time to depend upon, how do you catch trains?" I asked Mr. Brodigan.

"Sure that 's not an every-day matter, and why be foostherin' over it? But we do, four toimes out o' five, ma'am!"

"How do you like it that fifth time when you miss it?"

"Sure it 's no more throuble to you to miss it the wan time than to hurry five times! A clock is an overrated piece of furniture, to my mind, Mrs. Beresford, ma'am. A man can ate whin he 's hungry, go to bed when he 's sleepy, and get up when he 's slept long enough; for faith and it 's thim clocks he has inside of himself that don't need anny winding!"

"What if you had a business appointment with a man in the town, and missed the train?" I persevered.

"Trains, like misfortunes, never come singly, ma'am. Wherever there 's a station the trains do be dhroppin' in now and again, and what 's the differ which of thim you take?"

"The man who is waiting for you at the other end of the line may not agree with you," I suggested.

"Sure, a man can always amuse himself in a town, ma'am. If it 's your own

business you 're coming on, he knows you 'll find him; and if it 's his business, then begorra let him find you!" Which quite reminded me of what the Irish elf said to the English elf in Moira O'Neill's fairy story: "A waste of time? Why, you 've come to a country where there 's no such thing as a waste of time. We have no value for time here. There 's lashings of it, more than anybody knows what to do with."

I suppose there is somewhere a golden mean between this complete oblivion of time and our feverish American hurry. There is a "tedious haste" in all peoples who make wheels and pistons and engines, and live within sound of their everlasting buzz and whir and revolution; and there is ever a disposition to pause, rest, and consider on the part of that man whose daily tasks are done in serene collaboration with dew and rain and sun. One cannot hurry Mother Nature very much, after all, and one falls into a peaceful habit of mind who has much to do with her. The mottoes of the two nations are as well rendered in the vernacular as by any formal or stilted phrases. In Ireland the spoken or unspoken slogan is, "Take it asy;" in America, "Keep up with the procession;" and between them lie all the thousand differences of race, climate, temperament, religion, and government.

I don't suppose there is a nation on the earth better developed on what might be called the train-catching side than we of the Big Country, and it is well for us that there is born every now and again among us a dreamer who is (blessedly) oblivious of time-tables and market reports; he has been thinking of the rustling of the corn, not of its price. It is he, if we do not hurry him out of his dream, who will sound the ideal note in our hurly-burly and bustle of affairs. He will never discover a town site, but he will create new worlds for us to live in, and in the course of a century the coming Matthew Arnold will not be minded to call us "an unimaginative and uninteresting people."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ALPINE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

HERE and there in the Alps, in lonely valleys, the Christmas night is marked by the performance of a miracle play, or, to speak more precisely, a dramatic interlude which treats of the visit of the shepherds to the stable at Bethlehem.

Some of us have looked with mortal eyes on the fields of Bethlehem, which are still so fair and green. With that unchanged setting before us, — if we were not dull indeed, — we saw as in a vision the shepherds who watched their flocks by night; we heard as in a dream the song of glory to God and peace to man which, floating from the Syrian skies, has been borne to the farthest ends of the earth. The divine idyl, related by St. Luke alone among the evangelists, seemed, for a moment, to take life and form. But it is unlikely that we received an impression so vivid, so intensely real, as that conveyed to the minds of these simple mountaineers by their poor little Christmas play, in which they themselves take part, and of which the theatre is their narrow village church.

The best of the surviving specimens of the Christmas pastoral is the one performed in the valleys of Cuorgnè, in

Piedmont. Count Nigra, the Italian ambassador at Vienna, remembers having figured in it as a child, in the character of a herald angel, with wings of peacocks' feathers: to him we owe the preservation of the text which he published a few years ago with some interesting notes. The necessary personages in this dramatic scene are eleven shepherds and one angel, but three angels are preferred when they can be had. Mary and Joseph do not appear. A side altar is converted into a manger, in which the image of the Babe lies. Midnight mass has advanced as far as the Credo when the performance opens with what is called an "angelic prologue." In this homily, the congregation are requested to be very attentive; then, on this dark night, they will behold great portents. They will see the shepherds draw near to worship a new-born Babe, in whom, with melting hearts, they recognize their Redeemer. The prologue ends with the words: "Whoso desires happiness and justice, let him seek them in God, for they are not to be found among men; and now, may all things proceed with order, and may we meet one day in heaven."

A knocking is heard at the chief entrance: the priest opens the door, and the eleven shepherds walk into the church. They wear long white woolen cloaks and broad-brimmed hats which they keep on their heads. Each carries a staff in one hand, and his offering in the other. Montano brings a lamb; Alceste, two pigeons; Volpino, honey; Silvio, fresh butter; Evandro, milk; Menalca, grapes (they are hung up in a dry place, so as to keep till December). Tigrane carries a pair of turtledoves; Titiro, apples; Polibeo, eggs; Mirteo, two chickens; Melibeo, cloth for swaddling clothes. The gifts remain with the priest, but, like the ancient sacrifice, they are in very truth offered to Deity. This custom has endeared the ceremonial to the poor, who are so fond of giving. They *feel* that their offerings actually supply the wants of their infant Lord, and feeling is much more real than thinking or knowing.

The crowd, which densely fills the little church, leaves a clear space for the shepherds in the middle of the building. Montano remarks that here they are with their gifts, but he has no idea why Melibeo, the oldest shepherd, has called them hither while the sun is still asleep. Questions and answers gradually disclose the fact that Melibeo supposed, from the appearance of the heavens, the time to be come for the birth of Him who should fulfill the promise of Abraham. While they are speaking, Melibeo suddenly declares that even now a light illumines the sky, the grass grows green, streams freed from ice run with a sweet murmur, flowers burst forth, hill and valley smile as in April. The younger shepherds, overpowered by fear, inquire if any one ever saw so light a night, or rather, so light a day. The congregation take this transformation on faith, but there soon appears a tangible angel who invites the shepherds to follow him to the manger. "Here," he says, "is the august palace of the Word made man."

In the next scene, the shepherds, by their homely remarks, elicit from the angel an exposition of Christian doctrine: —

Alceste. Look in how poor and rude a shed
The King of kings has found a bed.
Angel. Here 't was he uttered his first cry,
That you might learn humility.
Montano. Naked he meets the wintry night.
Angel. The road is hard to heaven's height.
Titiro. He shakes with cold in every part.
Angel. Yet doth a flame ignite his heart.
Melibeo. He never murmurs nor complains.
Angel. That you may learn to bear your pains.
Volpino. Poor rags his body scarcely hide.
Angel. Thus to reprove the sins of pride.
Evandro. It seems as if the ox and cow
Were drawing nigh to warm him now.
Angel. The succor thoughtless beasts supply
Less feeling man shall oft deny.
Silvio. In what deep poverty he lies!

Angel. To teach you greatness to despise.
Mirteo. He seems beyond all mortal aid.
Angel. Who trusts in God is ne'er afraid.
Menalca. His woeful state to pity moves.
Angel. So heaven tries the soul it loves.
Polibeo. His childish tears are falling fast.
Angel. Blood will be there for tears at last.
Tigrane. How soft his limbs! How delicate!
Angel. One day the scourge will lacerate.
In this rich cradle you may see
Even he whose mighty hand,
And whose eterne command,
Formed heaven, created earth, and ordered hell to be.

At this point each shepherd deposits his gift. Apologies are offered for the poorness of the present, except in the case of the lamb, — an exception which shows a rare sense of the fitness of things possessed by the forgotten author whose work has lasted longer than his name. The dedication of the lamb is solemn: "Pure as thou art pure; guiltless as thou art guiltless; fated victim as thou art fated victim: Lord, may this my gift be acceptable in thy sight." Of the other offerings, it is confessed that they are but common things, though they are the very best of their kind. (This is exactly what a real peasant says when he makes you a present.) The apples are of the sweetest; the cloth took years to weave; there never was such honey; the milk is milked from the pet ewe. But what are such things for a King? Each giver, after his little speech, adds himself to his gift: —

Ei t' offre tutto assieme
Il dono e il donator.

Sometimes a kid, a wolfskin, a hare, or a few flowers are added to the gifts. The following rhyme accompanies the flower offering: —

These I gathered as I went,
Pretty flowers with sweetest scent,
Which among the ice and snow
In the ice-bound meadow grow.
Let them, too, thy coming hail,
Let them, too, their homage yield;
Thou, the lily of the vale,
Thou, the flower of the field.

When all the gifts have been presented, Montano says that since their duty is done, they will go forth and spread the good news abroad. "Let everything be glad and rejoice. Let the Holy Name be graven on the bark of all the trees; let the air whisper it, and the crystal fountain reply. The birds, the wild beasts, and the flocks shall learn to pronounce it, and from every rock and mount and abyss Echo will repeat the name of the Child born this night."

The priest finishes the mass, and the congregation join in a carol: —

I hear the people singing
Their songs of gladdest praise;
The very skies are ringing
With sweet, angelic lays.
Rejoice, my heart, and sing with them,
For Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Out of the church the mountain folk depart into the silence of the Alpine winter night. Each lights his torch, and takes his way slowly across the snow to his own dwelling. Above shine the innumerable stars.[1]

It is not difficult to understand how

[1] In the Italian plains no plays or mysteries are now performed, but in a corner of the cottage the manger is still arranged with moss and a waxen Babe, and, if possible, a few wooden or paper animals. Before this the children kneel. I have in my hand the Christmas letters of four little Italian peasant girls. Bettina, the eldest, promises "di pregare ferverosamente il Divino Infante di conservare fra noi la nostra degna Signora." Camilla, the second, writes: "Non mancherò in questi solenni giorni di inalzare preci al Bambino celeste di ricompensare i suoi benefici." Barbara, the third, inscribes "V. G. B." (Viva Gesù Bambino) at the top of her letter. She writes: "Ecco le feste del Santo Natale che io desidevava tanto. Ora voglio scriverle una letterina per dimostrare il mio amore. Pregherò Gesù Bambino che la faccia vivere lunghi anni felice e contenta." Evelina, the youngest (aged seven), writes in a large round hand: "Ecco le feste del Santo Natale; pregherò Gesù Bambino per Lei."

I would as soon attempt to translate Dante as to try and put these innocent outpourings into English, but I give them here because they are not without interest as documents in the history of the peasants' religion, south of the Alps.

profoundly such a performance as the one described would touch souls full of reverence which Shakespeare called "the angel of the world," and empty of ridicule which might be called the demon of the world. But it is plain that the effect upon us would be different. Sundry details, as for instance the peacock-feather wings of the celestial visitants, would be fatal to our seriousness. We should criticise the Arcadian style of the seventeenth century in which the dialogue is written, even while admitting that at times it shows real talent. It is worth noting, however, that, stripped of the ornaments by which pious playwrights sought to enhance it, the story of the shepherds has lately reasserted the power and charm of its lovely simplicity. In the last oratorio of Don Lorenzo Perosi, though we do not find the majesty of Handel's "Unto us a Child is born," we do find an extraordinary homogeneity between the words and the musical phrases wedded to them. The result is the evocation of a sort of mental picture: in the gloom of the cathedral at Como, where Il Natale del Redentore was produced, I saw again the vision I had seen looking backwards from Bethlehem.

E. Martinengo-Cesaresco.

THE WATCHER BY THE THRESHOLD.

I.

A CHILL evening in the early October of the year 189– found me driving in a dogcart through the belts of antique woodland which form the lowland limits of the hilly parish of More. The Highland express, which brought me from the north, took me no farther than Perth. Thence it had been a slow journey in a disjointed local train, till I emerged on the platform at Morefoot, with a bleak prospect of pot stalks, coal heaps, certain sour corn lands, and far to the west a line of moor where the sun was setting. A neat groom and a respectable trap took the edge off my discomfort, and soon I had forgotten my sacrifice and found eyes for the darkening landscape. We were driving through a land of thick woods, cut at rare intervals by old long-frequented highways. The More, which at Morefoot is an open sewer, became a sullen woodland stream, where the brown leaves of the season drifted. At times we would pass an ancient lodge, and through a gap in the trees would come a glimpse of chipped crowstep gable. The names of such houses, as told me by my companion, were all famous. This one had been the home of a drunken Jacobite laird, and a kind of north country Medmenham. Unholy revels had waked the old halls, and the devil had been toasted at many a hell-fire dinner. The next was the property of a great Scots law family, and there the old Lord of Session, who built the place, in his frouzy wig and carpet slippers, had laid down the canons of Taste for his day and society. The whole country had the air of faded and bygone gentility. The mossy roadside walls had stood for two hundred years; the few wayside houses were toll bars or defunct hostelries. The names, too, were great: Scots baronial with a smack of France, — Chatelray and Riverslaw, Black Holm and Fountainblue. The place had a cunning charm, mystery dwelt in every cranny, and yet it did not please me. The earth smelt heavy and raw; the roads were red underfoot; all was old, sorrowful, and uncanny. Compared with the fresh Highland glen I had left, where wind

and sun and flying showers were never absent, all was chilly and dull and dead. Even when the sun sent a shiver of crimson over the crests of certain firs, I felt no delight in the prospect. I admitted shamefacedly to myself that I was in a very bad temper.

I had been staying at Glenaicill with the Clanroydens, and for a week had found the proper pleasure in life. You know the house with its old rooms and gardens, and the miles of heather which defend it from the world. The shooting had been extraordinary for a wild place late in the season; for there are few partridges, and the woodcock are notoriously late. I had done respectably in my stalking, more than respectably on the river, and creditably on the moors. Moreover, there were pleasant people in the house, — and there were the Clanroydens. I had had a hard year's work, sustained to the last moment of term, and a fortnight in Norway had been disastrous. It was therefore with real comfort that I had settled myself down for another ten days in Glenaicill, when all my plans were shattered by Sibyl's letter. Sibyl is my cousin and my very good friend, and in old days when I was briefless I had fallen in love with her many times. But she very sensibly chose otherwise, and married a man Ladlaw, — Robert John Ladlaw, who had been at school with me. He was a cheery, good-humored fellow, a great sportsman, a justice of the peace, and deputy lieutenant for his county, and something of an antiquary in a mild way. He had a box in Leicestershire to which he went in the hunting season, but from February till October he lived in his moorland home. The place was called the House of More, and I had shot at it once or twice in recent years. I remembered its loneliness and its comfort, the charming diffident Sibyl, and Ladlaw's genial welcome. And my recollections set me puzzling again over the letter which that morning had broken into my comfort. "You promised us a visit this autumn," Sibyl had written, "and I wish you would come as soon as you can." So far common politeness. But she had gone on to reveal the fact that Ladlaw was ill; she did not know how, exactly, but something, she thought, about his heart. Then she had signed herself my affectionate cousin, and then had come a short, violent postscript, in which, as it were, the fences of convention had been laid low. "For Heaven's sake, come and see us," she scrawled below. "Bob is terribly ill, and I am crazy. Come at once." To cap it she finished with an afterthought: "Don't bother about bringing doctors. It is not their business."

She had assumed that I would come, and dutifully I set out. I could not regret my decision, but I took leave to upbraid my luck. The thought of Glenaicill, with the woodcock beginning to arrive and the Clanroydens imploring me to stay, saddened my journey in the morning, and the murky, coaly, midland country of the afternoon completed my depression. The drive through the woodlands of More failed to raise my spirits. I was anxious about Sibyl and Ladlaw, and this accursed country had always given me a certain eeriness on my first approaching it. You may call it silly, but I have no nerves and am little susceptible to vague sentiment. It was sheer physical dislike of the rich deep soil, the woody and antique smells, the melancholy roads and trees, and the flavor of old mystery. I am aggressively healthy and wholly Philistine. I love clear outlines and strong colors, and More with its half tints and hazy distances depressed me miserably. Even when the road crept uphill and the trees ended, I found nothing to hearten me in the moorland which succeeded. It was genuine moorland, close on eight hundred feet above the sea, and through it ran this old grass-grown coach road. Low hills rose to the left, and to the right,

after some miles of peat, flared the chimneys of pits and oil works. Straight in front the moor ran out into the horizon, and there in the centre was the last dying spark of the sun. The place was as still as the grave save for the crunch of our wheels on the grassy road, but the flaring lights to the north seemed to endow it with life. I have rarely had so keenly the feeling of movement in the inanimate world. It was an unquiet place, and I shivered nervously. Little gleams of loch came from the hollows, the burns were brown with peat, and every now and then there rose in the moor jags of sickening red stone. I remembered that Ladlaw had talked about the place as the old Manann, the holy land of the ancient races. I had paid little attention at the time, but now it struck me that the old peoples had been wise in their choice. There was something uncanny in this soil and air. Framed in dank mysterious woods and a country of coal and ironstone, at no great distance from the capital city, it was a sullen relic of a lost barbarism. Over the low hills lay a green pastoral country with bright streams and valleys, but here, in this peaty desert, there were few sheep and little cultivation. The House of More was the only dwelling, and, save for the ragged village, the wilderness was given over to the wild things of the hills. The shooting was good, but the best shooting on earth would not persuade me to make my abode in such a place. Ladlaw was ill; well, I did not wonder. You can have uplands without air, moors that are not health-giving, and a country life which is more arduous than a townsman's. I shivered again, for I seemed to have passed in a few hours from the open noon to a kind of dank twilight.

We passed the village and entered the lodge gates. Here there were trees again, — little innocent new-planted firs, which flourished ill. Some large plane trees grew near the house, and there were thickets upon thickets of the ugly elderberry. Even in the half darkness I could see that the lawns were trim and the flower beds respectable for the season; doubtless Sibyl looked after the gardeners. The oblong whitewashed house, more like a barrack than ever, opened suddenly on my sight, and I experienced my first sense of comfort since I left Glenaicill. Here I should find warmth and company; and sure enough, the hall door was wide open, and in the great flood of light which poured from it Sibyl stood to welcome me.

She ran down the steps as I dismounted, and, with a word to the groom, caught my arm and drew me into the shadow. "Oh, Henry, it was so good of you to come. You must n't let Bob think that you know he is ill. We don't talk about it. I 'll tell you afterwards. I want you to cheer him up. Now we must go in, for he is in the hall expecting you."

While I stood blinking in the light, Ladlaw came forward with outstretched hand and his usual cheery greeting. I looked at him and saw nothing unusual in his appearance; a little drawn at the lips, perhaps, and heavy below the eyes, but still fresh-colored and healthy. It was Sibyl who showed change. She was very pale, her pretty eyes were deplorably mournful, and in place of her delightful shyness there were the self-confidence and composure of pain. I was honestly shocked, and as I dressed my heart was full of hard thoughts about Ladlaw. What could his illness mean? He seemed well and cheerful, while Sibyl was pale; and yet it was Sibyl who had written the postscript. As I warmed myself by the fire, I resolved that this particular family difficulty was my proper business.

II.

The Ladlaws were waiting for me in the drawing-room. I noticed something new and strange in Sibyl's demeanor.

She looked to her husband with a motherly, protective air, while Ladlaw, who had been the extreme of masculine independence, seemed to cling to his wife with a curious appealing fidelity. In conversation he did little more than echo her words. Till dinner was announced he spoke of the weather, the shooting, and Mabel Clanroyden. Then he did a queer thing; for when I was about to offer my arm to Sibyl he forestalled me, and clutching her right arm with his left hand led the way to the dining room, leaving me to follow in some bewilderment.

I have rarely taken part in a more dismal meal. The House of More has a pretty Georgian paneling through most of the rooms, but in the dining room the walls are level and painted a dull stone color. Abraham offered up Isaac in a ghastly picture in front of me. Some photographs of the Quorn hung over the mantelpiece, and five or six drab ancestors filled up the remaining space. But one thing was new and startling. A great marble bust, a genuine antique, frowned on me from a pedestal. The head was in the late Roman style, clearly of some emperor, and in its commonplace environment the great brows, the massive neck, and the mysterious solemn lips had a surprising effect. I nodded toward the thing, and asked what it represented.

Ladlaw grunted something which I took for "Justinian," but he never raised his eyes from his plate. By accident I caught Sibyl's glance. She looked toward the bust, and laid a finger on her lips.

The meal grew more doleful as it advanced. Sibyl scarcely touched a dish, but her husband ate ravenously of everything. He was a strong, thickset man, with a square kindly face burned brown by the sun. Now he seemed to have suddenly coarsened. He gobbled with undignified haste, and his eye was extraordinarily vacant. A question made him start, and he would turn on me a face so strange and inert that I repented the interruption.

I asked him about the autumn's sport. He collected his wits with difficulty. He thought it had been good, on the whole, but he had shot badly. He had not been quite so fit as usual. No, he had had nobody staying with him. Sibyl had wanted to be alone. He was afraid the moor might have been undershot, but he would make a big day with keepers and farmers before the winter.

"Bob has done pretty well," Sibyl said. "He has n't been out often, for the weather has been very bad here. You can have no idea, Henry, how horrible this moorland place of ours can be when it tries. It is one great sponge sometimes, with ugly red burns and mud to the ankles."

"I don't think it 's healthy," said I.

Ladlaw lifted his face. "Nor do I. I think it 's intolerable, but I am so busy I can't get away."

Once again I caught Sibyl's warning eye as I was about to question him on his business.

Clearly the man's brain had received a shock, and he was beginning to suffer from hallucinations. This could be the only explanation, for he had always led a temperate life. The distrait, wandering manner was the only sign of his malady, for otherwise he seemed normal and mediocre as ever. My heart grieved for Sibyl, alone with him in this wilderness.

Then he broke the silence. He lifted his head and looked nervously around till his eye fell on the Roman bust.

"Do you know that this countryside is the old Manann?" he said.

It was an odd turn to the conversation, but I was glad of a sign of intelligence. I answered that I had heard so.

"It 's a queer name," he said oracularly, "but the thing it stood for was queerer. Manann, Manaw," he repeated, rolling the words on his tongue. As he

spoke, he glanced sharply, and, as it seemed to me, fearfully, at his left side.

The movement of his body made his napkin slip from his left knee and fall on the floor. It leaned against his leg, and he started from its touch as if he had been bitten by a snake. I have never seen a more sheer and transparent terror on a man's face. He got to his feet, his strong frame shaking like a rush. Sibyl ran round to his side, picked up the napkin and flung it on a sideboard. Then she stroked his hair as one would stroke a frightened horse. She called him by his old boy's name of Robin, and at her touch and voice he became quiet. But the particular course then in progress was removed, untasted.

In a few minutes he seemed to have forgotten his behavior, for he took up the former conversation. For a time he spoke well and briskly. "You lawyers," he said, "understand only the dry framework of the past. You cannot conceive the rapture, which only the antiquary can feel, of constructing in every detail an old culture. Take this Manann. If I could explore the secret of these moors, I would write the world's greatest book. I would write of that prehistoric life when man was knit close to nature. I would describe the people who were brothers of the red earth and the red rock and the red streams of the hills. Oh, it would be horrible, but superb, tremendous! It would be more than a piece of history; it would be a new gospel, a new theory of life. It would kill materialism once and for all. Why, man, all the poets who have deified and personified nature would not do an eighth part of my work. I would show you the unknown, the hideous, shrieking mystery at the back of this simple nature. Men would see the profundity of the old crude faiths which they affect to despise. I would make a picture of our shaggy, sombre-eyed forefather, who heard strange things in the hill silences. I would show him brutal and terror-stricken, but wise, wise, God alone knows how wise! The Romans knew it, and they learned what they could from him, though he did not tell them much. But we have some of his blood in us, and we may go deeper. Manann! A queer land nowadays! I sometimes love it and sometimes hate it, but I always fear it. It is like that statue, inscrutable."

I would have told him that he was talking mystical nonsense, but I had looked toward the bust, and my rudeness was checked on my lips. The moor might be a common piece of ugly waste land, but the statue was inscrutable, — of that there was no doubt. I hate your cruel heavy-mouthed Roman busts; to me they have none of the beauty of life, and little of the interest of art. But my eyes were fastened on this as they had never before looked on marble. The oppression of the heavy woodlands, the mystery of the silent moor, seemed to be caught and held in this face. It was the intangible mystery of culture on the verge of savagery, — a cruel, lustful wisdom, and yet a kind of bitter austerity which laughed at the game of life and stood aloof. There was no weakness in the heavy-veined brow and slumbrous eyelids. It was the face of one who had conquered the world, and found it dust and ashes; one who had eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and scorned human wisdom. And at the same time, it was the face of one who knew uncanny things, a man who was the intimate of the half-world and the dim background of life. Why on earth I should connect the Roman grandee [1]

[1] I have identified the bust, which, when seen under other circumstances, had little power to affect me. It was a copy of the head of Justinian in the Tesci Museum at Venice, and several duplicates exist, dating apparently from the seventh century, and showing traces of Byzantine decadence in the scroll work on the hair. It is engraved in M. Delacroix's Byzantium, and, I think, in Windscheid's Pandektenlehrbuch.

with the moorland parish of More I cannot say, but the fact remains that there was that in the face which I knew had haunted me through the woodlands and bogs of the place, — a sleepless, dismal, incoherent melancholy.

"I bought that at Colenzo's," Ladlaw said, "because it took my fancy. It matches well with this place?"

I thought it matched very ill with his drab walls and Quorn photographs, but I held my peace.

"Do you know who it is?" he asked. "It is the head of the greatest man the world has ever seen. You are a lawyer and know your Justinian."

The Pandects are scarcely part of the daily work of a common-law barrister. I had not looked into them since I left college.

"I know that he married an actress," I said, "and was a sort of all-round genius. He made law, and fought battles, and had rows with the Church. A curious man! And was n't there some story about his selling his soul to the devil, and getting law in exchange? Rather a poor bargain!"

I chattered away, sillily enough, to dispel the gloom of that dinner table. The result of my words was unhappy. Ladlaw gasped and caught at his left side, as if in pain. Sibyl, with tragic eyes, had been making signs to me to hold my peace. Now she ran round to her husband's side and comforted him like a child. As she passed me, she managed to whisper in my ear to talk to her only, and let her husband alone.

For the rest of dinner I obeyed my orders to the letter. Ladlaw ate his food in gloomy silence, while I spoke to Sibyl of our relatives and friends, of London, Glenaicill, and any random subject. The poor girl was dismally forgetful, and her eye would wander to her husband with wifely anxiety. I remember being suddenly overcome by the comic aspect of it all. Here were we three fools alone in the dank upland: one of us sick and nervous, talking out-of-the-way nonsense about Manann and Justinian, gobbling his food and getting scared at his napkin; another gravely anxious; and myself at my wits' end for a solution. It was a Mad Tea-Party with a vengeance: Sibyl the melancholy little Dormouse, and Ladlaw the incomprehensible Hatter. I laughed aloud, but checked myself when I caught my cousin's eye. It was really no case for finding humor. Ladlaw was very ill, and Sibyl's face was getting deplorably thin.

I welcomed the end of that meal with unmannerly joy, for I wanted to speak seriously with my host. Sibyl told the butler to have the lamps lighted in the library. Then she leaned over toward me and spoke low and rapidly: "I want you to talk with Bob. I 'm sure you can do him good. You 'll have to be very patient with him, and very gentle. Oh, please try to find out what is wrong with him. He won't tell me, and I can only guess."

The butler returned with word that the library was ready to receive us, and Sibyl rose to go. Ladlaw half rose, protesting, making the most curious feeble clutches at his side. His wife quieted him. "Henry will look after you, dear," she said. "You are going into the library to smoke." Then she slipped from the room, and we were left alone.

He caught my arm fiercely with his left hand, and his grip nearly made me cry out. As we walked down the hall, I could feel his arm twitching from the elbow to the shoulder. Clearly he was in pain, and I set it down to some form of cardiac affection, which might possibly issue in paralysis.

I settled him in the biggest armchair, and took one of his cigars. The library is the pleasantest room in the house, and at night, when a peat fire burned on the old hearth and the great red curtains were drawn, it used to be the place for comfort and good talk. Now I noticed changes. Ladlaw's bookshelves had been

filled with the Proceedings of antiquarian societies and many light-hearted works on sport. But now the Badminton library had been cleared out of a shelf where it stood most convenient to the hand, and its place taken by an old Leyden reprint of Justinian. There were books on Byzantine subjects of which I never dreamed he had heard the names; there were volumes of history and speculation, all of a slightly bizarre kind; and to crown everything, there were several bulky medical works with gaudily colored plates. The old atmosphere of sport and travel had gone from the room with the medley of rods, whips, and gun cases which used to cumber the tables. Now the place was moderately tidy and somewhat learned, and I did not like it.

Ladlaw refused to smoke, and sat for a little while in silence. Then of his own accord he broke the tension.

"It was devilish good of you to come, Harry. This is a lonely place for a man who is a bit seedy."

"I thought you might be alone," I said, "so I looked you up on my way down from Glenaicill. I 'm sorry to find you feeling ill."

"Do you notice it?" he asked sharply.

"It 's tolerably patent," I said. "Have you seen a doctor?"

He said something uncomplimentary about doctors, and kept looking at me with his curious dull eyes.

I remarked the strange posture in which he sat, his head screwed round to his right shoulder, and his whole body a protest against something at his left hand.

"It looks like a heart," I said. "You seem to have pains in your left side."

Again a spasm of fear. I went over to him, and stood at the back of his chair.

"Now for goodness' sake, my dear fellow, tell me what is wrong. You 're scaring Sibyl to death. It 's lonely work for the poor girl, and I wish you would let me help you."

He was lying back in his chair now, with his eyes half shut, and shivering like a frightened colt. The extraordinary change in one who had been the strongest of the strong kept me from realizing its gravity. I put a hand on his shoulder, but he flung it off.

"For God's sake, sit down!" he said hoarsely. "I 'm going to tell you, but I 'll never make you understand."

I sat down promptly opposite him.

"It 's the devil," he said very solemnly.

I am afraid that I was rude enough to laugh. He took no notice, but sat, with the same tense, miserable air, staring over my head.

"Right," said I. "Then it is the devil. It 's a new complaint, so it 's as well I did not bring a doctor. How does it affect you?"

He made the old impotent clutch at the air with his left hand. I had the sense to become grave at once. Clearly this was some serious mental affection, some hallucination born of physical pain.

Then he began to talk in a low voice, very rapidly, with his head bent forward like a hunted animal's. I am not going to set down what he told me in his own words, for they were incoherent often, and there was much repetition. But I am going to write the gist of the odd story which took my sleep away on that autumn night, with such explanations and additions as I think needful. The fire died down, the wind arose, the hour grew late, and still he went on in his mumbling recitative. I forgot to smoke, forgot my comfort, — everything but the odd figure of my friend and his inconceivable romance. And the night before I had been in cheerful Glenaicill!

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He had returned to the House of More, he said, in the latter part of May, and shortly after he fell ill. It was a trifling sickness, — influenza or something, — but he had never quite recov-

ered. The rainy weather of June depressed him, and the extreme heat of July made him listless and weary. A kind of insistent sleepiness hung over him, and he suffered much from nightmare. Toward the end of July his former health returned, but he was haunted with a curious oppression. He seemed to himself to have lost the art of being alone. There was a perpetual sound in his left ear, a kind of moving and rustling at his left side, which never left him by night or day. In addition, he had become the prey of nerves and an insensate dread of the unknown.

Ladlaw, as I have explained, was a commonplace man, with fair talents, a mediocre culture, honest instincts, and the beliefs and incredulities of his class. On abstract grounds, I should have declared him an unlikely man to be the victim of an hallucination. He had a kind of dull bourgeois rationalism, which used to find reasons for all things in heaven and earth. At first he controlled his dread with proverbs. He told himself it was the sequel of his illness or the light-headedness of summer heat on the moors. But it soon outgrew his comfort. It became a living second presence, an *alter ego* which dogged his footsteps. He grew acutely afraid of it. He dared not be alone for a moment, and clung to Sibyl's company despairingly. She went off for a week's visit in the beginning of August, and he endured for seven days the tortures of the lost. The malady advanced upon him with swift steps. The presence became more real daily. In the early dawning, in the twilight, and in the first hour of the morning it seemed at times to take a visible bodily form. A kind of amorphous featureless shadow would run from his side into the darkness, and he would sit palsied with terror. Sometimes, in lonely places, his footsteps sounded double, and something would brush elbows with him. Human society alone exorcised it. With Sibyl at his side he was happy; but as soon as she left him, the thing came slinking back from the unknown to watch by him. Company might have saved him, but joined to his affliction was a crazy dread of his fellows. He would not leave his moorland home, but must bear his burden alone among the wild streams and mosses of that dismal place.

The 12th came, and he shot wretchedly, for his nerve had gone to pieces. He stood exhaustion badly, and became a dweller about the doors. But with this bodily inertness came an extraordinary intellectual revival. He read widely in a blundering way, and he speculated unceasingly. It was characteristic of the man that as soon as he left the paths of the prosaic he should seek his supernatural in a very concrete form. He assumed that he was haunted by the devil, — the visible personal devil in whom our fathers believed. He waited hourly for the shape at his side to speak, but no words came. The Accuser of the Brethren in all but tangible form was his ever present companion. He felt, he declared, the spirit of old evil entering subtly into his blood. He sold his soul many times over, and yet there was no possibility of resistance. It was a Visitation more undeserved than Job's, and a thousandfold more awful.

For a week or more he was tortured with a kind of religious mania. When a man of a healthy secular mind finds himself adrift on the terrible ocean of religious troubles he is peculiarly helpless, for he has not the most rudimentary knowledge of the winds and tides. It was useless to call up his old carelessness; he had suddenly dropped into a new world where old proverbs did not apply. And all the while, mind you, there was the shrinking terror of it, — an intellect all alive to the torture and the most unceasing physical fear. For a little he was on the far edge of idiocy.

Then by accident it took a new form.

While sitting with Sibyl one day in the library, he began listlessly to turn over the leaves of an old book. He read a few pages, and found the hint of a story like his own. It was some French Life of Justinian, one of the unscholarly productions of last century, made up of stories from Procopius and tags of Roman law. Here was his own case written down in black and white; and the man had been a king of kings. This was a new comfort, and for a little — strange though it may seem — he took a sort of pride in his affliction. He worshiped the great Emperor, and read every scrap he could find on him, not excepting the Pandects and the Digest. He sent for the bust in the dining room, paying a fabulous price. Then he settled himself to study his imperial prototype, and the study became an idolatry. As I have said, Ladlaw was a man of ordinary talents, and certainly of meagre imaginative power. And yet from the lies of the Secret History and the crudities of German legalists he had constructed a marvelous portrait of a man. Sitting there in the half-lighted room, he drew the picture: the quiet cold man with his inheritance of Dacian mysticism, holding the great world in fee, giving it law and religion, fighting its wars, building its churches, and yet all the while intent upon his own private work of making his peace with his soul, — the churchman and warrior whom all the world worshiped, and yet one going through life with his lip quivering. He Watched by the Threshold ever at the left side. Sometimes at night, in the great Brazen Palace, warders heard the Emperor walking in the dark corridors, alone, and yet not alone; for once, when a servant entered with a lamp, he saw his master with a face as of another world, and something beside him which had no face or shape, but which he knew to be that hoary Evil which is older than the stars.

Crazy nonsense! I had to rub my eyes to assure myself that I was not sleeping. No! There was my friend with his suffering face, and it was the library of More.

And then he spoke of Theodora, — actress, harlot, *dévote*, empress. For him the lady was but another part of the uttermost horror, a form of the shapeless thing at his side. I felt myself falling under the fascination. I have no nerves and little imagination, but in a flash I seemed to realize something of that awful featureless face, crouching ever at a man's hand, till darkness and loneliness come, and it rises to its mastery. I shivered as I looked at the man in the chair before me. These dull eyes of his were looking upon things I could not see, and I saw their terror. I realized that it was grim earnest for him. Nonsense or no, some devilish fancy had usurped the place of his sanity, and he was being slowly broken upon the wheel. And then, when his left hand twitched, I almost cried out. I had thought it comic before; now it seemed the last proof of tragedy.

He stopped, and I got up with loose knees and went to the window. Better the black night than the intangible horror within. I flung up the sash and looked out across the moor. There was no light; nothing but an inky darkness and the uncanny rustle of elder bushes. The sound chilled me, and I closed the window.

"The land is the old Manann," Ladlaw was saying. "We are beyond the pale here. Do you hear the wind?"

I forced myself back into sanity and looked at my watch. It was nearly one o'clock.

"What ghastly idiots we are!" I said. "I am off to bed."

Ladlaw looked at me helplessly. "For God's sake, don't leave me alone!" he moaned. "Get Sibyl."

We went together back to the hall, while he kept the same feverish grasp on my arm. Some one was sleeping in

a chair by the hall fire, and to my distress I recognized my hostess. The poor child must have been sadly wearied. She came forward with her anxious face.

"I'm afraid Bob has kept you very late, Henry," she said. "I hope you will sleep well. Breakfast at nine, you know." And then I left them.

III.

Over my bed there was a little picture, a reproduction of some Italian work, of Christ and the Demoniac. Some impulse made me hold my candle up to it. The madman's face was torn with passion and suffering, and his eye had the pained furtive expression which I had come to know. And by his left side there was a dim shape crouching.

I got into bed hastily, but not to sleep. I felt that my reason must be going. I had been pitchforked from our clear and cheerful modern life into the mists of old superstition. Old tragic stories of my Calvinist upbringing returned to haunt me. The man dwelt in by a devil was no new fancy, but I believed that science had docketed and analyzed and explained the devil out of the world. I remembered my dabblings in the occult before I settled down to law, — the story of Donisarius, the monk of Padua, the unholy legend of the Face of Proserpine, the tales of *succubi* and *incubi*, the Leannain Sith and the Hidden Presence. But here was something stranger still. I had stumbled upon that very possession which fifteen hundred years ago had made the monks of New Rome tremble and cross themselves. Some devilish occult force, lingering through the ages, had come to life after a long sleep. God knows what earthly connection there was between the splendid Emperor of the World and my prosaic friend, or between the glittering shores of the Bosporus and this moorland parish! But the land was the old Manann! The spirit may have lingered in the earth and air, a deadly legacy from Pict and Roman. I had felt the uncanniness of the place; I had augured ill of it from the first. And then in sheer disgust I rose and splashed my face with cold water.

I lay down again, laughing miserably at my credulity. That I, the sober and rational, should believe in this crazy fable was too palpably absurd. I would steel my mind resolutely against such harebrained theories. It was a mere bodily ailment, — liver out of order, weak heart, bad circulation, or something of that sort. At the worst it might be some affection of the brain, to be treated by a specialist. I vowed to myself that next morning the best doctor in Edinburgh should be brought to More.

The worst of it was that my duty compelled me to stand my ground. I foresaw the few remaining weeks of my holiday blighted. I should be tied to this moorland prison, a sort of keeper and nurse in one, tormented by silly fancies. It was a charming prospect, and the thought of Glenaicill and the woodcock made me bitter against Ladlaw. But there was no way out of it. I might do Ladlaw good, and I could not have Sibyl worn to death by his vagaries.

My ill nature comforted me, and I forgot the horror of the thing in its vexation. After that I think I fell asleep and dozed uneasily till morning. When I woke I was in a better frame of mind. The early sun had worked wonders with the moorland. The low hills stood out fresh-colored and clear against a pale October sky; the elders sparkled with frost; the raw film of morn was rising from the little loch in tiny clouds. It was a cold, rousing day, and I dressed in good spirits and went down to breakfast.

I found Ladlaw looking ruddy and well; very different from the broken man I remembered of the night before. We

were alone, for Sibyl was breakfasting in bed. I remarked on his ravenous appetite, and he smiled cheerily. He made two jokes during the meal; he laughed often, and I began to forget the events of the previous day. It seemed to me that I might still flee from More with a clear conscience. He had forgotten about his illness. When I touched distantly upon the matter he showed a blank face.

It might be that the affection had passed; on the other hand, it might return to him at the darkening. I had no means to decide. His manner was still a trifle distrait and peculiar, and I did not like the dullness in his eye. At any rate, I should spend the day in his company, and the evening would decide the question.

I proposed shooting, which he promptly vetoed. He was no good at walking, he said, and the birds were wild. This seriously limited the possible occupations. Fishing there was none, and hill-climbing was out of the question. He proposed a game at billiards, and I pointed to the glory of the morning. It would have been sacrilege to waste such sunshine in knocking balls about. Finally we agreed to drive somewhere and have lunch, and he ordered the dogcart.

In spite of all forebodings I enjoyed the day. We drove in the opposite direction from the woodland parts, right away across the moor to the coal country beyond. We lunched at the little mining town of Borrowmuir, in a small and noisy public house. The roads made bad going, the country was far from pretty, and yet the drive did not bore me. Ladlaw talked incessantly, — talked as I had never heard man talk before. There was something indescribable in all he said, a different point of view, a lost groove of thought, a kind of innocence and archaic shrewdness in one. I can only give you a hint of it by saying that it was like the mind of an early ancestor placed suddenly among modern surroundings. It was wise with a remote wisdom, and silly (now and then) with a quite antique and distant silliness.

I will give instances of both. He provided me with a theory of certain early fortifications, which must be true, which commends itself to the mind with overwhelming conviction, and yet which is so out of the way of common speculation that no man could have guessed it. I do not propose to set down the details, for I am working at it on my own account. Again, he told me the story of an old marriage custom, which till recently survived in this district, — told it with full circumstantial detail and constant allusions to other customs which he could not possibly have known of. Now for the other side. He explained why well water is in winter warmer than a running stream, and this was his explanation: at the antipodes our winter is summer; consequently, the water of a well which comes through from the other side of the earth must be warm in winter and cold in summer, since in our summer it is winter there. You perceive what this is. It is no mere silliness, but a genuine effort of an early mind, which had just grasped the fact of the antipodes, to use it in explanation.

Gradually I was forced to the belief that it was not Ladlaw who was talking to me, but something speaking through him, something at once wiser and simpler. My old fear of the devil began to depart. This spirit, the exhalation, whatever it was, was ingenuous in its way, at least in its daylight aspect. For a moment I had an idea that it was a real reflex of Byzantine thought, and that by cross-examining I might make marvelous discoveries. The ardor of the scholar began to rise in me, and I asked a question about that much-debated point, the legal status of the *apocrisiarii*. To my vexation he gave no response. Clearly the intelligence of this familiar had its limits.

It was about three in the afternoon,

and we had gone half of our homeward journey, when signs of the old terror began to appear. I was driving, and Ladlaw sat on my left. I noticed him growing nervous and silent, shivering at the flick of the whip, and turning halfway round toward me. Then he asked me to change places, and I had the unpleasant work of driving from the wrong side. After that I do not think he spoke once till we arrived at More, but sat huddled together, with the driving rug almost up to his chin, — an eccentric figure of a man.

I foresaw another such night as the last, and I confess my heart sank. I had no stomach for more mysteries, and somehow with the approach of twilight the confidence of the day departed. The thing appeared in darker colors, and I found it in my mind to turn coward. Sibyl alone deterred me. I could not bear to think of her alone with this demented being. I remembered her shy timidity, her innocence. It was monstrous that the poor thing should be called on thus to fight alone with phantoms.

When we came to the House it was almost sunset. Ladlaw got out very carefully on the right side, and for a second stood by the horse. The sun was making our shadows long, and as I stood beyond him it seemed for a moment that his shadow was double. It may have been mere fancy, for I had not time to look twice. He was standing, as I have said, with his left side next the horse. Suddenly the harmless elderly cob fell into a very panic of fright, reared upright, and all but succeeded in killing its master. I was in time to pluck Ladlaw from under its feet, but the beast had become perfectly unmanageable, and we left a groom struggling to quiet it.

In the hall the butler gave me a telegram. It was from my clerk, summoning me back at once to an important consultation.

IV.

Here was a prompt removal of my scruples. There could be no question of my remaining, for the case was one of the first importance, which I had feared might break off my holiday. The consultation fell in vacation time to meet the convenience of certain people who were going abroad, and there was the most instant demand for my presence. I must go, and at once; and, as I hunted in the time-table, I found that in three hours' time a night train for the south would pass Borrowmuir which might be stopped by special wire.

But I had no pleasure in my freedom. I was in despair about Sibyl, and I hated myself for my cowardly relief. The dreary dining room, the sinister bust, and Ladlaw crouching and quivering, — the recollection, now that escape was before me, came back on my mind with the terror of a nightmare. My first thought was to persuade the Ladlaws to come away with me. I found them both in the drawing-room, — Sibyl very fragile and pale, and her husband sitting as usual like a frightened child in the shadow of her skirts. A sight of him was enough to dispel my hope. The man was fatally ill, mentally, bodily; and who was I to attempt to minister to a mind diseased?

But Sibyl, — she might be saved from the martyrdom. The servants would take care of him, and, if need be, a doctor might be got from Edinburgh to live in the house. So while he sat with vacant eyes staring into the twilight, I tried to persuade Sibyl to think of herself. I am frankly a sun worshiper. I have no taste for arduous duty, and the quixotic is my abhorrence. I labored to bring my cousin to this frame of mind. I told her that her first duty was to herself, and that this vigil of hers was beyond human endurance. But she had no ears for my arguments.

"While Bob is ill I must stay with him," she said always in answer, and then she thanked me for my visit, till I felt a brute and a coward. I strove to quiet my conscience, but it told me always that I was fleeing from my duty; and then, when I was on the brink of a nobler resolution, a sudden overmastering terror would take hold of me, and I would listen hysterically for the sound of the dogcart on the gravel.

At last it came, and in a sort of fever I tried to say the conventional farewells. I shook hands with Ladlaw, and when I dropped his hand it fell numbly on his knee. Then I took my leave, muttering hoarse nonsense about having had a "charming visit," and "hoping soon to see them both in town." As I backed to the door, I knocked over a lamp on a small table. It crashed on the floor and went out, and at the sound Ladlaw gave a curious childish cry. I turned like a coward, and ran across the hall to the front door, and scrambled into the dogcart.

The groom would have driven me sedately through the park, but I must have speed or go mad. I took the reins from him and put the horse into a canter. We swung through the gates and out into the moor road, for I could have no peace till the ghoulish elder world was exchanged for the homely ugliness of civilization. Once only I looked back, and there against the sky line, with a solitary lit window, the House of More stood lonely in the red desert.

John Buchan.

SUNRISE.

As tides of heaving waters ebb and flow,
The ever shifting powers of dark and light,
Rising and falling, ceaseless come and go,
And round towards morning now. Star-sandaled night
Her undisputed sway no longer holds,
Her glimmering lamps grow dim, and from the folds
Of her wide, sombre mantle, drawn away
Slowly from hill and dale, the child of day,
Fair, rosy dawn, looks forth, and lavishly
Casts down her gems on floating cloud and mist,
Amber and pearl, and tender amethyst,
And deeper purple to the waiting sea,
So they may deck them, meet
Their royal Lord to greet,
And early warblers on the wing
Tune their sweet pipes to caroling.
All things of ocean, earth, and air
Expectant herald everywhere, —
The Coming of the King!

Across the hilltops drifts a gentle breeze,
Swaying the grasses, stirring in the trees,
That wake from dreams as with a happy sigh,
And softly to each other bend more nigh,

Till every whispering leaf would seem to tell
The joyful tidings, old as earth, yet new
Even as the trembling drop of freshest dew
On folded buds that in green springtime swell.
And then a moment's breathless hush, — and now,
Beyond the kindling brow
Of yonder peak, behold!
A gleam of shimmering gold,
Waxing more deep, more bright,
Breaking at last to shafts of liquid light,
And then — O warblers on the wing,
Let all your loudest anthems ring!
Lo! overflooded with white flame,
The throbbing, radiant skies proclaim, —
The Coming of the King!

Stuart Sterne.

ART IN LANGUAGE.

GREAT as is the mystery of printer's ink, it does not make literature; neither does pagination or imprint, nor covers, however garish or however limp. We live in an age when there is much putting of things in black and white. Stenographers flit hither and thither, and the click of the typewriter is abroad in the land; the issue whereof is much blackening of much good white paper with many needless words, and more needless paragraphs and sections. How sadly we are missing the restringent and demulcent influences of the old quill pen! We might spare chirography from the list of fine arts, leaving that to China; but in another generation we shall forget how to spell as well as to write, leaving that to the specialists in spelling, the duly initiated and installed knights of the typewriter. Still, all this we can overlook, so far as our subject is concerned; for after all, literature is neither chirography nor orthography. Yet we shall have to recover a little from the *megalitis* with which for the time the typewriter and the stenographer have infected us.

It is a good old rule to be sure one has something to say before undertaking to write. Lack of precision in expression is undoubtedly due in large measure to murkiness of thought. On the other hand, it is true that the formulation of thought into language is, in ordinary experience, the surest method of clarifying one's ideas. Talking or writing one's self into clearness is therefore often good policy, but it cannot in fairness be done at the expense of the hearing and reading public.

Good literature presupposes substance, — ideas, knowledge, convictions, or profound impressions. Yet neither of these, nor all of these together, will make literature. Clearness in either or all will not do it. Good timber fitly framed will make a house, but not necessarily architecture. An auctioneer's catalogue conveys information, is clearly analyzed and perfectly explicit, but it is not literature. Literature is art, and art is more, infinitely more, than the best of intelligence can make out of the best of material.

Concerning the rationalizing intelli-

gence of man, it may still be said that it knows in part, it prophesies in part, it sees in a glass darkly; concerning art, it must be said that it seeks unto the vision which is "face to face."

Poetry is profounder than psychology, architecture than engineering, painting than the physics of color, literature than philology, faith than criticism; and though these sterner disciplines of the intelligence purge and chasten and correct, they are guideboards, and not the way; they are precepts, not the truth; they are body, not the life.

Art implies beauty, whose laws have set their judgment seat behind the veil. The laws with which the sciences of metre, grammar, and physics deal lie on the hither side. Dimly they shadow forth the higher law, but cannot compass its expression.

Art implies taste, and taste weighs in subtler balances than those of the chemist or the analyzing critic. The judgments of the jurist order themselves according to the chance law of statutes and of civic usage; the judgments of the physician fit themselves to the narrow circle of what flitting experience has taught; the judgments of the philologist, the engineer, the physicist, use the scraps they have collected, matching them together in hope of discerning fragments of a pattern. They all see in part and know in part. They all see with part of an eye and judge with part of a soul. But taste abjures the minims and the millimeters, the fragmentary tests and the partial vision, looks full and straight with the whole of the soul, and judges with the whole of the life. The judgment of taste is more than the sum of all the judgments of reason, as home is more than the sum of the rooms of a house, life more than the sum of the members of a body, communion with God more than the sum of all the doctrines.

Art implies an ideal. An ideal is a vision beyond the power of materials, whether of marble or of language, to express. In the artist's hands these materials can suggest the ideal; they can point toward it; they can summon it forth. When the material embodies all that he who shapes it has to tell, then the work is handicraft, not art. The work has satisfied itself in constraining the material to a use. If it was good work, it has made a good hammer that will drive nails, a good bridge that will save wading, a good likeness that will identify a criminal, a good statement that will convey information without inspiration. Teaching that imparts knowledge, and fails to supply ideals and inspiration, is notably not education; craft that fires no yearning for the vision of the greater whole is not art. A rift in the veil, a glimpse of that other fair land where the best that is in us divines itself native, — that alone is the handiwork and yield of art.

Literature is art. It is art whose crude material is language, as the sculptor's material is marble, or as the potter's is clay. Its mission in the first place is so to shape its material that form and beauty may emerge. The day has not passed wherein the grace of words fitly spoken has power to quicken and inspire human life, nor has Spenser's dictum,

"For pleasing words are like the magic art,"

lost in reality any of its value, despite the chronicler, the intelligencer, and all the apostles of the matter-of-fact.

It cannot be denied, however, that a practical age has had its effect. Men certainly do hesitate frankly to confess that in their own usage language is used as an artistic material and subjected to artistic treatment. There is apparently a feeling that the confession would involve something demeaning to the content of thought. Rhetoric is in bad odor, — chiefly the name. In the schools they try to hide it under the name "English." There never was, however, in all

the days of our civilization, a more widespread and certain demand for what is called "good English," or a more perfect appreciation of what is said to be "well written." Rhetoric as a name has fallen into discredit because it has come to be associated with tinseled phrase and empty words. But this is no rebuff to the art. Every material of the arts, from ivory to wood, has sometime been misused as tinsel. The empty display of material is not art; it is child's play.

Somewhat of the ultra-modern idea that art and language have no proper dealings with each other is traceable to the influence of the modern scientific study of language. The science of language is still young, and much that it has taught is proving to have been most superficially conceived. Now that the science is passing over into the years of discretion, it is looking back with some quiet regret at the amateurish ventures of its earlier days. The first joy of the discovery that language growth was susceptible of formulation under laws danced to the conclusion that language was a physico-physiological entity, and its growth so genuinely a "natural" one, and so exclusively subject to the control of "natural" laws, that any interference therewith on the part of the correcting schoolma'am, the admonishing dictionary, the leveling purist, the embellishing rhetorician, or any other minions of the law-and-order party was either little short of vandalism, and to be ranked with the docking of horses' tails, or at best a form of professional service to be classed with dancing lessons and facial massage.

The incipient science of education has been passing through a similar phase, wherein the notion that biology furnishes the unfailing clue to educational procedure has played havoc with good sense. The fallacy of course lies in the assumption that the human life to which we seek to adapt the child is preëminently biological. It is not; it is preëminently socio-historical, — lived in society, determined by the historical order. Education as a department of study must ultimately find its closest affinity, not with biology or with psychology, but with sociology, — or rather, with history outright, for there is no sociology without history.

Language is a medium of communication between men living in society, and not merely a means of expression. As such, the laws which govern its growth are social, not physical, and resemble more the laws which rule in the development of table manners than those which regulate the movements of the planets. The uniformity of product which makes the social laws to be laws is due to the need of a standard social currency, — in the case of language the need of intelligibility, in the case of manners the need of acceptability.

The observation and study of those processes in language which make for the establishment of a standard of intercourse between dialectally divergent communities become, therefore, of quite as great importance and scientific interest as those which, under the more commonly confessed name of laws, characterize the development of speech in the single community. The laws of sound, indeed, are social laws operating under a multiplex pressure toward compromise, and do not in last analysis differ at all from the processes of borrowing, purging, rectifying, which produce the standards of correctness in the great national and literary languages.

The use of correct or suitable language, of language suitable to the subject, to the community addressed, and to the effect to be produced, is and will always be a matter of taste, and of taste as a power of judgment acquired through sympathy with social feeling and need. The effect of suitable language will always be measured, among civilized communities, not by its precise report of concepts and propositions after the man-

ner of algebraic formulæ and equations, but by the spiritual atmosphere of thousandfold suggestion and association which it brings in with it, like the breath of a larger life to quicken the dry bones, — the dry bones that lie in the narrow valley of the matter-of-fact. Our response to the forms of verse and the gentle touch of poetry has place among the intimations of immortality. We know that we have part in the larger life, because there is that within us which is more than can be said.

Literature, therefore, is art in that it shapes its crude material, language, into forms that satisfy the taste as the high and wide-horizoned judgment seat of the spiritual life; but it is also art — and this perhaps is more — in that it uses these forms to set forth the ideals which to the spiritual eye are more real than the realities. The story of the experiences of individual men as told in diaries, or of tribes and nations as told in chronicles, may or may not, in diary and chronicle, reveal the outlines of a plot; but whenever through the mazes of details there shines the glimmer of a golden thread to suggest motif and plan, then art is beginning, — art that discerns a figure buried in the crude stone, and sees a drama linking together the scattered experiences of a life. History that is literature, and not mere chronicle, finds in the fate — which is to say in the character — of nations and races a soul of idea for the body of facts. Biography that is literature, and not mere diary, finds a like soul of idea in the mysterious, if not mystical, unity of a personal character. The vision of such character in a landscape or a building, in the life of a person, the fate of a people, or the drift of a century, is the gift of the inspired insight of art. It is this, and nothing more, that we mean by ideals and the ideal.

The quest for the ideal and the instinct of form are close akin. We rejoice to find on the common materials of our seen life traces, though ever so slight, of the mould marks which betray their connection in use with some great plan or work or purpose of the higher and unseen life. Through the mould marks of form our vision is quickened to see the pattern set in the mount. Form in art, form in literature, form in manners, form in devotion, all are born of one human instinct and desire, — the desire to see the common every-day life and its materials now and again dignified to the service of some higher purpose, to participation in some greater plan of the greater whole.

The Iliad is art, whether or not the critics find in the whole story a complete plot, because there is everywhere present in Homer the quality which alone gives a plot value and effect, — and that is *form*. Metre and rhythm, the recurring epithets and the ringing verse endings, they are only the mould marks of form; but the rounding of the episodes, the panoramic effects of the action, the half conventionalization of the characters, the stateliness of the stage setting, the whole atmosphere of the heroic, betray the very shaping of the mould itself. From beginning to end the poem is art. It is closer in touch with the stage than the street, for it is abstracted from life.

Art offers the moulds which fit our many separate lives. It is the master key. Language is the keenest expression of life. Art and the life that really lives are inseparable. Language is art's most supple, most familiar clay.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

A LITTLE CHRIST AT SWANSON'S.

TYNAN, the boss, in his smoky office, sat and scowled over some mill figures. Outside from the kitchen came the chatter of his men, the Frenchys, brought over from the Canadian bush, and the natives of the woods.

It was twilight, with the snow in a whirling dust and the spruce trees around the clearing acreak already under their white load. Jumpers and top-boots had been pulled off, and were steaming behind the roaring stove. The Shanty Dog put the bowls of hot soup around the table, and the men drew up.

"Gul McGulligan to-night, boys," said Alexandre, slumping down noisily in his favorite birch-root seat.

Alexandre's tight black curls were seamed with a zigzag of white, the mark of a scar where a log had rolled on him from an ill-balanced skidway.

The boys fell to on Gul McGulligan with a will.

"Where 's Pierre? Not in with his team yet?" Davy wiped his long mustache with the back of his hand as he finished his bowlful. Davy was an "infiddle," as it was termed at Swanson's, and one of Tynan's best skidders.

"Saying masses for the cattle?" he proceeded jocularly. "Say, Pierre 's got a wheel in the head; wheely from the word go."

"Pierre, he one big fool," uttered Johnny Leaf, the St. Regis Indian. "I hang him up for half his stakes and he no kick."

"Pierre don't blow in his stakes, that 's one sure thing," observed Alexandre, cutting his fried pork into neat blocks and stirring it into his potatoes.

"He save his dosh and his soul too, boys. He won't end up no rum-soaked Johnny. What 's more, he can't noways get hurt. He c'd slide down Queer Mountain Chute on a shovel and hold a full house at the bottom with never a shake."

"Me stand behind him and slap him on shoulder, say, 'Pierre, strike the stove,' he strike the stove, her red hot, he never burn. He sorcery man. Fire not eat him. Me know." Johnny Leaf flung this out at the tableful, and relapsed into unheeding silence.

"That 's right," some one assented. "Pierre was in a river boat last spring, plugging out West Scotland at the Birch Tree. The jam started, like that, crack out o' the box, and them logs piled up like hell. Oarsman and steersman killed dead as a door nail. Pierre clum out from under the key logs and punted to shore with his peavey quick as a cricket. You can't kill Pierre. H'lo there, Tidbits!" as a tall young fellow came in, his yellow mustache frozen at the ends like stiffened paint brushes. "We ain't kep' no tidbits for you. Alexandre 's et the hull pile on 'em."

"You fellers kin crack jokes an' holler," said Tidbits bitterly, "but Pierre 's layin' at the bottom of the dugout crushed to smithereens, his hosses top o' 'im, deader than a dead Injun."

The men looked up, knives midway to their mouths, horror on their faces.

"When he hauled his last load down to the dump, the gravel was worn pretty thin raound that curve by the Pine Tree, an' 't wuz slippy as smooth glass. He must hev gone right over the siding, team an' all, forty feet down to the crik bottom! Oh, Lord, what a suddint death! I could n't do nothin'!"

Tynan laid down the piece of bread he had been spreading, and rose from his log bench, throwing down his knife with a clatter.

"Turn out, byes, every mother's son of you. Never mind the grub. Get your lanterns, torches, and peaveys. We 'll

haul Pierre up to camp, alive or dead, and give him a Christian sleeping place."

The men drew on their jumpers, while the Shanty Dog and Ed the cook filled the torches and lanterns. The smell of fried pork sizzling assailed the hungry men.

Old Man Joe spoke, voicing the murmured talk that had not reached Tynan's ears. Old Man Joe's long gray beard and white eyebrows gave him the look of a patriarch among the stubbly-faced younger men. His voice was husky.

"Look a here, boss. You can't kill a little Christ, not by no dugout or freshet or log jam or sluice plank or chute. It ain't no stick-rotted timber I 'm givin' you. Pierre 's a little Christ. We 've known it a long time back, by the red book he kerries and the words he jibbers to hisself. You kin tell 'em by the baby look in their eyes, and becuz they ain't got sense like common folk. They knows things that the little red schoolhouse never larned 'em. You could n't touch him, boss, if you drew the bead on him at six inches. The likes of Pierre doze n't die. They 're took up."

"Pierre 'll be took up to-night, no mistake, like a basketful of fragments," said Davy, with a grim humor.

Then the sound of singing was heard as some one approached the door, — a Latin chant, measured and stately, and, to the wilderness lumbermen, uncanny. The door opened, letting in a whirl and whistle of snow. Pierre followed. His light brown longish hair was strung in wet locks across his smooth yellow cheeks. A blue bump on his forehead was streaked with crimson that flowed down in a jagged frozen line behind his ears. His pale gray eyes were fringed with black lashes that had always the look of being heavy with tears. He had a little red mouth, like a young girl's pursed for prunes and prisms. He flung his torn green mackinaw across the line, pulled off his plush cap, and stood by the stove a moment rubbing his hands.

The men, like wooden images, stared mutely.

"Look at me, voilà," murmured Pierre softly.

"You not dead man ? " asked Johnny Leaf.

The men burst into rough relieved laughter, and sat down once more at table.

"Where 's your hosses, Pierre ? " asked Tynan.

Pierre did not answer, but seemed swallowing Tynan with his watery eyes.

"Look, look ! " whispered the men. "He ain't here ; he 's over There."

"Ugly roading, eh ? " asked Tynan, hearing the whispers, and not understanding Pierre's silence. Tynan was a new man at Swanson's Dam Camp, and did not believe the tradition of a little Christ.

"Pretty fair, — not too bad," said Alexandre, stepping on Pierre's foot as he got up from the table.

"I 'm talking to you, you dumb French dog, you ! " Tynan roared, his quick Irish temper aroused.

"He not hear you one leetle time," said Alexandre. He sidled up to the boss and whispered : —

"You no dare touch Pierre zis moment. La voilà, him little Christ."

"None of your darned blasphemies ! " Tynan knocked Alexandre aside, and threatened Pierre : "Open your mouth, you blank milk-eyed pretender, or I 'll open the daylights out of you ! " Tynan had his own idea about maintaining discipline at Swanson's.

Pierre threw back his head and laughed. His long hair almost touched the stove behind him.

All the men were on their feet now, and crowded in between the little Christ and Tynan.

"If you touch a hair of him, the luck leaves Swanson's," Davy expostulated. Though a stout-hearted "infiddle," he still believed in the strange good luck of Pierre.

The men persuaded Tynan to test their comrade's power. After Pierre had eaten his supper in silence, as was his custom, he spoke: —

"Mis'r Tynan, you give me t'ree torshes, an' I show you w'at I do, moi."

The men fell back into the shadow of the farther end of the long log-built chamber.

Pierre took two of the torches the men used for their early morning work in the winter dark. He pulled them out of the long poles in which they were stuck, leaving only the kerosene-filled basin and the long wick tube in its swiveled socket. There was no other light in the room, and the wood fire in the stove burned low. He tossed them up hand over hand, humming a French chanson as the lithe flames dipped and flared and twisted between his hands and the ceiling.

"Now anoder; I make it t'ree, moi," he said coolly, and caught the third torch from Alexandre between the ascent and descent of his first two torches.

It was a pretty piece of jugglery, and awed the men to reverence. Tynan stood, his hands in his pockets, his unbelieving Irish face touched with humorous contempt.

"He learned it in a ten-cent show in Utiky. You fellows is gulls," he said.

The scorn of the boss's tone zigzagged like lightning through the intoxicating haze of admiration that hung about Pierre. He felt a stinging pain in his ears.

"Sacré Dieu!" he flung out, swearing a French oath, "what wish you, then, dog of an unbeliever? That I should make the dead walk?"

"Un revenant! un revenant!" shouted Alexandre, exulting in the coming sensation. Pierre had often told them of this last supreme potentiality in him, — communion with spirits.

The excited voices of the men were like the fumes of the Pythoness in his nostrils. The furore of sudden eminence possessed him. He stood, stiffened with elation, in the midst of the waving lights and shadows. His yellow forehead shone weirdly.

"Attendez! attendez!" shouted Alexandre, in a huge voice like a French railway porter's.

Pierre was swaying from side to side, his glassy eyes fixed on Tynan's. In his heart he was afraid.

"It's your go. Command him," whispered the "infiddle" to Tynan.

"Hey?"

"Put hand on him," said Johnny Leaf, moved to mysticism. "Say, *Call one from the happy hunting grounds. Pierre, do this.*"

"T'ree time, *Pierre, do zis*," added Alexandre.

The men gathered about Tynan, and spoke in hushed voices. Tynan was abashed. He had never before played leading man in a melodrama. At this moment the door of the shanty was opened, and two women entered. Their striped shawls and heavy hoods were such as the Canadian Indians wear when they visit the lumber camps with their baskets of knickknacks.

"Come in," said one of the men softly, raising a finger of warning. "It is Marie Port-Neuf and another," he told those next him. "Don't speak. Keep your eyes on Pierre."

The women set down their baskets, and squatted in an opening made for them in the circle. The younger woman, when she had stripped off some of her outer sheaths, disclosed a thin young form and a square dark face, with eyes feverishly large and fierce.

"I know heem. Heem leetle Christ," said Marie, the older woman, to Alcée.

Why did Alcée's eyes leap with such a light, and why did she spring to her feet, and then fall back again? Johnny Leaf thought she reached for the warmth.

"You one fool," he muttered, pushing her down. "Stove fire kill you when you blue-cold. Wait one bit."

Alcée waited.

Tynan, keyed up to his cue, laid his hand on Pierre's shoulder to a faint approving chorus of smothered voices, like the sympathetic orchestra at a play.

"Eh bien! allons!" urged Alexandre at his ear.

Tynan felt himself forced to foolish complicity. It might even be sinful.

"Fetch in your damn ghost, then," he jerked out sullenly.

"T'ree time," gurgled the chorus in his ears.

Pierre saw that he plunged against a wall. His career was at stake. The room reeled and sang. There had been such moments before, but the dæmon within him had come to his aid. Tonight his dæmon was silent. And all those eager eyes in a glaring ring! They were fierce for the show. He trembled. Then he met the eyes of Alcée. It was at the second iteration in his ear, "*Pierre, do this.*" The look of recognition for which she had waited passed between them. More than that, from him to her the dumb cry in the eyes of a hunted animal, from her to him the answer of a wild, strong mother.

Alcée bounded forward, crouching low like a creature through the bush. Johnny Leaf caught at her red skirt as it flashed along the floor, but could not stop her.

"Pierre, do this!" she called, in a resonant savage voice, as if she were summoning some one very far away. She laid her imperative brown hand upon his clammy wrist.

The wind, rising in a tall hemlock near the camp, mixed with the trumpet tones of her voice. Then the frozen branches grated together like dragged chains.

The men started, involuntarily huddling closer. The girl still crouched at Pierre's feet. Pierre stretched one yellow finger toward the frost-bound window.

"It comes." The strange, flutelike tones of his voice simulated the moaning subsidence of wind.

"What?" called the girl, again as if to some one at a great height above her. Her weird voice thrilled the room.

"My soul, my soul, my soul," chanted Pierre, his gray glass eyes distended upon the frost-bound square. "La v'là, It comes."

"Where from?" called Alcée, in her tall, remote tones.

"Up from the creek bottom, from the snowdrifts, from the deep, deep gulch where I died. It comes seeking my body. Look you, my body, a dead man's body!" Pierre's old-ivory face, turning slowly, made the round of the glaring circle. It was as if a corpse had turned its head.

"I 'm goin' to git out o' this," shivered Davy, slinking backward. He tiptoed into the sleeping room. Then the men heard the defiant clump of his boots thrown on the floor.

Pierre made one step forward to the ring of torture, which gave backward like grain before the wind.

"I telled you he was dead," shuddered Tidbits. "Hullong he 'll stand there, and deader than dominoes?"

Pierre that moment believed he was dead, and that his soul would walk in at the door. He put his hands out blindly, reaching for an invisible something. They touched Alcée's forehead, and she crumbled back, like an infirm statue, on the floor.

Her fall, apparently unnoticed, blended powerfully with the atmosphere of suspense of which Pierre remained the centre. A frozen branch tapped on the window pane. To Pierre's sensitive ears it was magnified to the crack of doom.

"Moi, v'là, I come, O my soul!" he wailed, and, breaking through the circle of horror that gaped wide at his approach, he vanished through the door of the shanty into the night.

Alcée and Marie Port-Neuf were

bunked in Tynan's office for the night. The men were in no mood, that evening, for chaffering over leggings and moccasins.

"He dead man. Heem don' come back nevaire," issued from the profundity of Johnny Leaf's conviction.

"*Ef* he don't come back to-night, he 's a dead man, sure," Tynan retorted, and wrapped himself more closely in the blanket sheets as the wind flapped the powdery snow against the tiny window. Nevertheless he had fled in a panic from Pierre's waving arms, and this memory Tidbits cherished. Then they slept.

But Alcée lay awake, hearing the wind howl and the frozen trees snap like pistol reports in the iron cold. Little puffs of snow drifted through an unchinked crack and laid their cold touch upon her face. Old Mère Marie was wound about with the lion's share of bedclothes, while slender little Alcée shivered on the cot's wooden rim, struggling vainly to draw a blanket from her companion's invincible grasp.

Would he never come back, poor Pierre? What freak of fortune had brought him to this Adirondack wilderness? What stranger freak had brought her to Swanson's Dam Camp? How yellow he was, how changed! how wild and glassy his look! Pierre Lavoie! How well he had loved her once, and how she had scorned him! And now — Ah, in the morning, the cold, cold ride through the flapping dismal forest, along the rough icy roads, past the skidways and the shouting teamsters; then the weaving and braiding once more. Next year — Perhaps there would be no next year. At all events, Swanson's Dam Camp would not fall to her lot again.

Pierre Lavoie!

"*Athis, I loved you a long time ago.*"

Alcée crept from the bed, and found her way to the door. She would call him. She closed the door behind her. The ice was like hot irons under her feet.

"Pierre! Pierre!"

A host of shadows from the encroaching forest trembled toward her.

"Pierre!"

It was no use. She had saved him from those fierce men only to drive him to a different death.

Marie Port-Neuf groaned in her sleep as the cold body of Alcée communicated its chill to her. "Ugh!" she muttered as Alcée's icy foot touched hers.

There was a sound in the kitchen. The girl lay very quiet. The Shanty Dog slouched across the floor in his thick gray flannels. His boots were drawn on over his plaid stockings. He replenished the fire with green slabs, and slunk to his bed again. If Pierre were dead, he would look for him to-morrow morning in the creek bottom. In one minute he was asleep and snoring.

The fire crackled and talked to itself. Alcée's hands and feet grew colder. The wind blew through the moss-packed chinks of the wall and sent shivery pains dancing through her head. The fire crackled, and now it was talking to her, — urging her, teasing her, to its warmth and companionship. Alcée wrapped herself in her shawl and tiptoed out to the kitchen. A solitary figure sat on the log bench by the stove. She must have slept. She recognized Pierre's long straight hair, and stopped on the sill.

"I 'm waiting for you," said a lonely voice, but he had not turned round, nor could he have seen her.

What if old Marie should awake and find Alcée gone? What if the thin-lipped boss should come out and find them together?

The battle of the winds waxed furious in the high evergreens. From the men's room came heavy snoring and the thick voice of one who talked in his sleep.

"Come, Alcée," said the lonely voice.

Alcée slipped round and sank into the other corner of the bench, and spread out her blue hands over the hot stove covers.

Pierre took down a fur coat from a peg on the wall and wrapped her feet up, taking them in his hands as he knelt on the floor, as if she were a child he was tending.

The frost burst in the hemlock tree like a sound of grapeshot. Alcée shuddered.

"It 's the devils and the angels doing battle for your soul, Alcée," said Pierre solemnly. "I 've heard them at dusk of morning, when I had stuck my torch into the deep snow, and they could n't see me for the piled-up skidway. They whispered and gabbled and laughed and cried in the spruce and hemlock and cedar.

"'Let her go,' whisper angels. 'She 's a light-o'-love, and has had her hell already.'

"'She is ours!' shriek devils. 'She gave Pierre a poisoned cup to drink.'

"'She poisoned herself,' whisper angels, 'and she has not laughed again.'

"Then the devils clapped their hands because your laugh was frozen. But the angels cried over you. So did I. Here are the tears."

Pierre took Alcée's hand and made it trace the coagulated blood streak behind his ear.

"But as long as I love you, Alcée, the devils can't have you. And I 'll love you even when I 'm at the creek bottom, with the murdering logs holding me down and the snow freshet boiling over me."

"S-sh!" Alcée warned him, for Pierre's voice had risen, and two spoke together in the men's room.

Then Pierre remembered the ring of glaring eyes and the girl crumbling like an infirm statue.

"It was you, Alcée, who saved me. Do you love me?"

"Come, let us go together," said Alcée.

"Where?"

"Across Blue Pond, down Indian Creek, — away, away."

"It is true," said Pierre vacantly. "One must go — after last night."

He carried her to the door. He was very strong.

"This is better than Marie Port-Neuf, — much better," thought Alcée.

"Wait. I will dress and get my basket," whispered she to him.

"It is true," said Pierre, putting her down. He waited by the sinking fire while Alcée crept about like a mouse in the dark little sleeping room.

"It is well to depart thus early," said Pierre, as he opened the door. "The dead should not return."

They went out together into the forest, laughing, and the first light of dawn creamed the sky behind the evergreens.

Florence Wilkinson.

THE MAINTENANCE OF A POET.

In the year 1847 Emerson published his first volume of poems, — a book now selling for its weight in silver, as its predecessor, the prose poem entitled Nature, sells for well-nigh its weight in gold. The same year, his friend and neighbor, Ellery Channing, published his own second volume (the first was issued in 1843, containing, among other immortal lines, that which Emerson quoted at the close of his essay on Montaigne, —

"If my bark sink, 't is to another sea");

and there were other venturesome books of verse, which tempted a Harvard professor, on whom the light of poesy and prophecy never dawned, to review scoff-

ingly Nine New Poets, in the North American Review. He showed himself particularly scornful of Emerson's and Channing's volumes, — citing, in derision of their alleged incapacity to write verse and sense at the same instant, this couplet, which he declared to be as good as theirs: —

> "Father built a well-sweep,
> And the wind blew it down; sheep."

Poe, in the same vein, but with more comprehension of what poetry is, passed over Emerson's volume, and spent his best scurrility, not on Longfellow, but on Channing; admitting, however, that he had a few good lines, and instancing this couplet, —

> "For only they who in sad cities dwell
> Are of the green trees fully sensible;"

which, indeed, reads like a verse of Keats.

Reflecting on Channing's hard fortune in the ill success of his volumes, — for his own he neither expected nor hardly wished success, — and the contempt then so freely poured on his other friends, the poet-naturalist Thoreau and the poetic sage Alcott, Emerson wrote in his journal of 1848: —

"Shall we not maintain our poets? They cannot bring us in October a poor bushel of beans, — but is not an accomplished and cultivated man worth something? Shall we suffer those to die of whom the horizon and the landscape speak to us day by day? These never mention their owners or their diggers, any more than ants and worms, but superciliously forget those, and fill me with allusions to men and women who owned no acre, and had no practical faculty, as we say."

In the long run, poets maintain themselves; and Thoreau for his part, no less than Emerson for his, has become the proprietor of the Concord landscape and the Maine woods and Cape Cod. These are visited now for Thoreau's sake, and artists follow in his footsteps to picture for the eye what he described so well in unforgotten words. But his most intimate friend, Ellery Channing, — who was also the most intimate with Hawthorne, and at least only in the second grade of intimacy with Alcott and Emerson, — has not yet secured the maintenance in literature to which his high poetic merit entitles him.

William Ellery Channing — commonly known by his middle name, to distinguish him from his uncle of the same name, Dr. Channing, the famous pastor of Boston, and from his two cousins, William Henry and William Francis Channing — was the great-grandson of William Ellery, of Rhode Island, for whom he was named, and the son of Walter Channing, M. D., and Barbara Higginson Perkins, a niece of Colonel T. H. Perkins, and granddaughter of Stephen Higginson. Born in November, 1818, sixteen months later than Thoreau, and entering Harvard College a year after (in 1834), his first published poem (The Spider) appeared in 1835, and he was as early a contributor to the famous Dial as Thoreau. His papers there were almost as many as Thoreau's, and he had printed three volumes of verse and one of prose (Conversations in Rome, 1847) when the first of Thoreau's two books, the Week, came out in 1849. Be it remembered, for the encouragement of unread authors, that, of the dozen or twenty volumes now maintaining the credit of Thoreau, the poet-naturalist himself published only two, — of which the second alone, Walden, paid for itself during his lifetime. Since 1850, Channing has published four more volumes of verse and one of prose: Near Home, in 1858; The Wanderer, in 1871; Life of Thoreau, in 1873; and, in 1885 and 1886, two single poems, Eliot and John Brown. The last is a dramatic poem, quite different from the verses which the author contributed to Mr. Orcutt's History of Torrington, the birthplace of Brown, and introduces the visit made by Mrs. Ellen Russell, a

daughter of Father Taylor, to the hero of Harper's Ferry in his Virginian prison. The poet puts in the mouth of Mrs. Russell what was doubtless in her woman's thought, when Brown expressed the fear that his old friends were parted from him: —

"Parted, dear friend? Close in our hearts you live;
There 's no more parting when the loved one falls
Into suspicion, obloquy, contempt;
Then as the sun pours through the threatening rifts
That drape the setting of an angry day,
True loves shine forth, warm and uplifting all.
All moments in our hearts your image rests."

By this final volume — for he has published none since — Channing unites his testimony with that of Emerson and Thoreau, so well known, in favor of the romantic character and noble purpose of the Kansas hero; and in one passage, ascribed to Stevens, the trained soldier, Channing portrays the incentive that led so many young men to follow their veteran leader of the prairies: —

"Ah! the old Kansas life ran in their veins, —
The wild romance, the charms of the free air, —
To sleep within the moonlight, feel the night-wind
Curling around your form, — the bending grass
Whispers its loving secrets to your ear,
And sings you into utter dreams of peace:
Your friends the wailing winds, — your halls of light,
Those dazzling halls, — the stars."

Verse like this is the reminiscence, half a century after the experience, of the prairie life of young Channing in northern Illinois, where he spent a year or two in the log cabins of the early farmers of McHenry County. Thence he came eastward to Cincinnati in 1840, where his uncle, Rev. James H. Perkins, was pastor of a church; in 1842 returned to his native region, and not long after took up his residence in Concord, where he has now mainly lived for nearly sixty years. In the interval he visited the Mediterranean and Italy; traversed New England, eastern New York, and Canada with Thoreau; helped Horace Greeley edit the New York Tribune in its earlier years; ten years later edited the New Bedford Mercury, and formed the acquaintance of Thoreau's friends there, the Ricketson family. In all these wanderings and residences his artist eye was constantly seeking out the finest landscapes, and his sauntering habit was to take his friends thither and introduce them to scenery they could hardly have found for themselves. He showed Hawthorne the loveliest recesses of the Concord woods, and of the two rivers that course slowly through them; he preceded Thoreau at Yarmouth and Truro and the Highland shore of Cape Cod; and he even taught Emerson the intimate charm of regions in Concord and Sudbury which he, the older resident and unwearied walker, had never beheld. "In walking with Ellery," he wrote in 1848, "you shall always see what was never before shown to the eye of man." And, ten years later, Channing repaid his friend's praises by what is still Emerson's best eulogium, at the end of Near Home: —

"So Vernon lived,
Considerate to his kind! His love bestowed
Was not a thing of fractions, half-way done,
But with a mellow goodness, like the sun,
He shone o'er mortal hearts. . . .
Forbearing too much counsel, — yet with blows
In pleasing reason urged, he took their thoughts
As with a mild surprise, — and they were good,
Nor once suspected that from Vernon's heart,
That warm, o'ercircling heart, their impulse flowed."

With habitual caprice, the poet afterward adapted this praise to Henry Thoreau; but it originally designated Emerson, and never ceased to be truer of him than of the poet-naturalist.

In mountain-climbing and in summer visits to the wilder parts of New Eng-

land he preceded Thoreau, being more at leisure in his youth, and less bound by those strict habits of study which were native to Thoreau all his life. Leaving Harvard College in his first year, and after his brief residence at West Newbury, where the Artichoke River adds its slender tribute to the lordly Merrimac, Channing was in the habit of visiting the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and spending weeks amid its little-frequented wilderness with those early landlords the Crawfords and Fabyan. His journey thither took him by Lake Winnipiseogee and its bordering towns; among which Meredith specially delighted him, and is mentioned in his early verse, as thus: —

HAPPY MEREDITH.

It was the summer, and in early June,
When all things taste the luxury of health,
With the free growth of foliage on the trees,
And o'er the fields a host of clover-blooms,
And through the life and thought of the fresh world
Unsorrowing Peace, and Love like softest air.

'T was then I took my way along the hills,
Upon the sandy road that devious winds;
At last I came to happy Meredith:
This beauteous spot is circled in with heights,
And at a little distance Gunstock stands, —
A bare, bold mountain looking o'er the lake,
That shines like glass within the emerald meads.
Much was I pleased to mark the simple life
That Man yet leads among these mountain shades:
The meaning of the landscape in his heart
Shone with a rural splendor; and his eye
Trembled with humor as it roved abroad,
Gladdened by each familiar scene of youth.

In later years Channing often reverted to these New Hampshire scenes and characters, sometimes with poetic appreciation, sometimes with his own quaint humor, — as when, describing old George Minot, of Concord, Emerson's near neighbor and Thoreau's friend, he said: —

"A relic of men that were old by virtue of having lived, young by reason of not exhausting the good of life, his discourse sets me dreaming of valleys in New Hampshire, with a single cabin in their range; vales where new milk is plenty, sweet butter to be had, and a treat of maple syrup."

He does not seem to have often pictured in his youthful poems the mountain sublimities, of which he saw so much among the White Hills, at the two Notches, and on the summits of the Presidential Range, as he walked across them from Crawford's Notch to the peak of Mount Washington, not yet invaded by railway or human habitation; but in his Wanderer, of 1871, he recalled them as he described Monadnoc. There is one apostrophe to the mountains, however, in the volume of 1847, which must have been suggested by the notches and crests of the Franconia and Bartlett regions, so familiar to Channing before they became the burden of guidebooks and the haunt of artists. It begins: —

"Toys for the angry lightning in its play,
Summits and peaks, and crests untrod and steep!
Ye precipices where the eyes delay, —
Sheer gulfs that madly plunge in valleys deep, —
Overhung valleys curtained by dark forms;
Ye, nourished by the energetic storms,
I seek you, lost in spell-bound, shuddering sleep.

"The fierce bald eagle builds amid your caves, —
Shrieks fearless in your lonely places, — where
Only his brothers of the wind make waves,
Sweeping with lazy pinions the swift air;
Far, far below, the stealthy wolf retreats,
The crafty fox his various victims greets;
Breeze-knighted birds alone make you their lair!"

Better known, because more recently printed, and introduced with a preface by Emerson, is this word picture of

THE MOUNTAIN'S LIFE.

At morn and eve, at rise and hush of day,
I heard the woodthrush sing in the white spruce,
Voice of the lonely Mountain's favorite bird!
So mingling in the crystal clearness there

A sweet, peculiar grace. . . .
What steeps, inviolate by human art!
Centre of awe; raised over all that man
Would fain enjoy, and consecrate to One,
Lord of the desert, and of all beside!

The living water, the enchanted air,
Consorting with the cloud, the echoing storm,—
When, like a myriad bowls, the mountain wakes
In all its alleys one responsive roar;
And sheeted down the precipice, all light,
Tumble the momentary cataracts,—
The sudden laughter of the Mountain-child!

The crystal air, the hurrying light, the night,—
Always the day that never seems to end,—
Always the night, whose day does never set;
One harvest and one reaper,—ne'er too ripe,
Sown by the Self-preserver, free from mould,
And builded in these granaries of heaven;
In these perpetual centres of repose
Still softly rocked.

In such passages, like Father Taylor in the exhilaration of his Boston sermon, Channing "has lost his verb and multiplied his nominative case, but is bound for the Kingdom of Heaven." Seldom, indeed, has a poet known better how to unfold in words the subtle secret of nature. He makes his Earth Spirit sing: —

"I fall upon the grass like Love's first kiss,
I make the golden flies and their fine bliss;
I paint the hedge-rows in the lane,
And clover white and red the pathways bear;
I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of rain,
To see old Ocean lash himself in air.

"I throw smooth shells and weeds along the beach,
And pour the curling waves far o'er the glassy reach;
Swing birds'-nests in the elms, and shake cool moss
Along the aged beams, and hide their loss.
The very broad rough stones I gladden too,
Some willing seeds I drop among their sides,
Nourish each generous plant with freshening dew,—
And there, where all was waste, true joy abides.

"The peaks of aged mountains by my care
Smile in the red of glowing morn elate;
I bind the caverns of the sea with hair
Glossy and long, and rich as kings' estate."

Joyous as many of the youthful verses are, melancholy is rather the note of Channing's mature poesy. He expressed this himself in a striking poem published in 1847, which he called Repentance, and of which these are some stanzas: —

"A cloud upon the day is lying,—
A cloud of care, a cloud of sorrow,
That will not speed away for sighing,
That will not lift upon the morrow;
And yet, it is not gloom I carry
To shade a world else framed in lightness;
It is not sorrow that doth tarry,
To veil the joyous sky of brightness.

"Resolve for me, ye prudent Sages,
Why I am tasked without a reason!
Or penetrate the lapse of ages,
And show where is my summer-season!
For, let the sky be blue above me,
Or softest breezes lift the forest,
I still, uncertain, wander to thee,
Thou who the lot of Man deplorest."

Nothing is more characteristic than this expression of a mood which often returned with Channing, and of which another poem in the same volume of 1847 is a still better illustration, because closing with the voice of fortitude which so often is heard above his causeless, unceasing melancholy: —

THE BARREN MOORS.

On your bare rocks, O barren moors!
On your bare rocks I love to lie;
They stand like crags upon the shores,
Or clouds upon a placid sky.

Like desert islands far at sea,
Where not a ship can ever land,
These dim uncertainties to me
For something veritable stand.

No more upon these distant wolds
The agitating world can come;
A single pensive thought upholds
The arches of this dreamy home.

Within the sky above, one thought
Replies to you, O barren moors!
Between am I,—a creature taught
To stand between two silent floors.

The place of these profound meditations might be the low hills of Newbury,

or the rocky pastures of the Estabrook country in Concord. The next poem to be cited unmistakably refers to the old road winding among forests and orchards of that long-abandoned farm in Concord, near whose entrance stood Thoreau's cabin, after its removal miles away from the shore of Walden, where the poet often sat with the hermit in his literary (not misanthropic) seclusion: —

THE LONELY ROAD.

No track had worn the lone, deserted road,
Save where the Fox had leapt from wall to wall;
There were the swelling, glittering piles of snow;
We strayed along, — beneath our feet the lane
Creaked at each pace. . . .
Some scraggy orchards hem the landscape round,
A forest of sad apple-trees unpruned;
And then a newer orchard, — pet of him
Who in his dotage kept this lonely place:
In this wild scene, this shut-in orchard dell,
Men like ourselves once dwelt by roaring fires, —
Loved this still spot, nor had a further wish.

A little wall, half-falling, bounds a square
Where choicer fruit-trees showed a garden's pride, —
Now crimsoned by the Sumach, whose red cones
Displace the colors of the cultured growth.
I people the void scene with Fancy's eye,
And think of childish voices, — or that kind
Caressing hands of tender parents gone
Have twined themselves in soft and golden hair, —
All fled, — and silent as an unlit cave.

A long farewell, thou dim and silent spot!
Where serious Winter sleeps, — or the soft hour
Of some half-dreamy Autumn afternoon:
And may no idle feet tread thy domain,
But only men to contemplation vowed, —
Still as ourselves, — creators of the Past!

"Ourselves," no doubt, were Channing and Thoreau, in their earlier acquaintance, while the one was yet dwelling by Walden, and the other, as he said,

"In my small cottage on the lonely hill,
Where like a hermit I must bide my time,
Surrounded by a landscape lying still,
All seasons through, as in the winter's prime."

That is, on the hill Ponkatasset, behind which, to the northwest, lay the broad Estabrook country, penetrated by its lonely road, or by a wild path across a brook and through the woods and barberry bushes; while in front, at the foot of the broad hill, ran the Concord River, with Thoreau's boat, or Hawthorne's, sailing down toward Ball's Hill and the Great Meadows. There, said Thoreau, in his Week, published in 1849,

"A poet wise has settled, whose fine ray
Doth often shine on Concord's twilight day,
Like those first stars, whose silver beams on high
Most travellers cannot at first descry,
But eyes that wont to range the evening sky."

It was a true verdict; for very few were the contemporaries who recognized the poetic radiance of Channing's genius, — rare and fitful, but permanent, and winning greater attention now than when, more than half a century ago, his first book of poems was published, and commanded the praise of Emerson in the Dial and the Democratic Review.

For the neglect and partial oblivion which have attended his works he may thank himself in some degree, since many readers will accept Emerson's critical statement: "I confess to a certain impatience of needless and even willful neglect of rhythm, in a poet who has sometimes shown a facility and grace in this art which promised to outdo his rivals, but now risks offense by harshness. One would think this poet had fits of deafness to rhythm, and was too impatient, or loved and trusted his fancy too entirely, to make a critical study of metre. There is neglect of correct finish, which even looks a little studied, — as if the poet crippled his pentameters to challenge notice to a subtler melody."

With all this, and conscious of his un-

deserved fortune among American authors, Ellery Channing has yet lived his fourscore years in the light of his own adjuration to the ideal Poet: —

"So let him stand, resigned to his estate!
Kings cannot compass it, nor nobles have;
They are the children of some handsome fate, —
He of himself is beautiful and brave."

F. B. Sanborn.

THE DAY OF THE CHILD.

If only this night were ended!
If only to-morrow were done!
I would face without fear each day of the year,
If Thou wouldst blot out this one, —
If Thou wouldst blot out this one!

To-morrow the chimes will be ringing,
And the Christmas trumpets will blow.
Dost Thou wot of the lips that were warm and red,
That are cold and white as the snow, —
That are cold and white as the snow?

Dost Thou wot of the dimpled fingers
Folded down in the dark below?
O Thou that holdest the worlds in a breath,
Dost Thou know it the way I know, —
My God, dost Thou know it the way I know?

"*Yea, verily, so I know it.*"
To Doubt Love gave refrain.
"'*T is thou, 't is thou who hast forgot:*
Where was 't My head hath lain, —
Dear heart, where was 't My head hath lain?"

Against my hungry, starving heart
The Child laid close His head.
"*Wouldst thou blot out My birthright now?*"
Was all the word He said, —
"*Wouldst thou?*" was all the word He said.

. . . . . .

The children that are Thine, dear Lord,
With us they may not stay;
But Mary's Child, but Mary's Child,
He shall be ours for aye, —
Dear Lord, He shall be ours for aye!

Ellen Boyd Findlay.

NEW IDEALS IN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

THE problem of the relation of music to society and social culture is most interesting, though not easy to state or to solve. Certain preliminary points, however, are fairly clear. In the last century and a half music has steadily advanced in social importance. Once only the casual luxury of the few, it has become the serious pursuit of many. One needs but to recall a few commercial and professional statistics to realize the breadth of its diffusion. The cultured world exhibits a strong appetite for it, and the appliances to feed this appetite have multiplied enormously. The mere bulk, then, of modern musical activity challenges attention and query.

More germane to my present purpose is the further fact that music is not only extensively cultivated, but seems to have decided intensive values. Myriads of people, undeniably intelligent, hold music to be personally important, not merely for livelihood or luxury or anything external to real life, but as a part of that life. Well-informed music lovers are not as many as they might be, yet they furnish a most respectable mass of testimony as to the interior richness of music as a form of human expression, as a branch of literature, — a richness, as of any other form of literature, that can be known only by one properly equipped. The main reason why this richness is not universally acknowledged is simply that music cannot be translated. While, though you may not know Hebrew, you can still get a true knowledge of the book of Job, if you are wholly ignorant of musical idioms and rhetoric and dramatic structure, you cannot have access to a symphony through any verbal epitome or transcription. The skepticism of any number of persons, therefore, about the richness of music as literature, because they do not know it, does not at all offset the fact that others who do know are ready to testify that what they know is worth knowing. These more expert but perhaps prejudiced witnesses are reinforced by a multitude of plain folk who are musical only in an unscholarly fashion, but who have somehow acquired an instinctive grasp of the deeper realities of the tone world. These all unite in witnessing that music has profound intensive values. Appealing primarily to the ear, charming the hearer by its merely sensuous beauty, seizing him with its rhythmic swing and momentum, fascinating him by delicate witcheries or piquing him by sudden surprises, evoking ofttimes a kind of awe by its intricacy or massiveness, — doing all this, it often does much more. It sets him thinking, it arouses "obstinate questionings," it hints at undreamt-of experiences, it uncovers to the hearer the secrets of other lives or those of his own life, it lays a soothing hand upon the soul in distress, it unlocks the treasuries of energy and aspiration, it glorifies the teachings of religion, it gives wings to worship, it even seems to speak of a life beyond. These are not mere fancies, but sober facts of experience, too well substantiated to be disregarded.

These facts are here recalled merely because they have important educational corollaries. To one who studies the broad outlines of social development, it is clear that our time has begun to demand a higher educational treatment of music simply because music affects social life widely and profoundly. With this demand in mind, I wish to call attention to certain new ideals that are already being adopted, and that are likely to become increasingly influential. I shall confine myself to music in collegiate education, wholly ignoring its treatment in the technical or professional school, highly important as the ideals of the

latter are in their place. I shall limit myself to three propositions, which are curiously interlocked so as to form a connected series.

My first proposition is that, in the college, musical effort should address itself explicitly and largely to the needs of those who feel themselves shut out from the experiences of musicians, who do not expect to become musicians, and who even seem to lack special musical aptitude. This assumes that a college and a professional school are fundamentally distinct. The latter is for a picked class, and aims to train specialists; the former is for all, and aims at a rounded preparation for life in its general relations. The college is bound to make prominent the wants of the deficient, to minister to the needy.

For example, it is clearly desirable that all college graduates should have a respectable grasp of the outlines of general history, political, economic, scientific, literary, religious. Some students come with considerable knowledge, while others come with crude and faulty notions, perhaps with a positive aversion to the subject. The college does not set itself to offer great opportunities for specialization to the intelligent and enthusiastic few, while wholly ignoring the needs and the vague wants of the rest; but it devises courses that shall benefit all, and that shall vigorously appeal to the immature and the uninterested. The proudest triumph for a college teacher comes at the moment when the veil on the mind of some dull and frivolous student is lifted, and his eyes look out with delight upon the beauties of a subject that before had been for him virtually nonexistent. Illustrations of this might be multiplied from natural science, from philosophy, from language and literature, — from every department. These subjects are in the curriculum because of their general utilities, and these utilities need to be made clearest to those who have not realized them. Now, if music has any place in a college, it is because it too has general utilities; and if so, these should be specially demonstrated to those who least appreciate them.

Every one knows how this line of thought is opposed. Some claim that all musical aptitude is rare and exceptional, — a view, I think, unsustained by facts. Some musicians hold that it is folly to teach any but picked students, those with talent or genius, and even that the whole race of musical amateurs is an obstacle to artistic progress. Against this selfish and suicidal view of teaching and of the duty of experts to society one hardly needs to register even a word of scorn. Far more serious is the sober doubt whether music has such general utilities as to fit it for a place in a college, except as an anomalous side issue. We must promptly admit that if music study can be only what it is often made to be, it has no universal applicability, and but limited general utilities. Surely not every child can be made an accomplished pianist or singer or composer, nor should be forced through a process of training for such an end. But to render music and compose music are certainly not the only ways to use music. Imagine a teacher of English literature interested only in training public readers, actors, prose writers, and poets, and refusing to do anything for those desirous of knowing the substance and scope of that literature as a part of general information and self-culture! A college department of English wholly devoted to elocution and rhetoric would be inadequate and lop-sided. Such an inversion of emphasis there, or in chemistry or physics or biology, would arouse instant complaint. No such complaint arises, because in most colleges these subjects are handled without special reference to their becoming sources of professional income, but so as to contribute to a rounded view of modern science,

of human thought and progress, of creation and its laws, such as every well-educated person must have to understand himself and the world wherein he lives.

But music has usually been treated in just this preposterous way. The difficulty is not with music, but with the current methods of handling it as an educational discipline. Musicians themselves often overaccentuate the wrong sides of the subject. They so exalt the technical work of playing, singing, and composing as to make people generally suppose that music cannot be studied otherwise. Consequently, the same inversion of emphasis has ruled in many collegiate institutions. Thus two distinct kinds of education are confused, and the narrower is constantly substituted for the broader. So colleges have brought into their systems an alien element. Instead of organically extending their pedagogical methods to include music, a technical or professional school has been arbitrarily attached, having methods and designs diverse from those of the college as a whole. The mere stating of the matter thus is sufficient to expose its unwisdom. The consequences of this policy are unfortunate both for unmusical and for musical students. Many of the best students content themselves with hearing a few recitals and concerts simply for recreation, or turn their backs upon the whole subject, perhaps with contempt. And those who take musical courses acquire perverted ideas of musical art, exaggerating the importance of digital or vocal gymnastics, and combining a surprising ignorance of musical literature with an entire incompetence to use what they know in scholarly interpretation and criticism.

These remarks are made in no combative spirit, but simply to lead to the further remark that just here a new ideal in musical education has already been set up. Musicians themselves are seeing that if their art is what they know it to be, it must demonstrate itself to more than a special class, and that methods of teaching must be altered accordingly. This whole movement is most healthy. It is a reaction toward pedagogical common sense; and while for certain musical workers it involves some sacrifice of professional ambition and no little mental readjustment, to music as a factor in popular culture it must bring both scope and dignity.

This leads inevitably to a second proposition, namely, that in general education those aspects of music should be made prominent that concern the objective facts of musical history, analysis, criticism, and elucidation; music being assumed to be parallel in nature and significance with the other fine arts and with literature. Musicians are apt to say that a music student should devote himself to making music, either as performer or as composer, and that all scholastic study about music and scientific prying into music are useless simply because they are not music. Painters make the same objection to the scholastic and scientific investigation of painting, and some poets and playwrights repeat it about a similar investigation of literature. But literary students long ago asserted their right to study literature as a phase of civilization and as a means of self-development. Students of painting, sculpture, and architecture have claimed a similar liberty, and students of music must seize freedom in the same way. There cannot be any serious doubt about the rightfulness of this move from the solely technical toward the historical, critical, and philosophic. Peculiar difficulties, however, beset the practical application of the principle.

The most serious obstacle to scholarly musical work is that of providing the student with materials of study, with laboratory or museum facilities. The trained musician secures these by the personal reproduction of examples, by

playing or singing through such works as are to be known and studied, or by hearing recitals, concerts, operas, church services, and the like. The prime reason for learning to play or sing is to gain the chance of making this original study of music from the sources. In literature such work is easy, since every one can read books. In the arts of form we have the aid of photographs, engravings, diagrams, reproductions, and models. In natural science we have similar means, especially classified museums of actual specimens. But music, like the drama, is an art of progressive action that cannot be photographed or diagrammatized; an art of tones not reproducible in words, usually not representable by anything except itself. Consequently, its study requires altogether unique museum provisions. These must consist of actual renderings of music. Something of the recital or concert species must be furnished, that the student's mind may have definite objects to study.

Here is a practical and economic difficulty of serious magnitude. And there is besides a pedagogical difficulty. For recitals and concerts, even those of great excellence, are not necessarily educative, except in the vaguest way. A mineralogist would smile if a tray of jewels in a store window were called specially educative. Every botanist has had to combat the notion that the conglomerations of the florist supply valuable education in botany. The jeweler's tray and the florist's bouquet do, indeed, furnish the trained observer with important objects of study, but the training needed to use them comes primarily from other sources. So with music. The ordinary concert is packed full of material for scholarly thought and for self-culture, but the training needed for appreciating and using it as education is either wanting, or due to the use of other means.

There is an immense opportunity for rational and systematic classroom work in music, if only teachers would see it. I mean the reproduction on the piano, with the voice, or even through musical machines, of works arranged in some classified order, illustrating forms or styles or composers, and accompanied by the same scientific analysis, comment, and explanation that are used in every classroom of history, literature, or social economics. Such work takes time and thought, is liable to abuse, and is not well systematized as yet. But with its advent comes the awakening of many a groping mind to musical realities, and a sudden intuition of their vital relation to other worlds of thought.

The essentials in a teacher working for higher musical education along these lines are three. First, he must be analytic in method, with the mastery of definition and classification that follows. Second, he must have a broad historic sense, since nothing in musical progress is luminous or correct in perspective except in its historic relations. Third, he must have a sure hold on the bearings of all the fine arts, music included, upon the fundamental features of human life. Each of these assertions would bear indefinite expansion and justification. The bare mention of them as "essentials" may be sufficiently startling. Yet surely a college department under a teacher defective in all three must be educationally a farce.

Space fails for the enumeration of the particular courses of lectures, many requiring little or no illustration, that may be arranged to carry out the programme here in mind. Probably the best centre around which to group them all is the splendid subject of music history, with its numerous radiating branches. The strict analysis of dominant art forms should be carefully attempted, with expositions of the masterpieces in each. Musical physics should not be neglected or maltreated. Musical æsthetics, though a subject whose very name is highly irritating to many musicians, yet affords a field for the highest psycholo-

gical acumen, and offers many problems only imperfectly solved as yet. Such an application of music to an end outside itself as church music has dimensions and dignity enough to justify independent exposition. What might be best to undertake in any given case depends on many circumstances. The field is ample and full of attraction and profit for the best scholarship. Music as a part of general culture has stood apart and lagged behind through no fault of her own, but because her educational sponsors have been narrow and selfish. This ideal is not really new. Its practical application is not unknown. Its importance is not unconfessed. But it is still rare enough to justify our calling it a second new ideal in musical education.

My final proposition concerns the purposes that should shape and animate musical instruction in general education. Suppose that we do reach a wider circle than is common, and do so by pushing forward scholastic courses about music rather than technical courses in music-making. What are the ends in view?

The first end in view is to make students rationally intelligent about the plain facts of music. Music confronts us on every hand, and under infinitely various forms. Here, as elsewhere, the educated man or woman should be a leader in fostering the good and refusing the bad. In no other field of equal importance are there such chaotic standards of criticism and judgment as in music. People who would be ashamed not to form a sensible opinion about a novel, or a building, or a public policy, are wholly at loss regarding the merits and even the outline character of a new oratorio, still more of a new symphony. This helplessness is due to ignorance, — the kind of ignorance that general education can do something to remove. The elevation and rectification of the average thought about music would be worth while without anything further.

But a second end is still more important. Music is the most subjective of the fine arts. In its relation to the intense and powerful emotional side of our natures it is singular, if not unique. It sways the heart forces that may either build up or tear down character, and this, too, by that subtlest of mental approaches, an appeal to the sense of beauty. For the individual this may be one of the chief utilities of music. The process of self-awakening and self-realization that must attend all wise and liberal music study may be serviceable for the best self-culture; and yet this very process, unless duly balanced and directed, is attended by no little danger. Music study often issues in exaggerated moodiness, in sentimentality, in a craving for emotionalism merely for its sensational excitement. This danger is not peculiar to music, but inheres in the use of every form of fine art, including literature and the drama. It is to be avoided, not by shunning artistic things and calling them evil, but by breadth and depth of study, by discrimination in the choice of objects of pursuit, and by combining music study with other study. In our commercial and materialistic age, we sorely need influences to develop otherwise neglected sides of real life, such as the hunger for the beautiful, the passionate momentum of the eager heart, the reaching up after the invisible and the ideal, the capacity for burning zeal and holy reverence. The function of music and the other fine arts is to help us toward these great experiences. Instead of dreading them, we may well give thanks that there are such voices to call us up to a plane of life where unsordid and fiery intensity is possible.

We can only speak rapidly of the third end in view, namely, that the moral and spiritual potencies of music may be better known and discriminated. Here we are on debatable ground, as is thought by many; but perhaps one or two remarks may not seem extravagant.

Music certainly operates upon the inner nature of the hearer by suggestion. The critical difficulty lies in the doubt as to the nature and precise value of the suggestion in given cases. It is true that musical impressions often seem intellectually very vague. But this vagueness is not so constant or so absolute as is supposed. Much music is vocal, and therefore provided with a verbal text. In such cases, the intellectual sense of the music is to be determined primarily by its text, unless the contrary can be proved. The same holds true of much instrumental music with a descriptive title or motto. Furthermore, many forms of instrumental music have so directly grown out of vocal forms that they are dominated by the general circle of ideas in which these latter moved. In particular classes of composition, as in particular styles of literature, there is a curious persistence of intellectual types. By following out this line of connection much instrumental music proves to have a distinct relationship with well-known literary forms, and to partake of their essential spirit. All strongly racial music — German, Hungarian, Scandinavian, Russian, for example — has qualities that make it organically expressive of the social, political, and religious life of the land of its origin. More than half of all musical literature is saturated with ideas of this kind, as is known by those who have looked for them with intelligent sympathy.

A parallel line of thought relates to the stamp that a composer's personality puts upon his works. The better you know *him*, the more you see that what he says in tones is a personal expression. And so, if you can learn to measure justly the factors that made his life and character, and can thus participate in his mental life, you have a true means of interpreting his tone language. As a rule, a composer's style corresponds with fascinating precision to the atmosphere of thought in which he lived, and to the innate quality of his personality.

All this, it will be noted, is far away from the petty folly of trying to attach to every single phrase or passage any such precise logical meaning as inheres in a categorical sentence conveying practical information. Records of outward facts, like newspapers and books of travel, or scientific treatises, or closely reasoned arguments on abstract topics, will never be written in musical form. Nor is it worth while to attribute to music any great power of pictorial delineation. Most of the purely descriptive music that we have is either half comic or merely curious. Music is not painting, nor even suggestive description of material objects or events. But music has the same broad capacity for conveying general ideas concerning personality and its inner experiences that is the property of all great literature. These ideas are neither information about material facts nor reasoning in the technical sense, but, as every thorough student of literature well knows, are yet definite enough to supply direction to serious thought and to mould character. Here is the central power of a fine novel or poem or drama. The highest qualities of these productions are too elusive and subtle to be minutely dissected or catalogued, and too ethereal to be felt by those not properly trained to perceive them; but they are real, nevertheless, and their presence gives the novel or poem or play its immortality, its abiding dominion in the hearts and souls of men. In great music there is this same subtle power, defying analysis and passing comprehension, and yet most real and most potent.

Now if this be so, — and we must admit that it is so in some degree, — then the ultimate end of a properly organized musical education should be so to reveal and exalt these things that students may know them for themselves, may awaken to their power, and may receive some

equipment for judging rightly as to the central animus and moral worth of such works and styles as are presented to them for consideration. It may be soberly questioned whether certain styles of music that are now much in vogue do not tend to exercise a debilitating and even immoral influence, not because they are technically poor, but because their very beauty and charm enable them to instill a peculiarly insidious miasmatic poison of sensuality, or of luxurious indolence, or of downright pessimism. How is the student to be put on his guard against these deadly forms of delight, or be taught to offset their influence by other forms that express a sturdy, noble, and trustful ideality, except through processes of education? It is toward the establishment of manly and righteous standards in every field of spiritual experience that a college system should always strive; and just as this has already been done in our colleges for literary art, and in some measure for the arts of design, so should it be for the great art of tone.

This, too, is a comparatively new ideal in musical education, but one whose importance is now recognized by our more thoughtful musical workers. It is the sight of it that gives them assurance and self-respect in their work, and a missionary enthusiasm for their beloved art. Sooner or later something of the same high regard for music and its educative values will penetrate the minds of those who administer the colleges of our land, and will lead them to see that such a contention as the present one is neither extreme nor unpractical. Whether the details of the foregoing argument commend themselves or not, some position akin to that here taken must ultimately prevail, if general education is to do justice to music as a factor in modern culture, and to the rights of those who seek through education to be fitted to take influential places in modern society.

Waldo S. Pratt.

A LITTLE CHANGE.

I.

It was Christmas, a fact that Henry Farringford was doing his best to forget. He had begun the morning with a late breakfast and a dentist's appointment; he had lunched at his club, where a few forlorn bachelors had but served to accentuate his own condition; and now he was at home again, trying to find the companionship in books that his fellow men had failed to give. Finally he flung down a novel by Dumas.

"What infernal rot those Frenchmen write!" he exclaimed; and he wondered how he could have found the story so exciting twenty years ago.

Nansen's Farthest North held his attention for a time; then he shut it with a slam.

"Who in thunder cares what Nansen had to eat? Every man is an egoist, and the greater he is, the less he can get away from his own shadow. Suppose I write my adventures? 'Breakfasted at half past nine on broiled halibut, baked potatoes, omelet, rolls, and coffee. Coffee muddy.' If I were only great enough or rich enough, people would listen to my bills of fare with respectful attention; but as it is, I could go and hang myself, and they would n't care a rap. By Jove, I believe I 'd like to try it. Anything for a little change. I wonder how my friends would take it if I were to die? I suppose some fifty fam-

ilies would say: 'So Farringford has dropped off. He was amusing at dinners. Poor fellow, we shall miss him.' But the social tide of Boston would go on just the same, and not a soul would care for Farringford the man."

At last it was time to start for a dreary Christmas dinner in one of the most inaccessible suburbs. Farringford gave a regretful glance at his fire; for if it was bad to be bored by himself, it was still worse to be bored by others. "Oh, damn holidays!" he said, as he put on his overcoat. When he passed the mirror in the hall, his reflected face flashed a glance back at him. It was a young face for a man of forty-five; his fair hair was unstreaked with gray, and his blue eyes had a kindly expression in spite of their cynicism.

"You look like a great deal better fellow than you are," he said, "and you might have been a great deal better than you look."

Farringford took an electric car to the Boylston Street Station, and then walked across into Kneeland Street; for he was going to the South Station. He was seldom in this quarter of the town, and was as much amused by the signs as if he had been in a foreign city. "Bar Supplies. Any Smash in Glassware Promptly Met," and "Unredeemed Overcoats for Sale," suggested a world where the inhabitants did not have to complain of monotony, whatever their other trials might be. All the shops were closed, and the streets had a deserted look. As Farringford was crossing the entrance to a narrow court, he came upon a treacherous piece of ice under the snow. He tried in vain to steady himself, and the next moment was doubled up on the ice, with an agonizing pain in his right leg. To his surprise he found it impossible to move. For an instant everything swam before his eyes, but he rallied, and hailed a laboring man who was coming toward him. A restaurant bearing the enticing sign "Lunch Five Cents" was giving a Christmas dinner to a couple of seedy individuals, and Farringford was carried into this hospitable refuge, with its dingy floor and tables and uncomfortable chairs. The whole situation came before him with painful clearness. This might prove a serious accident, and as it was Christmas afternoon there was not a servant in his house. He knew that the City Hospital was somewhere in this part of the town, and he begged to be taken there. His pain was so intense that the minutes seemed to stretch into hours before the ambulance came. Then followed an intolerable jolting over the rough streets, and at last he was driven through an open gate in the iron fence inclosing the hospital buildings; and Farringford's heart sank as he was lifted out and wheeled into one of the accident rooms. Here he found a familiar face, but the fact that he could remember the young house surgeon who examined him, as a baby in long clothes, did not add to his sense of comfort.

"Jack, what are you going to do to this confounded leg of mine?" he inquired.

"I'm going to set it. I'll give you a little whiff of ether, and you won't mind."

Farringford made a wry face. "It 's broken, then?" he asked dryly.

"Well, rather."

"How uncommonly jolly! I wanted a little change, and the Lord has taken me at my word."

The prospect of having ether given him filled Farringford with a torturing dread. He was afraid he should die under the young surgeon's hands, and all at once that life which he had thought he held so cheap became of priceless value. His eyes wandered around the room, and rested on a shelf of bottles filled with deadly looking drugs, and then on a great roll of bandages: these things were not reassuring.

"I don't know whether my heart will stand ether," he said nervously.

"Your heart is as sound as a bell. Keep perfectly still and draw long breaths, and if you don't resist me you 'll have no trouble."

"Are you sure you know enough to manage this job?" Farringford demanded bluntly.

The surgeon laughed. "Ask Miss Yale," he said, glancing at the nurse. They both had a businesslike air, as if the giving of ether were a mere bagatelle.

Miss Yale had a pleasant, wholesome face, but she was too young to inspire Farringford with entire confidence. "Have you ever taken care of a broken leg before?" he inquired.

The surgeon's mirth at this question seemed to Farringford ill timed. "If you think it is so confoundedly amusing to break your leg, I hope you 'll try it," he remarked.

"If I do, I 'll have Miss Yale. She is the best nurse in the hospital."

Farringford felt as if he were stretched on the rack, as the dreaded moment came nearer and nearer. And yet how soon everything would be over, for good or ill! This afternoon was just one little instant in time. Suddenly he was seized by the spirit of curiosity. It would be a new experience, and he had been craving that. If he must take ether, he would take notes as well. He felt the first whiff now.

"Draw long breaths, Mr. Farringford," said the doctor, — "draw long breaths."

He obeyed. There was a singing in his ears, and presently wheels upon wheels of machinery seemed to be revolving in his head, faster and faster and ever faster, while the low, monotonous voice of the surgeon sounded at intervals: "Draw long breaths, Mr. Farringford, — draw long breaths."

Then the voice ceased, and Farringford stopped taking notes.

When he came to himself the nurse was bending over him, and he heard her say: "Why don't you try whiskey and glycerine? I always find that good for a cold."

She was talking to the doctor, and he replied, "It never does me any good."

These two beings were chatting of their own concerns as calmly as if they were at an evening reception, while he, Farringford, was going through one of the crucial experiences of his life. Then he lapsed off again, and fancied he was on the edge of a bottomless chasm. He was sure he should fall into it if he lost control of himself, and he clutched the nurse's hand, as if she could save him. "I believed I had suffered," he thought, "but that black gulf is what suffering means. When people have nervous prostration, poor devils, they fall into it. I must keep a tight grip of myself, or I shall go quite over the edge — down — down — where? I am on the brink now, and I can peep over, and it is worse than anything I ever imagined. It is like hell for lost souls."

Once more he gripped the nurse's hand, and, as if divining his thoughts, she said in her comforting voice, "It is all over now, Mr. Farringford."

Was there another lapse of memory? Farringford was not sure, but after a time joy succeeded misery. The black gulf was gone, and he seemed treading on air. He was so ecstatically happy that the feeling transcended anything he had ever known. He was buoyant, radiant, young again, and the world was full of angels and saints. Then came another blank; and when he looked up once more, the doctor was gone, and the nurse was sitting quietly at the other end of the room. He thanked her with effusion over and over again for being so good to him. A low pleasant laugh was her only rejoinder. This brought Farringford partly to himself. "I suppose I 'm saying a lot of queer rubbish," he thought, "but I 'm going to keep on. The crying fault of the American nation is a lack of demonstration."

"I beg your pardon, did you speak?" Miss Yale asked.

"Yes. I was saying that we, as a nation, are afraid to show our feelings. Taking ether has made this clear to me, and so I am sure you will forgive me if I thank you again for your wonderful kindness to me, a stranger. I shall never forget it to my dying day."

When the nurse had made him comfortable for the night, he called after her as she was leaving the room, "I wish you would stay with me;" and he added, as a little boy might have done, "I 'm afraid of the black gulf."

"There is no danger from that any more. You will soon go to sleep, and the night nurse will look in on you once in a while."

"The night nurse!" objected Farringford. "But I don't want a stranger."

Miss Yale laughed, and he recollected that she had been a stranger a few hours before.

Farringford had plenty of time for thought in these monotonous days, and he often treated Miss Yale to his reflections; for she was sympathetic, and understood his point of view. He used to watch impatiently for her slight figure in the blue-and-white-striped gown, for when she entered the room she seemed to bring a whiff of mountain air with her.

Farringford had been moved into a small private room, and he was inclined to grumble over his quarters.

"This room is about the size of a prisoner's cell, and quite as bare," he informed his nurse one day.

"Prisoners do not generally have white bedsteads with brass trimmings, or open fireplaces, or cheerful yellow walls," she returned. "I love every corner of this hospital, — it is so sunny and homelike."

"How can you always be so cheerful? I can't get the idea of people's pain out of my mind. Are you hardened to it?"

"I don't think so; but after a while the relative values change, and suffering takes a different place in our minds."

"The relative values?" mused Farringford. "Tell me what you mean."

"At first pain and sorrow are tragic; but after a time we feel happy because we can help cure pain, and sorrow gets to seem part of the plan of life to make us larger, ourselves. And then sin becomes horrible, like the black gulf you saw in the ether. We learn things here we never dreamed of, and the world seems a frightful place."

"And then?" he asked, as she paused.

"Then sin itself loses a part of its blackness; or rather, it is n't that sin is any less black, but that goodness is brighter, like a light in the dark. A great hospital is a furnace where human souls are tried, and we get to look for the good in every one."

"Well, I 've knocked about the world for more than forty years without being much impressed by the saintly qualities of the average human being. Great Scott! some of us keep our goodness locked and double-locked!"

It was only a few nights after this Miss Yale looked so sad when she brought him his supper that she seemed transformed.

"What a nuisance!" he thought. "Her greatest charm is her cheerfulness; without that she is like the rest of them."

"Is it cold out of doors?" he asked, feeling impelled to say something.

To his extreme surprise he saw that she could not speak.

"I am ashamed of myself for breaking down like this," she said at last, as she hastily pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, "but my little niece is threatened with pneumonia, and I feel as if I could not live without going home to help my sister take care of her."

"How can you consider it right to leave your patients?" he inquired, in an aggrieved tone.

"I can't go: that is the terrible part

of it. I have sold myself body and soul to the hospital for two years, and my time is not up until next June. They are quite right in not letting me off. If nurses were allowed a life of their own, a great hospital could not be carried on. It is like the working of the laws of the universe: sometimes it comes a little hard on the individual."

"Dorothy is going to get well," Miss Yale said, with a radiant face, a few days later. "She has escaped pneumonia, and I am so happy because I am going home for six hours on Thursday. It is her birthday, and she will be seven years old."

It chanced that Farringford's own birthday came the day after little Dorothy's, and perhaps it was this coincidence that made him think of sending her a present. The house doctor found out her address for him, and Farringford sent a copy of Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses to the little girl, with the following note: —

My dear Dorothy, — You have never heard of me, but I know all about you, and that you are to be seven years old to-morrow. That is a very nice age. I wish I were going to be seven, myself. My birthday comes the day after yours, so I ought to be a day younger; but instead of that I am old enough to be your grandfather. I send you this book of verses because I like it so much, especially the lines, —

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Sometimes the world seems full of just one thing, and that is ourselves. Perhaps it seems so to you now. It is apt to when we are ill. But even then there are always kind friends, and little things happen that are pleasant every hour. For instance, I have enjoyed hearing about you. I am at the hospital. I have broken my leg, and it is n't good fun at all. I advise you never to do it.

Good-by, from your unknown friend.

He took a childish pleasure in not signing his name or mentioning Dorothy's aunt.

The next day Farringford waited for Miss Yale with keen impatience.

"I have had such a happy day!" she said, when she came in at last, bringing the freshness of out of doors with her.

"Is your little niece better?"

"Yes. She was well enough to eat stewed oysters for dinner, and to sit up in bed and see her presents."

Miss Yale did not say anything about the Child's Garden of Verses, and his mental temperature dropped. "Did she have a number of presents?" he asked carelessly.

"Fourteen. That is a good many for a little lady who is only seven years old."

Farringford made up his mind that he would never do anything again for a small child who did not have the grace to thank him.

The next morning he was aroused to the memory of his forty-six years by a small parcel that Miss Yale handed him. It was addressed in a scrawling, childish writing, "To the Mann with the broken Legg."

He opened it, and found inside a bottle of violet perfume and a note.

Deer Mr. Mann with the broken Legg, — I am so glad to get your presint. [Here the poor little scribe gave out, and the letter was finished in her mother's hand.] I like the book. Aunt Winifred has read me some of the verses. Aunt Winifred is very dear. I wish she could take care of me, but she has to take care of a lot of strangers instead. It is funny that you and I have birthdays so near together. I know you will like the violet perfume, because it 's the nicest present I 've had,

except your book and two dolls; and as I had two of them, — the violet perfumes, I mean, — I send one to you. You will come to see me, won't you, when your leg gets well? My name is Dorothy Stuart, and it is easy to find the house, because there are two large fir trees in the front yard. I wish you were my grandfather, for he is dead, and I have n't got any. I have only mamma and aunt Winifred, when she is n't at the hospital.

Your loving little friend,

DOROTHY.

"Well, Miss Yale," said Farringford, when his nurse next came in, "I have waited for a bottle of violet perfume all my life, and now I have got it. It is something to see Carcassonne at last."

No one could have rebelled more strenuously against his enforced confinement than Farringford did, during the first weeks of his stay at the hospital; but no sooner had the doctor told him that he was well enough to go home than he had an overmastering sense of regret. The bare walls of his room no longer made him think of a prisoner's cell, but seemed far more homelike than his spacious but dreary house. He was sorry to have the end come to the pleasant intercourse he had had with an intelligent woman, with whom he could talk freely of whatever chanced to be uppermost in his mind.

"Miss Yale," he ventured, as he bade her good-by, "the next time I break my leg I shall count upon you; and if I never see you again, I want you to know that you have changed my point of view so that nothing will ever look so black to me again."

Her back was turned to him, and she was watching the rain fall in a dreary, monotonous patter. "I am sorry you have such a bad day to go home," she replied.

Her unusual unresponsiveness chilled him. "You won't let me thank you for what you have done for me?" he added.

"It is only what it is my duty to do for every patient. I wish I could have done more. You must excuse me, for I shall have to go to a man who has broken his thigh bone."

II.

One hot afternoon early in the following July, Farringford was reflecting on the utter vanity of all things, as he walked across Boston Common. He was almost the only one of his set still left in town, and the zest he had felt in life when he first returned to the world had departed with his acquaintances. He was to sail for Europe the next week with a friend, with whom he was to spend three months in Switzerland; but he was already regretting his promise, for he knew Switzerland so thoroughly that to go there would probably be more of a bore than to stay at home. An ambulance passing in Tremont Street suddenly recalled his life in the hospital with something akin to homesickness, and he wished himself back again, until it occurred to him that Miss Yale was no longer there, as she was to have finished her course in June. How he should like to see her again! It was only a moment later, as if in answer to this wish, that a familiar figure came toward him, with a little girl by her side. They were both in pale summer colors, and were as refreshing to his sight as an oasis in a desert land.

"Miss Yale, how glad I am to see you!" said Farringford, grasping her hand. "And this is Dorothy, I am sure. We don't need any introduction."

"I don't know who you are," the child answered, looking at him intently with her serious blue eyes.

"I thought you would guess at once," interposed her aunt. "It is Mr. Farringford, the man who broke his leg."

She shook her head. "You are making fun of me. My man who broke his leg was a grandfather, a dear old gentleman with a long white beard like what my grandfather used to have."

"I 'm dreadfully sorry to disappoint you, but we must be friends just the same. Will you come and get some ice-cream soda with me, Dorothy, even if I do look young for my age?"

"I love ice-cream soda," she stated, "and I like you, although you don't look much older than aunt Winifred."

"I 'm almost old enough to be her father," said Farringford, while an unreasoning flood of youth and high spirits swept over him.

Miss Yale had an errand to do, and promised to call for Dorothy at Huyler's. The little girl went off contentedly with her new friend.

"Mr. Farringford," she began, "why have you never been to see me? I 've watched and watched at the window for you, and finally I thought you were dead."

"If I had seen you once, Dorothy, I should have been most anxious to see you again."

"How nice! Mr. Farringford, aunt Winifred is going to take me down the river from Haverhill to Newburyport, day after to-morrow, and there is a popcorn man on board the boat. You are fond of popcorn, are n't you?"

"There is nothing in the whole world like it."

"Then you will come with us! Oh, Mr. Farringford, that would be too lovely! The boat goes at half past nine, and its name is the Merrimac."

"Very well, I 'll be there. Suppose we keep it a secret from your aunt?"

"Oh yes, a lovely surprise."

The ice-cream soda was even better than Dorothy had pictured it, and that is saying a great deal in this disappointing world; but the surprise was not equally successful.

As Farringford was bidding Miss Yale and Dorothy good-by, the child said: "I shall see you day after — Oh, I forgot; it is such a splendid surprise. You can't guess what it is, aunt Winifred."

"I hope Miss Yale won't object, but I 've been trying for years to get to Haverhill to see my great-aunt, and by a curious coincidence I was planning to spend to-morrow night there, and take the trip down the river."

"You did n't tell me about your great-aunt," said Dorothy.

Farringford was at the boat landing before the appointed hour, and as passenger after passenger arrived he had a bitter sense of disappointment. Of what use was it to create an elderly relative and take a trip to this confounded Haverhill, if that exasperating Miss Yale was to punish him for his transparent iniquities by not turning up, after all? He could imagine the mischievous gleam in her eyes the next time they met (Farringford was now sure that they should meet again), when she asked him if he had enjoyed his visit to his great-aunt. Here they were at last!

"I thought you had gone back on me," said Farringford, as he shook hands with Dorothy.

"Aunt Winifred did n't much want to come, but I made her. She said it was too hot. We 've got our lunch in that basket. Aunt Winifred said" —

"Dorothy," interposed her aunt warningly.

"I must tell him this one thing. Aunt Winifred said you had probably never had a lunch out of a basket before, but that it would" —

"*Dorothy!*"

— "do you good," finished the child hastily.

"Miss Yale, you evidently take me for an unhappy man who has never experienced any of the joys of life. I was brought up in the country, and so I know that a picnic is the greatest fun in the world."

"There, did n't I tell you so!" commented Dorothy. "I knew he was a nice, sensible person."

Farringford unfolded some camp chairs in the bow of the boat. He placed Dorothy's between his and her aunt's, and as often as he dared he stole a look at Miss Yale's charming profile. He had never seen her in anything but her hospital uniform, until the other day. She wore a skirt of an indefinite grayish-brown tint, with a white waist and blue belt, and a white sailor hat. In the dress of the world she looked still younger, and, if possible, more full of an overflowing enjoyment of life. He wondered he had never been able to think of her as anything but a hospital nurse, for now that he saw her out of doors it was difficult to associate her with the confinement of brick walls.

Then followed a day of such enchantment that Farringford would gladly have had it last forever. At first the sky was gray, and the river a pale grayish blue; but after a time the sun came out, and the sky changed to pale blue and was flecked with soft woolly clouds. As they left Haverhill behind them, it looked like a place in a dream, with the white houses half hidden in the trees, and one slender white spire, while at the right a boat with a white sail glided into view.

Dorothy's attention was divided between the popcorn man, a serious personage with a huge black oilcloth bag full to the brim with his delectable wares, and a delightful traveling musician with a red-and-gold harp.

Farringford asked Dorothy if she thought she could eat ten bags of popcorn, and they finally compromised on two, — one for her and one for himself. He sat there munching popcorn, — for Dorothy exacted his loyalty, even to the last kernel, — and listening to the strains of the harp, that was badly out of tune, as it played Sweet By and By, and he had a sense of irresponsible happiness.

"Dear Mr. Farringford," said Dorothy, "I wish I had known you always; it seems such a waste to begin now."

"And so you wish you had known me all your long life, Dorothy? That is just the way I feel about your aunt."

Miss Yale stirred uneasily, and turned to look at an old gray house with a huge red chimney. "Does your great-aunt live in that charming old house, Mr. Farringford?" she inquired.

He laughed boyishly. "Do you know, Miss Yale, I have n't a near relative in this part of the world. I don't know when I have spent such a pleasant, homelike day."

"I suppose it is the popcorn that makes it seem so homelike," said Dorothy, with conviction.

"It is partly the popcorn, but it is largely — this carpet camp chair."

They glided on and on: under drawbridges, which filled Dorothy with ecstatic delight as they swung open to let the boat through; past a green marsh in the river, with a flock of white geese near the shore, craning their necks in wonder as the little steamer went by; past an emerald-green slope at the right, with the sunlight falling on the silvery apple trees at its summit, — on and on, until the lazy river widened and finally lost itself in the sea. Here a salt breeze gave them new life; but they did not go ashore at Newburyport, for they were planning to stop at Haverhill to see its old cemetery, where one of Winifred's and Dorothy's ancestors was buried. As they waited at the landing, Miss Yale opened her lunch basket.

"I don't know whether Mr. Farringford likes ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs," she said, in a meditative tone; "but when I remember his affection for his great-aunt and popcorn, I am pretty sure he will *say* he likes them."

"Miss Yale, how cruel of you! I adore them, and this sea breeze has given me the appetite of a boy of fifteen."

Farringford went down to the cabin,

and returned with some bananas and stale chocolate drops, and they ate their simple feast with great content. At last the boat swung slowly away from the landing, and then there followed the same unfolding panorama, only reversed, that had delighted them in the morning.

When they reached Haverhill, Farringford had a sickening feeling that the happiest day of his life was approaching its close. There still remained the old Pentucket cemetery to visit. As they passed through its iron gate, Miss Yale gave an exclamation of delight as she glanced beyond the neatly trimmed grass and beds of scarlet geraniums to the brow of the hill. There was no path; the long, unmown grass, dotted with pink clover and yellow butter and eggs, covered the spot impartially, and well-nigh blotted out the traces of the graves; but the old gray slate-stones served to mark them, and were scattered about at irregular intervals. Even the trees were old-fashioned: there were weeping willows and an acacia, horse-chestnuts, ash trees, and one tall Norway spruce. Miss Yale ran lightly up the hillside; at the summit she paused, and, shading her eyes, looked down the slope, past Farringford, to the river across the road. The Haverhill factory chimneys, on the other side of the silver stream, were softened by the trees in the foreground, and in the afternoon light their smoke made a golden haze.

Dorothy had run on ahead, and was bending over the gravestones, trying to decipher the name of her ancestor.

"I've found him, aunt Winifred!" she called out presently, in triumph. "Here he is, the great, great, ever so many great grandfathers. You see I'm nearer the size of the stones than you are, so it was easier for me."

"Here lies buried what was mortall of Lieutenant Richard Hazen, who departed this life Sep. 25th, 1733, in the 65th year of his age," read Winifred.

They flung themselves down in the grass, near the simple headstone; and Miss Yale was absent in her thoughts of the past, but Farringford was lost in the present, and both youth and life seemed eternal.

"A cemetery always makes me a little sad," Winifred said, as Dorothy ran off to make nosegays of the clover and butter and eggs. "At any other time it is never easy to remember we must all die, and when we are here it is not easy to forget it."

"I can't remember it!" cried Farringford. He had the same sense of complete, vivid joy in mere existence that he had felt in his ether vision. "Poor fellow," and he glanced compassionately at the lieutenant's tombstone, "it has all been over with him for more than a hundred and fifty years."

"Dear aunt Winifred, here are some flowers for you," said Dorothy, running up with a large bouquet clasped in each hand. "And here are some for you, dear Mr. Farringford, for I love, love, love you."

"Good-by; you have both made me very happy," said Farringford, when he at last parted from Miss Yale and her little niece. "And when I come back from Europe in the autumn, Dorothy, I shall surely go to see you."

"In the autumn!" the child cried, in woe-begone tones. "That is years and years away."

Farringford went through Switzerland with eyes closed to its beauty, — the same eyes that had been so keenly alive to every detail of loveliness on that enchanting trip down the Merrimac. "It is on such a large scale here," he said to himself, "and it is so familiar that it bores me. And then there is such a difference in the company. Anything would look attractive if one were with two enthusiastic young creatures." He tried to imagine what Miss Yale and Dorothy would say to this majestic pano-

rama of snow-capped mountains and these vivid sunsets; and one evening there came to him, in a sudden flash, what he wondered then that he had not known long before. After that Switzerland was very beautiful, for at every turn he had those two dear imaginary companions. He became the most irritating of companions himself, and might better have gone home at once than to have remained with his friend, in the body, while his mind was continually taking excursions across the sea. At last he worked off a little of his impatience by writing a letter to Winifred Yale, which he sent by a steamer ahead of the one he was to take, so that he could have an answer waiting for him when he reached home.

My dear Friend [he wrote], — Will it surprise you to have me tell you how much I love you? I, who have been silent so long, because my eyes were sealed? And yet it seems now as if I had always known it, from the moment you came into my life, and took my hand when I was on the edge of the black gulf and saved me from — myself. I wonder how I could have gone on so blindly, unrecognizing, unknowing. I say to myself: "Perhaps she will not love me; for she is good, and I am not good; she is young, and I am not young; her life is full of absorbing, unselfish work, while mine, in comparison, is but a trifler's. Perhaps I am to her but one man among many, and she opens her heart to every one, because her nature is so simple that to speak the truth freely is its law." But something tells me that this feeling of completest sympathy and comprehension, this happiness so new and strange, could not have come into my life without some corresponding feeling on your side, however slight; and if you do not love me now, I feel that I can make you love me.

I used to dread growing old, unspeakably, and now it seems to me as if there were no such thing as age; as if life were but a continual progression, and length of years meant but more opportunity for loving.

Ah, if I had only spoken that day when we sat together on the hillside! If I had only known! But I had never been in love before with the better part of my nature, and so I failed to recognize the signs. And perhaps you would have distrusted my sudden impulse, and felt it might be only a passing mood from which I should soon recover, — who can tell?

Will you not send me one little word for my home-coming, just to say that I may come to see you? That is all I ask, but, like Dorothy, I love, love, love you. . . .

When he reached home, Farringford ran his eyes greedily over the envelopes that were waiting for him, before he remembered that he did not even know Winifred's handwriting. He tore open one addressed in an unfamiliar hand, only to find that it was an unpaid bill. There was no word from her. He wondered if, to save his feelings, she had spared him the knowledge in written words that she could not love him; but that would not be like her, and, at any rate, he preferred to know the worst. He sat down at his desk and wrote a few hurried lines to Dorothy's mother, asking if she would send him her sister's address, and he haunted the front door whenever it was time for the postman. At last the answer came, saying that Winifred had been in the country all the autumn, nursing a very exacting patient, and had overtaxed her strength and come down with typhoid fever. She was now at the City Hospital, where it was her wish to go, and she was so critically ill that the doctors gave very little hope.

Farringford sat for a long time with his face buried in his hands. After a while he rose mechanically. It would be easier to bear if he went to the hos-

pital and learned the latest news, even if — O God, no! There are moments when suspense is infinitely easier to bear than certainty.

As Farringford approached the City Hospital, he reflected that it was not a year since he first entered it, as the world measures time. "You can partly understand what this trial is to those who are her nearest and dearest," he quoted bitterly from the letter, remembering that she, who had so changed the world for him, was only his most casual acquaintance in the eyes of her friends. The beds of scarlet geraniums on the hospital lawn recalled with a sudden pang those in the Pentucket cemetery, and Winifred's words: "At any other time it is never easy to remember we must all die, and when we are here it is not easy to forget it." Blind fool that he had been not to have known sooner the meaning of that day of exquisite happiness! He went up the long flight of steps to the administration building, and entered its open door. A "centre boy" presently came, who knew nothing about Miss Yale, but would go and find out how she was. The suspense was almost more than Farringford could bear. He went into the reception room to wait, and as he looked out of the window the sight of a slender figure in a blue-and-white gown, crossing from one building to the other, gave him an unreasoning moment of mad joy; then he remembered that Winifred was no longer wearing the nurse's uniform.

At last the boy came back. "Miss Yale is too ill to see any one," he said.

"I know that. How is she? Do they think" —

"They think she is going to die," he answered indifferently, as if it were a form of words he often had to use, and one life more or less did not matter. Then, as he caught sight of Farringford's face, he added hastily, "But you can never tell with typhoid fever; while there is life there is hope."

How many times Farringford had tried to console his friends with the same trite phrase, and how futilely, he felt now! Good God! had those others suffered as he was suffering, while he had stood by uttering platitudes?

The black gulf was no longer imaginary. He was over the edge now.

There are times when life is set in such a key of anguish that the least lightening of the burden comes in contrast almost with the force of joy. Farringford, after this, underwent hourly alternations of hope changing to despair; but finally there came a time when the crisis of the fever had passed, and he was told that Winifred would get well, if there were no new developments in the treacherous disease. At first he hardly dared to rejoice, but as she grew stronger every day his hope grew stronger also.

There came a blessed afternoon, when, as he sat in the hospital reception room, the boy brought him a letter.

"The doctor won't let Miss Yale see any one for another week," he said, "but she has written this note herself."

Farringford had an intoxicating sense of happiness, and he kissed the tremulous penciled lines over and over again, as he read: —

My dear Friend, — I may not see you yet, but they let me write a few lines at a time. I want to make you feel quite at ease by telling you that I am going to get well; and I want to thank you for the beautiful flowers you have so constantly brought me, that I have loved for themselves, but trebly because they were messengers from you; most of all I want to thank you for your letter.

I am glad you did not speak last summer, for so much would have come between us: not what you think, but your knowledge and my ignorance, your wealth and my poverty, your position in the world and my own humility. But

when we are near death we see clearly, and we lay aside our pride and speak quite simply, like little children.

Yes, I too had the same feeling of complete sympathy and comprehension, and being a woman I understood. I mean that I knew, after you left the hospital, that something had happened which would make my whole life different; and as I believed I should never see you again, I was proud enough to say I would forget. But it is not easy to forget, if you are a woman, even when your days are filled with active work. And at last I found I must remember, and I said, "As I must remember, I will remember so that my life will be happier always, instead of suffering loss." And finally it all seemed like a dream, until the day when I saw you again. I knew that for my own peace of mind I ought not to go down the river, but I went "for Dorothy's sake;" so easily do we cheat ourselves, knowing all the time that we are cheating. And afterwards I said: "Whatever happens, I have had one beautiful day; nothing can take it from me. So many women go through life without even that."

I have written this in bits and snatches, so forgive me if it is incoherent. And now they tell me you are downstairs, waiting for a message, and I send this note to you with Dorothy's words, "I love, love, love you." It is as easy to tell the truth when we are very happy as when we are seven years old. . . .

WINIFRED.

Eliza Orne White.

YOU LEAVE NO ROOM TO MOURN.

WHEN weary of the clatter of the street,
Tired of the toiling millions at my side,
The bick'rings, the dishonor; when sore tried
By dead'ning city walls, a vision sweet
Will sometimes come of blowing trees that greet
Still meadows; and a deeply moving tide
Meeting a primrose sky. Peace doth abide
All day, a bulwark strong against defeat.
And so, when all my soul is sick of life,
Sick of the trammels of this world forlorn,
Heartsick of always failing in the strife,
The glory of your face is sometimes borne
Unto my spirit. Then, though grief be rife,
It passes, Love. You leave no room to mourn!

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

THE BEST ISTHMIAN CANAL.

WHILE the importance of connecting the seaports of our Atlantic and Pacific coasts by a short water route has been long appreciated in a general way, it needed the exciting incident of the passage of the Oregon around Cape Horn to develop a strong popular sentiment on the subject. The demand would naturally have been limited to the best possible ship canal, leaving the question of route to be determined in the usual technical manner; but, unfortunately, remembrance of the disastrous failure of the old Panama Canal Company ten years ago, and total ignorance of the work accomplished by the new company, were widespread through the country, and it was currently believed that that route had been proved to be impracticable, and that Nicaragua afforded the only possible solution of the problem. Having personally traversed both routes, and given over three years to a professional study of the details of one of them, I may be pardoned for believing that these circumstances have placed us on the verge of a very serious mistake in this important matter.

The question is now narrowed down to selecting the better of two possible routes, — that by Panama and that by Nicaragua. Their respective merits have received technical discussion, and the following natural advantages possessed by Panama over Nicaragua will hardly be disputed by persons conversant with the subject. (1) Good natural harbors, familiar for many years to navigators, opposed to artificial harbors, one of which at least will demand constant outlay for maintenance. (2) A land route less than a quarter as long; a summit level to be surmounted of only about half the height, involving only half the number of locks. (3) Curvatures more gentle than on any existing or projected ship canal, contrasted with curves too abrupt for rapid passage. (4) Far less danger from earthquakes than exists in Nicaragua; no troublesome winds or river currents to be encountered; much less rainfall where heavy excavation is demanded. (5) And finally, location in a single country where every interest will favor the canal, and thus render its protection against malicious injuries far easier than in Nicaragua, where for many miles the route lies close to the border of two states which are often hostile, and are always jealous of each other.

There are besides economic considerations, such as very considerable progress in actual construction, — about two fifths of the canal bed is actually excavated; important facilities for completion, including a parallel railroad, numerous quarters for laborers, many locomotives, dirt cars, dredges, excavators, and other tools on hand. At Panama there is a fortunate absence of the troublesome engineering problems which beset the way in Nicaragua, such as the maintenance of the level of the lake, a vast inland sea, within the narrow limits of six feet, — and this notwithstanding natural fluctuations about double that amount, due to phenomenal evaporation and very heavy rainfalls. This regulation of level is absolutely necessary, on the one hand to avoid drowning valuable private property on the border of the lake, and on the other to maintain the depth needful to navigation over the rocky bed of the San Juan River, which constitutes an important part of the route for shipping. Another great difficulty is to prepare appropriate foundations for the dam at Boca San Carlos, at about one hundred feet below mean water level, — and this in a great river a third of a mile wide, that cannot be temporarily diverted during the

progress of the work. Last, but not least, there is the advantage of vastly less cost for operation and maintenance when completed. As to all these matters there is absolutely no contention possible between the two routes. It appears, judging from recent discussions, that the advocates of the Nicaragua route appreciate these facts, and now put forth only two claims that come fairly within the province of an engineer. These are: (1) that the distance between our Atlantic and Pacific seaports is considerably less, and hence that the time of transit must be materially less, by the Nicaragua than by the Panama route; and (2) that the trade winds on the Pacific are more serviceable to sailing ships, and will favor their passage by Nicaragua more than by Panama. These claims will now be considered.

The latter may be conceded, but is entitled to little weight. Very few sailing ships pass through any existing canal. That class of vessel is not suited to navigate contracted channels, and greater or less facilities for approach would not be likely to exert a controlling influence between two routes, one of which is short, and the other long and difficult. The relative cost of towage would have to be considered, and would probably decide the choice. As to the actual facilities for approach, Admiral Walker covered the ground in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, on May 11, 1900. He said: "Between Colon and Greytown, for sailing ships, there is not very much difference as to winds; but between Panama and Brito the advantages for a sailing ship would be decidedly with Brito;" adding, "The shipping in these days is going to steam, so that the question of wind is of very much less importance than it was fifty years ago." It would appear that the least of the Panama advantages enumerated above should outbalance this questionable one on the side of Nicaragua.

The other claim, that there would be an important gain in time for our coastwise steamers by the Nicaragua route, is worthy of careful investigation. The first element to consider is the actual relative distance. The following figures have been stated on the authority of Commander Todd, of the Hydrographic Bureau of the Navy Department, the unit being the statute mile: New York to Colon, 2281 miles; New York to Greytown, 2372 miles; New Orleans to Colon, 1589 miles; New Orleans to Greytown, 1448 miles; San Francisco to Panama, 3777 miles; San Francisco to Brito, 3109 miles; New York to Honolulu via Panama Canal (47 miles), 7699 miles; New York to Honolulu via Nicaragua Canal (190 miles), 7438 miles.

From these data it appears that the gain to a steamer in a voyage from New York to San Francisco via Nicaragua would be 434 miles; from New Orleans to San Francisco, 666 miles; and from New York to Honolulu, 261 miles. Assuming an average sea speed of 10 knots (11.5 statute miles), these gains in time will be 37.7 hours, 57.9 hours, and 22.7 hours respectively. It remains to inquire how much of this seeming advantage will be offset by longer delays in traversing a canal via Nicaragua than one via Panama. Such delays result from lockages, and from difficulties in maintaining full speed arising from curvature, strong winds, and local currents, if such exist on the route.

The delays to be caused by lockages in the two canals raise the question of the total height to be overcome. For the Nicaragua route, nature has fixed this at the level of the lake, about 107 feet. For Panama, it is a matter of choice, to be determined within the limits of economical excavation by the parties in interest, but it will always be less than 107 feet, — a fact of much more importance than the original heights of the divide, so often quoted. The new Panama Canal Company, contrary to what has been repeatedly asserted, has adopted a

single definite projet, but one carefully adjusted to permit a decision as to the height of the ultimate summit level to be deferred until progress in the construction shall make known which of two heights is preferable. These two heights are 102 feet and 61 feet, the latter to attain 67 feet in great floods of the Chagres, which occur only at long intervals. The higher level has been adopted provisionally, to guard against interest costs resulting from any delay in completing the cut at the Culebra; but if the United States government adopts the route, the lower level will doubtless be given the preference, and it will therefore be assumed in the following comparison: —

Delays from lockages result from two causes: (1) loss of time consumed in actually raising and lowering the ship, and (2) loss of time in the needful preparations for so doing. The former admits of exact estimate, based on experiments at our great lock Poe at Sault Ste. Marie, and confirmed by experience there and on the Manchester Ship Canal. The limit of speed in raising and lowering which is found to be safe is two and a half feet per minute. This calls for 86 minutes for overcoming the ascents and descents on the Nicaragua route, and 49 minutes for those via Panama. The delays in the needful preparations depend on the number and adjustment of the locks. Careful observation of the passage of great ships through the Manchester Ship Canal has furnished the following figures, including the slackening of speed in approaching the lock, delays in entering and making fast, time spent in manœuvring the gates, delays in unlashing and leaving the lock, and time lost in regaining full speed. For each passage of a single lock these delays aggregate 21 minutes; and for two locks in flights, 30 minutes. On the Panama route there will be five locks, four of them disposed in flights of two. On the Nicaragua route the Walker Commission propose ten single locks. These data give the following as the total loss of time in lockages in traversing the two canals: via Nicaragua, 8 hours and 26 minutes; via Panama, 3 hours and 32 minutes: gain for Panama, 4 hours and 54 minutes.

The speed which can be maintained in traversing the water way will be governed by the dimension of cross section, the curvature at changes of direction, the force and direction of the prevailing winds, and the currents when any are to be encountered. Experience on existing ship canals has also shown that a limit is imperative to protect the banks from erosion. This limit is generally fixed at 6 knots (6.7 miles) per hour. Another important element in determining the practical rate of transit is the length of the levels between the locks; for if short a high speed cannot be attained in traversing them. The routes will now be compared as to these elements.

In the matter of dimensions of cross section both conform to modern requirements; in all other respects Panama possesses great advantages.

For facility in navigation an absolutely straight canal would, of course, be the ideal one; but such perfection is hardly to be attained in practice. The canal which most closely approximates to it, or, in other words, which has its route determined by curvatures of the longer radii, has obvious advantages in respect to ease and safety of operation.

On the Panama route the minimum radius of curvature is 1900 meters, and only one per cent of the entire distance between oceans approaches this limit (2078 yards). The ruling radii are 3000 or 2500 meters (3281 or 2734 yards), and 42 per cent of the route lies between these limits; 57 per cent follows straight lines. For Nicaragua, the report of the Walker Commission is not very definite as to this important element. It gives (page 16) 1000 yards

as the minimum curvature in the canal proper, but does not specify what it is in the 57 miles of the crooked San Juan River; where Lull's survey, adopting the five cut-offs planned by him, indicates for the deep water channel six curves with radii between 233 yards and 1500 yards; fifteen curves, between 500 and 833 yards; and twenty-one curves, between 833 yards and 1170 yards. Many of these curves have hills abutting on one side or both. The total change of direction in the entire distance amounts to 4607°, or about 13 complete circles. This matter of curvature is of immense practical importance. The Suez Company has been compelled, since the canal was opened to traffic, to increase its radius from a minimum of 700 meters to a minimum of 1800 meters (736 yards to 1968 yards).

In conducting a ship through a canal or narrow river, where currents are to be overcome, or where strong winds are to be encountered, either blowing across the route or acting from the rear to force her from her course in passing curves, the difficulties and risks of navigation are vastly increased. In this respect there is absolutely no difficulty on the Panama route. In Nicaragua ships must navigate for 57 miles the crooked San Juan River, which must carry the greater part of the lake drainage, and which traverses a gorge that Admiral Walker states is swept by strong trade winds during the greater part of the year.

As to length between locks on the Panama route, there is only one level (1.3 miles) less than 15 miles in length. On the *projet* of the Walker Commission the following lengths appear: 3.5 miles, 4.6 miles, 0.8 of a mile, 0.9 of a mile, 1.9 miles, and 2.4 miles.

In view of these facts, it would appear reasonable to accord an average speed of transit to the Panama route equal to that authorized by existing canal regulations (6.7 miles per hour), especially as for some miles in Lake Bohio it can be largely exceeded. The Nicaragua route is manifestly subject to unusual difficulties. On the Suez Canal, in 1898, the average rate of speed was only 5.5 miles per hour, and this with curves of nearly double the radius of those projected for Nicaragua, and with no winds or currents to cause delays. It would seem a very liberal estimate to accord an average speed of 5 miles per hour, allowing full sea speed (11.5 miles) in the 58 miles of deep lake.

Adopting these figures, we find for the relative times of transit by the two canals the following figures: —

	Hours.	Min.
By Panama, 46 miles at 6.7 miles per hour	6	52
Loss in lockages	3	32
Add 20 % for contingencies	2	05
Time of transit	12	39

	Hours.	Min.
By Nicaragua, 132 miles at 5 miles per hour	26	24
58 miles at 11.5 miles per hour	5	03
Loss in lockages	8	26
Add 20 % for contingencies	7	58
Time of transit	47	51

These figures, allowing full speed by night, show that a steamer crossing the Isthmus from ocean to ocean will require 35 hours more time if going by way of Nicaragua than if going by way of Panama. This practically offsets the seeming advantage of Nicaragua, given above, due to shorter ocean routes. In other words, a steamer leaving New York via Panama is really 12 hours nearer Honolulu, and less than three hours further from San Francisco, than if she went by way of Nicaragua. Even as between New Orleans and San Francisco the advantage of 666 miles in favor of Nicaragua counts for only 23 hours in time. Such gains are unworthy of serious consideration in voyages of this length; but even they are overstated. Further allowance must be made for increased probabilities of detention, aris-

ing from inferior harbors, and from having to traverse a land route four times as long, and a much longer part of it by night (as must be done if the transits are to be made in 48 hours and 13 hours respectively). No attempt will be made to assign a numerical value to this additional loss of time, which may vary between wide limits in different transits of the Isthmus; but evidently the loss via Nicaragua will be very important, and it much more than covers the insignificant gains indicated by the above figures. As a matter of fact, the advantage as to time lies decidedly on the side of Panama.

In fine, this claim of gain of time by Nicaragua must be relegated to the class of visionary arguments so often advanced to offset the solid merits of the Panama route. It is certain that if we are to have the best possible canal to connect our coasts, one not liable at any time to be superseded by a rival with which it could not compete, it must cross the continental divide at Panama. Nature has so decreed, and it is idle to contest the decision.

Henry L. Abbot.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

A NEW generation has come upon the stage since William H. Seward, past seventy years old, a battered, exhausted, outworn statesman, died in 1872. Men are yet living who were his junior associates in public life during the strenuous years when he was a leader; a foremost opponent in the United States Senate of the slave power in its mighty struggle to establish an incontestable supremacy in the nation; the adroit, resourceful, and, under Lincoln, the successful director of our desperate foreign relations during the momentous crisis of the civil war. But these living associates are not many, and are fast passing away. Men who knew Seward in the time of his power, only as neophyte politicians and schoolboys know mature and declining party leaders, now occupy the seats of authority. The recollections of him that stay in the minds of these are colored by the hue of partisan praise or party detraction to which they were accustomed in their impressionable years.

Has the time come for a broad historical view and review of this man's career? Regarding the purpose and scope of a Life, a biography, the answer must be an affirmative one. Indeed, it may be thought that the time is late rather than early. Already such service has been done, well done, for several of his great contemporaries. Certainly Mr. Bancroft had this justification for the task he has attempted and performed.[1] He had also some particular qualification in his long service in the State Department, his knowledge of the traditions of the capital, and of the peculiar subtle influences that pervade the place and affect the motives and actions of those who live the life of politics there.

The result of his labor is given to the public in two stout octavo volumes, containing more than eleven hundred compactly printed pages. The work bears evidence of diligent delving in various appropriate sources of information, and of patient digestion of large stores of material. It is understood that the work was in hand during several industrious years, and this may easily

[1] *The Life of William H. Seward.* By FREDERIC BANCROFT. With Portraits. In two volumes. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1900.

be credited. Here is no mere compilation of documents and of other men's knowledge and judgments. There is no suggestion of padding. In consideration of the inevitable temptations presented, the fewness of long citations, either for proof or for illustration, is a noticeable merit. All of Seward's literary work abounds in quotable material. Many an historical Life is stuffed to a condition of lethargy and deadness, when the author's fondness is like the appetite of a gourmand. Whatever limitation may have been put upon Mr. Bancroft's desire by outward conditions, — copyrights, for example, — it is obvious that he had freedom in many directions, and he has not abused it in any. He has the faculty, instinctive it may be, but disciplined too, of plucking from a speech, a letter, a dispatch, the sentences and phrases which contain the significance of the whole, and so weaving them into his narrative that they do not halt it. This is a dangerous power when a writer may be suspected of another aim than to reveal the real truth, and it may excite suspicion when reference and correction are impossible. In this case the sources are accessible and carefully indicated. Misrepresentation can hardly escape exposure.

The story Mr. Bancroft has to tell is one of real character, action, and circumstances. He tells it seriously, intelligently, vigorously, clearly. He belongs to the school of writers who would, if they could, expunge from their minds the talent of ideality, when they set about a task of this kind. Ideals, they say to themselves, belong to poetry, romance, music, perhaps to religion; but not to history, not to the actualities of life as it is lived, nor to a record of it. A biography, in order to be true, must be free from the illusory tinge of admiration. It must not be a statue with its best aspect in light and the rest in shadow; not a picture painted or photographed from the most advantageous point of view; but a flat chart of a life, with all the soundings duly indicated in plain figures. Mr. Bancroft has so spread out to contemplation the life of Mr. Seward. The analytical purpose is controlling. Seward is explored, dissected, exposed, catalogued, — his motives as well as his deeds. It is very completely done. Few affairs in his career about which men hereafter will care to inquire have escaped the author's curious, searching, pragmatical attention. The presentation may be strictly accurate, but it is not picturesque. It is interesting, but not of the deepest interest, for it does not much engage the heart. It is instructive, but not of the highest instruction, for it does not kindle aspiration. Granting, as must be granted, that this limitation of effect is due in great part to the nature of the subject, in some part it is due also to the method of the author.

In its literary quality the book is carefully and vigorously written. Mr. Bancroft's style is lucid, virile, and reasonably affluent, well adapted to narration and to conveying opinion. He has ability to say what he desires to say with direct and forceful impression. It is not a style that is especially characterized by elegance or charm. One does not often linger upon the felicity of the phrasing, and less often is he halted by any awkwardness of form or indistinctness of meaning. As the treatment of the theme exhibits a strong sense of values and relations and a mastery of contributory details, so the style, in its structure, its movement, its stress, and its qualifications, shows talent for the due organization and array of the materials of language to engage attention to its substantial message. It is a style free from weakening diffuseness, from perplexing involutions, from crabbed and mutilated sentences. Commonly, it is full, sometimes copious, scarcely ever prolix or tawdry. It is not epigrammatic, and the perils that beset an unnatural effort to be epigram-

matic are escaped. It advances from topic to topic and from thought to thought with steady, even movement; not as a march with music and banners, nor as a tedious plodding onward, but with becoming spirit and eagerness and confidence.

Some critics will be apt, and not without reason, to find fault with the author's habitual introspection, — not of himself, but of Mr. Seward. He is not satisfied to tell the reader what Mr. Seward did or said, but must track the action back to its motive source in the inner chambers of his soul. A reasonable amount of this kind of psychological speculation is tolerable and helpful; but after a reader gets the clue to the author's notion of his subject's nature and traits, he can divine it in particular cases, and does not relish being anticipated or impeded in making his own reflections. When an author feels obliged to note continually, as often as occasion is presented, that a course of conduct under consideration exemplifies an already well-attested trait, it becomes tiresome to men of disciplined intelligence, however useful it may be for instructing the immature. One does not get far along in this Life of Seward without learning that he was a politician whose career was bound to be a struggle to reconcile the intellectual entertainment of certain noble sentiments of duty to country and humanity with the gratification of his ambition for popular applause and stations of practical power. One who accepted as his mentor in patriotism and statesmanship John Quincy Adams, and depended for advancement in politics upon the management of Thurlow Weed, could hardly avoid obtaining a reputation for duplicity and timeserving.

This insistence upon calling attention to Seward's inconsistencies and his lapses from the high standard of his better conceptions of duty appears to be without malice; but the cumulative effect is disagreeable, if it does not cause in some instances a perversion of judgment. A disproportionate sense of demerit, it may be feared, will enter into the estimate of readers who derive their knowledge of him chiefly from this book. Not that there is apparent reluctance or failure to present the nobler aspects of the statesman's character and service distinctly and generously, — for this cannot be alleged; but there is, perhaps, too much anxiety on the part of the author lest he might be suspected of the sin of eulogy. No one would limit the discretion of the biographer of an historical personage by the maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum;" but between this precept and a rule prescribing pitiless truth in exploiting the weaknesses of those whose title to remembrance is great service to the state there are at least ninety degrees of latitude.

A quality of the book that deserves commendation is its close sticking to its subject. The temptation to ramble and to treat at large of the service and quality of other public men, the phases of public sentiment, the unessential intrigues, the military operations, the related but inconsequential episodes of domestic and foreign affairs, must have been only less enticing than the temptation to quote *in extenso*, to which allusion has been made. As to all such digressions the author has been severely abstemious. Nothing has place which is not definitely and, almost it may be said, indispensably essential to the relation of Seward's career, being a part of his immediate work or necessary to an understanding of it. There are no long interjected essays, — nothing like the chapter on Society in Boston, in Pierce's Life of Sumner. Seward is always in sight, and almost always the chief figure. No one, not even Lincoln, is permitted to distract attention from the one person whom it is the purpose of the author to depict. Seward lives in the book, a very real and human man, with great natural gifts, great desire for power, great opportu-

nities of serving his country, great success and honor of accomplishment. No good reason is apparent why the story of his career should be told in fullness again. Nothing highly important can remain to be added. Whatever of criticism has been suggested here is not meant to imply that the author has not succeeded in a manner deserving warm recognition and praise. It would be fulsome to say that the work ranks with the few biographies accounted of the first class, but it merits esteem for its fidelity, sincerity, courage, and power.

Mr. Seward's nature was so complex that it is difficult to characterize him simply. To do it at any time hereafter will be as difficult as now, unless meanwhile much is forgotten. In the first place, it is not easy to designate his pole-star. Sometimes it appears to have been a sun of the firmament, and sometimes a mere terrestrial beacon. He was ever surprising his contemporaries by some unexpected action, or counsel, or failure. He had a sagacious but not infallible instinct for seizing the prevalent opinion of the day as a means of power. Also, he showed at times the possession of a far-penetrating glance, by which he was enabled to put himself *en rapport* with the opinion of to-morrow and the day after to-morrow, in order to make use of that when it should become prevalent. His faith in eternal verities was strong. At any time he would have confessed their existence, and sometimes he affirmed it with impressive solemnity; but his constant reliance was on the knowing intellect of William H. Seward and the managing skill of Thurlow Weed. He was a prophet who delighted to prophesy smooth things. He had no troublesome sense of consecration to deliver the very truth in his message, or to adhere to it in his course. He was no Garrison, no Sumner. He could withhold utterance with a masterful repression until sure that his speech would fall upon minds waiting for it.

He entered political life in 1831, as the representative in the New York Senate of a factitious local rage known as Anti-Masonry, fostered for political ends by enemies of the party then in power, the Republican party, which later took the name of the Democratic party. He retired from political life in 1869, when the weak and distrusted administration of Andrew Johnson, in which he had held on as Secretary of State, came to an unlamented end. Meanwhile, he had been a Whig during the lifetime of that party, and a Republican thereafter, and in office three fourths of the time. Whether in office or out of office, he was always active, prominent, and influential, although his last years in office were marked by declining vigor and the abandonment of former friends. In the beginning of this career he was noted for extraordinary intellectual power and extraordinary industry, for fertility in ideas and resources, for the variety of his public interests, the shrewdness of his counsel, the ardor and persuasiveness of his speech, the poise of his character, the charm of his manners, and the nobility of his ambition. Sagacious men, friends and foes, regarded him as one destined to advancement whenever political conditions were favorable, who might demonstrate an ability for the high places of national statesmanship. But his opportunities did not follow swiftly. He had but one term in the legislature, the Anti-Masonry party dissolving almost as rapidly as it had been formed, and the (Democratic) Republicans regaining control of the state. He was active in the organization of the new Whig party. In 1834 he was its first candidate for governor. He failed in that year, but four years later he was chosen, and, by reëlection, served for four years. Then came a term of six years of unofficial although very active life, until a turn of Fortune's wheel, giving the legislature to the Whigs, made him a United States

Senator, when he entered on the career that raised him to historical eminence, being then not quite forty-eight years old.

No full summary of this higher career can be attempted here. Seward was already strongly and variously committed to anti-slavery principles. He was never an apologist for slavery, never an abettor of the slaveholder's schemes to nationalize the sectional institution. He was not an Abolitionist, nor did he ally himself with the Liberty party of 1844, or the Free Soil party in either of its campaigns. Through all this period he was a Whig with anti-slavery principles, opposing the Clay compromises of 1850 which Webster favored. He supported General Scott in 1852, but inactively, because he did not approve of the party's acceptance of the compromise acts as a finality. The crushing defeat of that year did not extinguish his hope of becoming the leader of the party in a new policy. Even after the great uprising of the North in protest against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he did not immediately perceive that the case was hopeless. Not until 1855 did he and Thurlow Weed consent to lead the remnant of the Whig party of New York into the camp of the recently christened Republican party.

As he had been the leading Whig statesman, after the rejection of Webster in the national convention of 1852, he at once became the leading statesman of the new party, ranking in the ardor and effectiveness of his advocacy of its principles with those who had been its apostles since 1848, and excelling them all in knowledge of political arts and the range of his official experience. It cannot be said that his zeal was that of a new convert; for, while marching under another flag, he had long professed the doctrines and the aims in statesmanship which the new party was organized to promote, and had long been regarded as with it in spirit, although slow to discern that the Whig party was no longer a hopeful instrumentality for the achievement of these doctrines and aims. It was not strange, therefore, that as soon as he cast in his lot with the Republican party he was a prominent candidate for its nomination for the presidency. Not for the first time did he then contemplate the possibility of such distinction; but his earlier ambition was to be sometime the candidate of the Whigs, if that party could be brought into the position of representing the national sentiment opposed to the designing, ruthless, insatiable greed of the political slave power. The key to his course until he joined the Republican party is his optimistic confidence that he could mould the Whig party into a successful party of freedom, and be its national leader.

He was defeated in the national Republican convention of 1856. Not William H. Seward, but John C. Fremont became the first candidate of the new party. Mr. Bancroft alleges that the opposition to Seward was on account of his radicalism. In addition it may be said that the elements composing the movement had not fused. The prejudices of old antagonism were powerful. Seward was unacceptable to some because he so lately was a Whig. During the next four years he did great work in the Senate and on the platform, contributing large service to solidifying the sentiment and inspiring the hope of the new party. His fame was much enhanced, and deservedly so, for it grew upon new demonstrations of his statesmanship, his resources of power, and his understanding of the fundamental character, in the aspect of patriotism, of the issue to be determined. Again, and now with apparent certainty, he was regarded as the coming candidate of his party. Yet he was defeated in the convention, when defeat seemed impossible, by a combination of conditions and interests which no human wisdom could foresee and prevent, which no one now wishes had been prevented.

The four months between the election of the Republican President and his inauguration afforded the supreme opportunity of Seward's statesmanship. He saved the Union then. It is hardly too much to say: alone he did it. Had he been the President elect, he could not have done what he did without compromising his administration. No one else could have done it, for no one else had the necessary combination of wisdom, station, influence, and fortitude. More than the President in the White House, more than the elected President, more than the Congress in the Capitol, more than the agitated, fuming politicians of the North and the South, he held in leash the rage of sections, and steadied the reeling nation by his imperturbable confidence of peace. He stayed the storm until in the place of chief responsibility the whimpering senility of Buchanan was supplanted by the robust manhood of Lincoln.

His best and incontestable title to fame rests on his conduct of our foreign relations during the eight years of Lincoln's and Johnson's administrations. In 1861 none of the leaders of the Republican party had been tested in offices of national administration, nor had the President. Some of them had been governors of states; most had won their standing in public discussion or in Congress. No one had a record of longer or more notable public life than Seward. In the Senate he had taken special interest in foreign relations. His knowledge of international law was not equal to Sumner's, but his general fitness for the office of Secretary of State was recognized. His defeat in the convention had not prevented him from giving Lincoln a loyal and effective support. Personal and party obligation designated him for the office. There was a more imperative requirement. Half of the Republican party were solicitous, to say the least, regarding the new President's ability; believed Seward's to be the master mind, and expected him to be the President's controlling guide in the business of government. To these his acceptance seemed the necessity of public safety. Seward himself was of this opinion; and when the circumstances are calmly considered, it is not necessary to attribute his feeling solely to vanity. It is now apparent that at the start Seward blundered egregiously, and dire misfortunes were prevented only by Lincoln's overruling wisdom. When Seward discovered that Lincoln intended to be President in fact as well as in name, and to take upon himself as a personal responsibility every duty that belonged to the office, he fell into his proper place with a good will and fidelity that must be reckoned magnanimous.

The supreme task was to keep European states from recognizing the Confederacy as a national government, and lending their aid to the accomplishment of the fact. It was a task of extraordinary difficulty, all the dynasties, except that of Russia, seeming ready enough to have the great republic of the western world broken in two, and its power divided. It is confessed now that the Lincoln-Seward diplomacy, viewed in the large, was vigilant, courageous, tactful, masterly; not successful in every incident, to be sure, but triumphant in the main points. In the points wherein it failed, as the escape of the Alabama and the invasion of Mexico, it prepared the way for future penalty and humiliation. Without assuming to speak with authority in these high matters, it seems not undue praise to say that, in the long term of Seward's tenure of the office of Secretary of State, he was not overmatched by any of the well-schooled diplomats of Europe with whom he had important, delicate, and critical negotiations.

He came near being a companion of Lincoln in martyrdom. If one assassin's dagger had done its cruel work as effectively as the other's pistol, the two statesmen would have been more closely

associated in fame forever. Lincoln died at the culmination of his greatness, and is apotheosized with Washington. Seward lingered through Johnson's administration in the Department of State, doing his proper work with unimpaired efficacy, but siding with his chief in the disastrous conflict with Congress, and sharing the distrust and reprobation that attended him. He descended to the grave under the pall of this obloquy, and its darkness yet beclouds his fame.

Nevertheless he was one of the statesmen and leaders of whom the nation must be proud. At this distance of time, it is more fit to exalt his virtues than to magnify his faults. He had his limitations, his weaknesses, — mostly amiable ones, — his share of fallibility in judgment and failure in effort. But from the beginning to the end of his long career, he loved his country, he was a champion of liberty and of law, a servant of the Constitution, a defender of the Union, an ally of moral forces in government, a protector of the poor and the weak against their oppressors, a hopeful believer in human development and progress, a prophet of national growth and power, a friend of learning and science and art. What boots it now to insist upon the unessential infirmities of his high career? They wrought no lasting evil to the state. The parade of them is unlikely to be of service for warning.

Say that he was ambitious. Who has endured the defeat of ambition with a nobler grace of acceptance? Say that he was a timeserver. Who has waited with more patience for the ripe occasion, or more promptly seized it when it came? Say that he gave undue importance to the shallow issue of Anti-Masonry; but add that till the end of his life he was the consistent foe of political secret societies, and the steadfast friend of the despised immigrant. Say that he dodged the vote on Sumner's motion to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law; but recall that he gave to the anti-slavery cause its two most potent watchwords, the higher law and the irrepressible conflict. Say that he presumed to govern for Lincoln; but he loyally governed with him and worthily suffered with him. Say that he was an optimist, who thought the slaveholders' insurrection would be suppressed in sixty days; but add that he never lost heart in the most desperate strains and discouragements of the four years' weary conflict. Say that in the beginning of the rebellion he courted a foreign war to make a commanding cause for the reunion of the states; but remember that he forced Louis Napoleon out of Mexico without firing a gun, and acquired Alaska, a magnificent enlargement of the nation's domain, without using the duress of war, and without the condition of a war entailed.

Walter Allen.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.[1]

"THERE is an *ethos* in FitzGerald's letters which is so exquisitely idyllic as to be almost heavenly. He takes you with him, exactly accommodating his pace to yours, walks through meadows so tranquil, and yet abounding in the most delicate surprises. And these surprises seem so familiar, just as if they had originated with yourself. What delicious blending!"

These lines about FitzGerald, taken from one of the letters of Thomas Ed-

[1] *Letters of Thomas Edward Brown.* Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by SIDNEY T. IRWIN. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1900.

ward Brown, have a singular appositeness when applied to "T. E. B." himself. A shy scholar, with plenty of Scotch fury in his heart, passionately attached to his native Manx soil, to his friends and his books, he lived a life as isolated and unspoiled as FitzGerald's, and now seems likely to win something of the same posthumous fame.

Born in 1830 at Douglas, Isle of Man, where his father held the living of St. Matthew's, Brown went to Christ Church, Oxford. He won a double-first, but his position as a servitor was painful. He was made Fellow of Oriel in 1854. In 1857 he married his cousin, and became head master of the Crypt school, Gloucester, where W. E. Henley was one of his pupils. He afterward removed to Clifton College, but teaching was apparently never very congenial to him, although he was loved and admired by his boys. In 1892 he went back to the Isle of Man, and spent the last five years of his life as a clergyman in charge of two parishes. The Archdeaconry of Man was offered to him; but he preferred freedom to attend Methodist chapels and to smoke a pipe in a public house if he pleased. He printed five slender volumes of verse, much of it in Manx dialect; and in these things, together with his music, his long walks, and the occasional society of a friend, was the life of his rare spirit.

Brown's published letters begin with a description of Jowett's preaching in 1851, and close with a hasty note written three days before his death in 1897. There are but three letters to represent a space of twenty years in his early manhood, and this gap provokes curiosity as to the course of his spiritual development. He conquered his volcanic temperament slowly, one would hazard, and learned sweetness from much bitter struggle. Like many a Celt, he was naturally endowed with an excess of emotion, — "a born sobber," he whimsically said; and the perpetual warfare of this Celtic extravagance with his classicism, and with the decorous walk and conversation expected from a British schoolmaster and clergyman, is amusing and very human.

His feeling for nature was a passion of the sort that is rarer than it seems, in these days of pocket kodaks and little books about birds and grasshoppers. His eye for details was exquisite, but the whole enchanting spectacle of sea and shore hushed him now and again into a sort of tranquil rapture. "Oh, let us dream!" he cries, as he describes the walk to Portishead; "a chance word now and then, a cowslip, a violet; but mainly the all but continuous dream." On the Quantocks he felt the fairies all around him. "'There 's odds o' fairies' — hierarchies — S. T. C. a supreme hierarch; look at his face; think of meeting him at midnight between Stowey and Alfoxden, like a great white owl, soft and plumy, with eyes of flame!"

This magic-picture of Coleridge is a reminder that Brown's letters are full of curiously vivid portraits of men of letters. Of course he knew his classics; indeed, to read his letters with full appreciation, one needs a bit of Greek and Latin and of three or four modern languages besides. He believed in classical training, with a queer combination of stubborn schoolmaster logic and mystical religious faith. He writes of a proposal to make Greek optional for boys: —

"Yes, you would fill your school to overflowing, of course you would, so long as other places did not abandon the old lines. But it would be detestable treachery to the cause of education, of humanity. To me the *learning* of any blessed thing is a matter of little moment. Greek is not learned by nineteen-twentieths of our Public School boys. But it is a baptism into a cult, a faith, not more irrational than other faiths or cults; the baptism of a regeneration which releases us from I know

not what original sin. And if a man does not see that, he is a fool, such a fool that I should n't wonder if he gravely asked me to explain what I meant by original sin in such a connection."

His own commerce with Greek and Roman masterpieces was vital. "Since M. left I have been regaling myself with the Eclogues and a book of Herodotus. The finished art of the former, and the naïveté, not above the suspicion of irony and positive poking fun, which seams the latter, are an endless joy." Of the Ars Poetica he exclaims: "I would steep every one, I would steep myself, in that supreme bath of criticism. I can hardly think of it and its early impression on me without tears."

But his mind was equally open — doubtless he would have said because of that classical training open — to the charm and power of the great mediævals and moderns: "The Orlando Furioso — have you read it? It is just now my constant companion. What a brilliant bird-of-paradise sort of creature it is! I think the hard enamel of this Italian reprobate pleases me better than Spenser with his soft velvet carpet, on which you walk ankle-deep in the moss of yielding allegory." Or again: "I think Dante is monotonous, but what a monotone! He drowns you in a dream, and you never want to wake."

Brown was one of the Hugonians, absolutely certain that there has been no poet like Hugo since Shakespeare. His fondness for Daudet's short stories was lyrical in its fervor, and no critic has written more penetrating sentences about Flaubert and de Maupassant. That he was one of Sir Walter's men need scarcely be said. "Fancy dying," he writes, "without having read The Fortunes of Nigel; 'going into the presence of your maker,' and being compelled to such a confession!"

His literary antipathies, like his sympathies, are gayly and tersely voiced, as he passes from Euripides to Trilby, — he liked them both, — and from Tess of the D'Urbervilles, which he did not like at all, to The Manxman, which he was too loyal to his native soil and his friend Hall Caine not to admire mightily. He did not feel quite sure of Mr. Kipling, although he knew his own mind about Stevenson.

"Kipling seems a versatile being, without a pivot — magnificent sky-rocket of a genius. There is nothing he can't do, but I question whether he will ever do anything really great. He is at his second wind, and one gets anxious about his staying power. Weir of Hermiston I take to be the most consummate thing that has been written for many years. Don't you agree with me? *That woman* — not Mrs. Weir, though she is marvelously good, but the humble relative who occupies the place of chief and confidential servant! No one but a Scot can enter into this character. That I am able so thoroughly to feel it, I consider the strongest proof of my Scottish origin. Such a woman! And yet they said Stevenson could n't draw a woman. And the passion of love — yes, love; yes, passion — the positive quasi-sexual (or shall I drop the quasi?) longing for the young Hermiston. Good God! What depth! what truth! what purity! what nobility! If the century runs out upon this final chord, what more do I want? Let me die with the sough of it in my ears. It is enough: *nunc dimittis, Domine.* You will go on to other joys: the coming century will bring them to you. But to me — well, well, all right. In heaven I will bless you, Louis Stevenson."

Complete Brownists, who are delighted that the Messrs. Macmillan have recently published "T. E. B.'s" collected poems in their well-known uniform edition of the poets, will find in these letters confirmation of their belief in the rare, spontaneous quality of the Manxman's genius. By far the greater number of American readers have never

heard his name. For them the letters will be the introduction to a new friend, whose swiftly changing moods and racy eccentricities of speech give charm to a nature essentially sane, deep-rooted in wholesome Mother Earth, and unvexed by the spiritual perplexities of the passing hour.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE death of Charles Dudley Warner closes a life marked by stainless integrity and honorable service to literature. As he passed threescore years and ten, "the things which should accompany old age" were not lacking to him, and friends least of all. He had no more loyal following than among the readers of The Atlantic, where many of his most delightful papers first appeared. Their sense of loss in the death of such a charming writer and richly developed man is perhaps too personal a feeling to find fit expression even in the anonymous columns of the Club. The public career of Charles Dudley Warner, however, is full of significance to those who believe in the reality of the influence of the man of letters upon contemporary American life.

"He never had a home," remarked Mr. Warner, a few days before his death, in commenting shrewdly though kindly upon the shifting opinions and transient enthusiasms of a distinguished writer. Mr. Warner himself had a home; he could be placed; his roots were deep down in the western Massachusetts farm and the normal life of the inland Connecticut city. The cosmopolitanism of his later years became him, because it was the natural flowering of the New England stock under the sunny, genial conditions afforded by a wider experience.

With true Yankee versatility, Mr. Warner tried his hand at many things before he was finally drawn to the vocation of a journalist. His first book, My Summer in a Garden, was published when he was more than forty, and he first turned fiction writer at sixty. He traveled widely in this country and abroad. He threw himself vigorously into many movements for social and political reform. Notable as was his range of interest in literature, he was a better lover of men than of books. The human spectacle delighted him with its splendor, and evoked his delicate humor by its variety. He liked the company of beautiful women and high-minded men. In his essays and novels he touched human weaknesses, but always deftly and for the good of his readers. The novels glow with indignation against the triumph of vulgar material tests of success, but his voice never rises to a shriek or sinks into a wail. He saw that the flooding tide of luxury in this country endangers some of the fine instincts that have been developed by ascetic living, yet he never ignored the charm that so often accompanies luxury, or taught that fine linen and sumptuous fare prevent kindly thoughts and strenuous effort for the betterment of mankind. In his judgment of public questions he showed the same steadiness and candor. Like William L. Wilson, whom in certain traits he much resembled, and whose death so closely preceded his own, he never lost in the stress of affairs the poise and clear-sightedness of the scholar.

It was this manly urbanity of Mr. Warner — the expression in spoken and

written words of the inner ripeness of his nature — that gave him such an extended influence over his countrymen. His pulpit was always a modest one: at first the farmer's column of a newspaper; then a little book of essays or travel sketches, a few department pages at the back of a magazine, a serial story, or a chairman's desk at some public gathering. But he had such sensible and delightful things to say! He was so ready to communicate! He had the genuine social instinct that has marked most of our notable men of letters, except Hawthorne and Poe. Mr. Warner cared for people, and people cared for him.

It is difficult to assess precisely the service of such a man to our American democracy. Nor is it necessary. The personality of men like Charles Dudley Warner does somehow leaven the whole lump. Provinciality and partisanship fled from his tolerant smile. Selfishness and dullness were afraid of him. He broadened the minds of his readers and his friends, because he led them into the ample society of noble aims and disinterested endeavor. In the midst of the confusing conditions that have prevailed in the American newspaper and magazine world during the last decade, he constantly enriched his talent instead of dissipating it. He never lost sight of ideal standards, and he made other men ashamed of standards less worthy than his own.

He lived long enough, it is true, to watch the slackening of some of the humanitarian impulses that early enlisted his support. One and another of the specific social reforms to which he gave his energy have lost their hold, at least temporarily, upon the younger generation. His latest utterance upon the subject of negro education disappointed many of his old friends, who thought it pessimistic and reactionary and strangely unlike him. But their very disappointment, whether justifiable or not, was a proof of Mr. Warner's reputation for fidelity to every forward movement in American life. One is always tempted to believe that with the passing of such a figure a fine type disappears. But by the very admiration which it elicits such a type perpetuates itself. The "gentleman of the old school," whose decay has been mourned by every generation of writers since Addison, is more abundantly alive in America to-day than ever before, because quiet people throughout the country are trying to emulate his qualities. The type of American man of letters which Charles Dudley Warner exemplified will never disappear until our writers lose faith in liberal education and kindly manners and generous contact with the world.

A Bit of the Gospel according to Stevenson.

"For my part," says Stevenson, in his paper called Truth of Intercourse, "I can see few things more desirable, after the possession of such radical qualities as honor and humor and pathos, than to have a lively and not a stolid countenance" . . . follow other desiderata. The phrase "such radical qualities as honor and humor and pathos" I have long felt to be, as Stevenson said of an apothegm of Thoreau's, "the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author." To some minds "romantically dull" the collocation of honor, humor, and pathos may be startling. Honor all will agree upon; but why humor, and why pathos? To take the last term first, because pathos is the necessary and inevitable supplement to real humor. The possessor of a sense of humor without an attendant sense of pathos (in which case the former, to commit an Irishism, is not humor at all) is, according to the presence or absence of intellect, either a wit or a buffoon. Here we may seem to be raising the question of the difference between wit and humor, which early essayists delighted to discuss so gravely and settle so dogmatically. But although definition has become difficult in the light of

modern psychology, most of us recognize the difference at once. It may perhaps suffice to say that wit is the intellect at play, and humor, the emotions: this "play" is induced in each case by one's sense of the incongruous, and is expressed in various media appropriate to the occasion, — most frequently in words. But if humor is the emotions at play, we must narrow the definition to the finer and more spiritual emotions ("spiritual" more in its French meaning than in its English), in order to make room for buffoonery, which may be termed the play of the grosser and more earthy emotions, expressing themselves more frequently in uncouth actions than in words. "Horseplay," the term for buffoonery best sanctioned by long colloquial usage, will bear out my definition, — from one angle, at least; from another, I have often thought the term needlessly rough on the noble animal involved in it. So you might, from one point of view, call Voltaire a wit; Cervantes, both wit and humorist; Rabelais, wit, humorist, and buffoon. But to return to humor. You will see, then, if you think it over, that humor is that quality without which intercourse loses its savor, friendship its tenderness, and love its restfulness. Thus, surely, it is a "radical" quality, — next, indeed, to honor.

And it is a far rarer quality than honor, far less frequently to be found. We Americans plume ourselves unconscionably on our sense of humor, and look scarcely with indulgence on what we call our British cousins' lack of it. But there never was an assumption more Pharisaical. We have great quickness of intellect, which, however, has not yet been aerated enough to express itself in the form of wit, so common to the Gaul; we have an inordinate fondness for buffoonery, which, unlike that of the Italians, has not yet been clarified by any instinctive sense of beauty; and, finally, our humor has not cooled and ripened long enough in the cellar to have the tender mellowness that makes the best English vintage, though small, so choice. We often speak of the dullness of Punch, for which Thackeray wrote and Du Maurier and Sir John Tenniel drew. It may, if you will, be the thin shadow of its former self, but surely it has never descended to the grossness, the crass vulgarity, of our two most widely circulated "comic" weeklies. Again, have we Americans, professed humorists, produced any pleasant bits of foolery like the Ingoldsby Legends or the Bab Ballads? (Who of us nowadays reads John Godfrey Saxe?) Think of the immortal Alice in Wonderland, or, to go nearer the core of one's heart, Cranford. No American woman (except, possibly, Miss Jewett) has written with the playfulness and tenderness that one so loves in Mrs. Gaskell.

In short, and leaving international argument, it is just this playfulness, combined with tenderness of heart, this real humor, which makes certain authors our best loved friends, however much we reverence a few others, — Stevenson, Jane Austen, Charles Lamb, Fielding, Montaigne, Cervantes, Shakespeare. George Eliot, for example, though she had a fair working substitute for humor, really lacked that quality; you may look for it in Macaulay and go hang. But it would be an ungrateful task to adduce other and weightier names, and invite the amazement of the merely literate reader.

I am tempted to wonder if a sense of humor is as infrequent among women as my own experience would lead me to suppose. For I have found far more men endowed with humor than women, just as I have found far more women than men endowed with wit. Perhaps some member of the Club can explain. Meanwhile, horrible as it sounds, I have to confess that I could love (that is, really love) a dog with a sense of humor far better than a woman without

one. Some people maintain that dogs have n't any, but I am too fond of dogs not to know better.

In beating about, however, I have started more hares than I intended. I meant to say little more than this: A man without a sense of humor is occasionally to be respected, often to be feared, and nearly always to be avoided. If he be a writer of books, he may be even a Milton; if he be a man of action, he may be even a Cromwell; if he be a table companion, he is sure to be a bore, and the meal will become but a sodden revictualing. One can, to be sure, dine with a witty man and delight in him, as one values burnished plate and fine champagne; but the slippered hearth and the fireside pipe are by no means to be shared with him. And so, finally, a man may have honor, combined with every good and perfect gift save one, and with these virtues command our admiration, respect, even reverence; but lacking "humor and pathos," all these will profit him nothing if he lay claim to our love.

Profanity as a Resource.

In the course of a recent hunting trip through the northern wilderness, my philosophy was rudely tested by the elaborate profanity of my guides. One of them was a native of Maine, graduated from the logging camp and the river drive, a loquacious though under-vocabularied Saxon, whose oaths were dropped with the fine unconsciousness of a child. His companion was a Norseman, who had seen many cities and men, and who bore the blameless name of Theodore. By nature sensitive and taciturn, Theodore preserved on most occasions a silence as unbroken as that of the woods. But a habit of solitary reading through the long winter months — The Three Guardsmen and Treasure Island were his favorite books — had quickened his linguistic faculty, and when sufficiently moved he revealed astounding mastery over the words one should not use. The merits of a certain rifle and the obliquity of a former employer who still owed him seventeen dollars were themes to which he was wont to recur shortly before bedtime, and they invariably stimulated him to a prodigal display of epithets forbidden by the virtuous. The minor annoyances and accidents of camp life rarely stirred him to blasphemies. If the gut broke with your biggest trout, or you missed an easy shot, — exigencies that sting the amateur into swift speech, — Theodore was contemptuously silent. His ferocities and ardors awoke under the touch of memory alone; no clergyman could have been more decorous when starting a fire in the rain, or stumbling along a slippery carry.

I must acknowledge that Theodore's example has set me to philosophizing upon the subject of profanity as a resource. Never, to my knowing, have I used an oath. The precepts of the most excellent of mothers have been faithfully observed through a tolerably ample cycle of experience. There have been many occasions when I have wanted to swear, and — shall I admit it? — these occasions seem to grow more frequent as I get older. I made this confession the other day to a maiden aunt, who listened to it with more sympathy than I had anticipated. "Perhaps," she commented dryly, "you are beginning to see things in their true light." But this acidulous, not to say cynical explanation of the increasing temptation to profanity does not wholly satisfy me. May the desire not be an evidence of development in emotional capacity, and even in moral fervor? The lifelong habit of self-control in speech is indeed an acquisition not lightly to be thrown aside; but is dumb rage in the presence of irremediable injustice, let us say, any better than honest Homeric oaths? Is it not as much the sign of a congenitally cold temper as of acquired self-command, never to unpack one's heart with words? If Grant never swore, and Washington did swear on a

supreme occasion, is that not one more proof of the relative greatness of those two great men? Nay, are there not two races of men, at least as fundamentally separate as those who borrow and those who lend, — namely, those who have, and those who have not, internal fire enough to erupt, at due though long intervals, the lava of high-sounding terms?

To such hazardous speculation had my friend Theodore's accomplishments incited me, when I found unexpected support in this passage from the Letters of T. E. Brown, about the death of Carlyle:

"And 'True Thomas' is gone. What has he not been to the men of my generation? And the younger men come and ask one, What was it? What did he teach? and so forth; and of course there is nothing to be said in that direction. And if one mumbles something between one's teeth (impatiently, rather like a half-chewed curse) — something about a Baptism of fire — my graceful adolescents look shocked, and, for the most part, repeat the question, 'Yes, yes, but what did he teach?' To which (I mean when *repeated*) there is no possible reply but the honest outspoken 'D——.'"

There dawns the light! This wrathful disciple of Carlyle, clergyman though he was, illustrates the real function of the much-abused expletive. The great merit of profanity is that it voices those deeply felt but dimly outlined truths that can never be uttered in a conventional mode and with the accepted syntax. How plain it all seems the moment one reflects upon the prophet of Chelsea! An unprofane Carlyle would have been no Carlyle at all.

"But, sir, I must live!"

Pot-Boiling.

"Sir, I do not see the necessity."

The professed critic must have something of this austerity, else he does not suit his bench and Rhadamanthine robes. He must condemn the laughter of fools and the crackling of thorns under a pot, and the boiling of the pot thereby. He sees eternal fitness in the fable concerning Jove's partition of the earth among kings, merchants, and other forehanded persons, when the poet, dawdling by the way to observe a cloud or think out a couplet, arrived so late that there was nothing left for him, and Jove promised him in compensation an occasional invitation to Olympus. It is in order that the artist should sup sometimes with the gods, and sometimes as a troubadour dine with a king, and for the rest he ought to be welcome to put his spoon in every man's pot; but that he should use the gift of gods to keep his own pot meanly bubbling, the gods forbid! So the high-minded critic at least is entitled to think without being liable to the retort of Antagoras the poet to Antigonus the king. The poet was boiling a conger, and the king, coming up behind him as he was stirring his skillet, said, "Do you think, Antagoras, that Homer boiled congers when he wrote the deeds of Agamemnon?" Antagoras replied, "Do you think, O king, that Agamemnon, when he performed such deeds, went spying in his army to see who boiled congers?"

This, it must be admitted, is no more than a king deserves for pretending to be a critic. Doubtless a real critic would have been disarmed by the fact that Antagoras could not afford a cook. Poverty in a man of talent implies disinterestedness; and the critic's contention is that the true artist may be disinterested to the point of becoming a public charge, but that he cannot keep one eye on the ideal, even though in frenzy rolling, and the other on the main chance. The artist, he insists, ought to make up his mind to poverty; for even the decent alternative of inheriting from some non-artistic money-getter has its dangers: a laureateship, for example, which may be regarded as compulsory pot-boiling, the incumbent being compelled to keep the thorns crackling even when he has no

interest in the pot. The critic takes it for granted that what a hired poet writes in his official capacity must *a priori* be bad. He finds it as hard to imagine an artist creating to order, pouring his new wine into the old bottles of somebody else, as the Delphic priestesses receipting for a monthly salary. The divine afflatus must have freedom as the wind to blow where it lists; it cannot be tied up in bags and loosed at suitable times to give a fair voyage, or used as a bellows for the fire of thorns. Therefore the critic's list of the ills that the artist's life assail includes "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail." And doubtless he considers the jail where Lovelace wrote a lesser evil than the patron who could take such toll of dependent genius as the dedication of Dryden's Essay on Satire. That the artist should court the public jars on him; and he sees the ideal in the Unknown Painter, who bids his pictures "moulder on the damp wall's travertine" whence the "world's vain tongues," are warded; or in our day perhaps Degas, who keeps a somewhat similar aristocratic seclusion.

But much as he may admire the austere reserve of the representatives of art's aristocratic side, the critic must admit that it has also a democratic side; and thereby hangs another argument against leaving an artist real property or an income. Dr. Johnson said plumply, "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." The whip and spur of necessity may drive a man to his best work, and are most apt to keep him at work out of which grows mastery; necessity, too, or his wife's ambition, may drive a man to pot-boiling. But here come in two points of view, — the artist's and the public's, — both more liberal than the critic's, as the man of action is necessarily less strict than the judge. Both the artist (except the infrequent severe and classical type) and the public recognize pot-boiling as legitimate, but again with an important difference.

The public chiefly requires of artists that they pay taxes like other people, and that they produce something to talk about. "Those 'who live to please must please to live,'" says the layman indulgently, and sees nothing out of the way in a painter spending a strenuous day or two "trying to think up a subject that will sell." When X turns out in hot haste a second novel to catch the flood tide of his first success, and follows that up with an early failure revamped and an outpour of pigeonholed magazine articles, the intelligent public buys and reads these things, and rather admires the strong man's virtue of fertility. But although the public is not squeamish as to abstract propositions, it is hard-headed, and it has a very good opinion of itself. It does not blame an author for bulling his own market, and esteems him the more the higher prices he asks; but it is quick to perceive when it is being written down to, and even objects to being written at. The book consumer devotes due attention to X's first hit; buys X's second book and reads it non-committally; and if the third book has not some sort of momentum to carry it as high as the first, he says placidly, "X has written himself out," and very likely buys no more. This is unskillful pot-boiling, and does not pay. A skillful pot-boiler can turn out two books a year and hold his public; but he must think up subjects that will sell. He must have a facile pen, a respect for convention, a gushing fountain of sentiment, an eye for the heroic. The public will gladly support him, the critic will ignore him, and the artist will scorn him heartily.

Nevertheless the artist admits that a certain sort of pot-boiling is permissible. For example, any artist in his struggling youth might do an Apollinaris label, and in his later prosperity point to it with candor as the most widely known of all his works, — provided only that the label were well done within its limitations. Again, Scott's magnificent pot-

boiling stands on its own merits. It does not matter that he wrote purely and simply for money; he gave all the resources of his mind, almost infinite labor. He was first of all a good workman; and an artist who has the artisan's virtues may do what he calls pot-boilers, and live to see them justly known as works of art. For such a man pot-boiling has no dangers. The same policy which makes him give full value in a design for a soda-water label will prevent him from floating inferior work on the tide of a legitimate success.

The Glittering Generality, Woman.

Women are uncertain creatures, as a class and as individuals, — only to be counted on, according to popular (masculine) tradition, to scream at the sight of a mouse; to impart any secret rashly confided to them; to haunt bargain counters; to jump at conclusions, with a fine disregard of the barriers of logic; and to be possessed at crucial moments with a consuming desire to know whether their hats are on straight. The case of Woman is far different. She is composed of the three ingredients, loveliness, purity, tenderness, — these three, and no more; and she never varies by so much as a hair. Who does not know her as she appears in fervid oratory, "soothing the brow of care"?

The vocations of women are many and various. Some are clerks, some are stenographers, some are club women, some are washerwomen, some are housekeepers and mothers of families, some are cooks, indifferent or otherwise. But the occupation of Woman is "soothing the brow of care," — that, and that only.

Really the difference between Women and Woman in masculine estimation furnishes food for thought. Woman is not to be mentioned without reverence, without a strewing of rhetorical flowers; the subject of Women is one which evokes the latent humor of the most unhumorous man, the amused patronage of even the gallant Southerner. "How like a woman!" even he is apt to exclaim, in any case of feminine absurdity.

A woman, observe, is not Woman; though *the* Woman, the bright particular woman, is sometimes confused with her for periods of varying shortness; during which season of glamour he delights to say to her, "How different you are from other women!" and she blushes and lowers her lids at such superlative praise. If he should say rashly, "How unwomanlike you are!" — but that is not to be imagined, even.

The Exceptional Woman — the woman, that is, whom a man delights to honor by regarding as such — may, I repeat, be for a while more or less confused in his mind with Woman. But, speaking generally, Woman is a platform product, — that, and nothing more; an oratorical accessory, intended to perform two highly useful functions: namely, to serve as a peg upon which to hang rhetorical wreaths; and also, like the battered bird kept at the photographer's for the behoof of depressed infant subjects, as a device for making the female auditor "look pleasant."

Now, far be it from me to speak flippantly of any harmless invention of human ingenuity, especially of one venerable from age and long service. I would merely deprecate too naïve a reliance upon it for the purpose last mentioned. This is a sophisticated age. Even the babies — to judge from a three-year-old relative of mine, recently put to the test — respond tardily and not without reserve to the immemorial device of the battered bird. And so, if the orator will but notice, he will find it with the female auditor of to-day. She, as a rule, distinctly refuses to "look pleasant" when Woman is dangled before her eyes. The unskillful may simper, but the judicious assume an air of considering Woman to be no concern of theirs, which is not without grimness.

Yet Woman no doubt will abide with us until Women reach the goal of their

extreme ambition; and then will come the time of the rival figure, Man, — indispensable to the female orator; Man, not a composite capable of resolution into Smith, Jones, Brown, and Thompson; into the iceman, the gas-meter man, the clergyman, the club man, the greengrocer, the Congressman, the policeman, the burglar, and so on, but just Man, — a decorative creation composed of a cardinal virtue or two and a dab of rose color.

An object of imitative art need not conform slavishly to nature, in order to be highly prized by an imaginative mind. I knew a little girl once who constructed a doll by simply tying a string of false curls to the neck of a shoe-polish bottle, and thenceforth lavished upon it the warmest and most faithful devotion. So the future woman may feel a genuine affection toward Man, the complement of Woman, and her eyes may moisten with real emotion as she displays her handiwork. I cannot but think, however, that Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown in the audience may not greatly care for this figment of her fancy, at its first presentation, even; and that it may not impossibly, in time, become the signal for groping for hats and umbrellas.

And so some day women may receive the exploitation of Woman. Even now I can fancy that it would awaken symptoms of impatience at "advanced" female gatherings; not, I hasten to add to forestall retort, because of the essentially unfeminine idiosyncrasies of those who promote and frequent such gatherings, but because of the very strong conviction entertained by these ladies that Woman is a complex creature, made up of other elements than loveliness, purity, tenderness, and adapted to many things besides "soothing the brow of care."

We who are not "advanced," however, do not resent the "Woman of oratory," but rather feel toward those who maintain her as an institution a sentiment of regard, as being those who would do us pleasure. But, I repeat, she is really no affair of ours. As Mrs. Prig said of Mrs. Harris, to the undying scandal of Mrs. Gamp, "there ain't no sich a person" as Woman. And we know it. Fervors lavished on her do not touch us. "My child," said Sydney Smith one day, seeing a child caressingly patting a tortoise, "you might as well pat the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter!"

And so say we women, humble individuals of the Absurd Sex, to those who praise Woman!

The Inaccuracy of Accuracy.

Now that the Dictionary of National Biography is at last completed, reports of inaccuracies are in order. "Mistakes may have been made," said John Morley, at the meeting celebrating the completion of the work. Now, by the law of averages applied to the percentage of inaccuracies in dictionary-making, is there not somebody to tell us just how many will be discovered? Is it possible for accuracy at its best to bring forth aught that will not be inaccurate in a greater or less degree? One of the most accurate of copyists — his specialty, facsimile reproductions of old annals like the Jesuit Relations — tells me that in his best moods he is sure to make one error in ten pages; it may be only an accent mark, the omission of a comma, but there it is sure to be, once in so often. The average copyist, he says, makes one error in six pages. The publishers of the Oxford Bible, it is said, still offer a guinea for the detection of an error, and at least five a year are reported. All this cannot fail to be consolatory to those who, strive as they may to be faultlessly accurate, — say in writing history or in making a statistical report, anything that should be accurate before all else, — stand confounded by at least one blunder, the very one they would not have made for worlds. Great and famous is the company with which they stand, — the blunders of old masters the most amusing of

all. "I wish I could be as cocksure of anything as Macaulay is of everything," said Lord Melbourne; and it was of his accuracy that Macaulay was proudest, — and then, under all the laurel that his History heaped upon him was that stinging charge of inaccuracy. Brilliant in style, marvelous in research, but inaccurate! And that not alone in petty details, like the statement that the Duke of Schomberg was buried at Westminster, when he lay in St. Patrick's, Dublin; that Loftum's men at the battle of Malplaquet were on the left of the Prince of Orange, when they were on his right; and that Marlborough dined, on some memorable occasion, at one, when it was at half past two. But more serious and proved inaccuracies were charged to the partisanship and exuberant imagination of the writer, "making his statements in a great part deceptive."

Why has no one ever given us a full compilation of the inaccuracies of Shakespeare? I may as well divulge at once that I am making a collection of the Inaccuracies of the Famous, and would save myself as much labor as I can. I know of nothing so soothing, in the time of blunder, as turning over my collection. Shakespeare's sending Hamlet to study at the University of Wittenberg long before Wittenberg was in existence; giving seaports to Bohemia, lions to the Forest of Ardennes; and the taking off of Richard Cœur de Lion by the Duke of Austria, — how comforting all this for a humble pen-driver in a historical way, when confronted in cold type by a mistake that cannot be laid to the printer!

"Now *that* was a case of a vicious brain cell, of automatic cerebral degeneracy," said my psychological friend, looking over my embryo collection, and reading what Keats wrote after spending a night with Chapman's Homer: —

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

No doubt it was a trick of a vicious brain cell that had trapped Keats into writing Cortez when he meant Balboa, suggesting an interesting classification for my collection. But it is among the autobiographies that I expect to find rare treasures, — in those statements, for instance, concerning the precocity of the writer's childhood; one prodigy asserting that he memorized the whole of Plutarch's Lives before he was seven. It surely will be a formidable undertaking, — sifting the Inaccuracies from what should come under another head. "In genuine autobiography," says Mark Twain, "it is impossible for a man to tell the truth." He once induced the most accurate of men to write his autobiography, just to see if he would turn out a liar; "and he did," the result pure romance.

For accuracy's sake I have a niche for the Lies of Literature, and am greatly interested just now in what I call "the blessed lies of fiction," — striking illustrations of what a lie may achieve when told from divine compassion, like that one of the bishop in Les Misérables, and that still more merciful lie in Kipling's Thrown Away. The Lies of History, and its proved inaccuracies, I shall never dream of undertaking without the aid of some one skilled in historical research; and such aid, they tell me, it will be impossible to secure, so frivolous is the end to be attained. And yet I believe that my collection may be in time quite as valuable as much now catalogued as indispensable for accurate research.

The Passing Bell.

THE solemn and impressive custom of announcing death by the tolling of the church bell will soon be but a vague and distant memory.

"The passing bell" has itself passed away, and its slow measured accents no longer tell the story of the departure of one more soul.

We do not miss the sound, for we are far too busied with our individual interests to pause and count the strokes which shall convey to us the age of the departed. A few lines in the daily paper serve the same purpose better, and are not thrust upon us unless we choose to read them. It is not necessary to toll a bell in order to spread the news that one has died, and the sound is displeasing to many utilitarian ears; and so the bell stops swinging.

But the brief notice in the daily paper, while it conveys explicit information, fails to give something that the bell's tolling carried with it. The solemn rhythmic tones awakened a momentary vibration in the breast of every listener, and bade each pause for sympathy and meditation. The bell admonished the sinner to repent, and warned the thoughtless to take heed and mend his ways. It spoke clearly and comprehensively, and bade all scattered and preoccupied inhabitants attend its story.

The bell's voice is identified with all the deepest and most sacred human emotions. It has spoken the joys and sorrows of all mankind for centuries. Is its voice to die away and have no part in the life of the future?

The wedding bells ring out no more save in some song or story. The Christmas chimes are seldom wafted to our ears. The church bells ring but faintly now, and under constant protest. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" only in verse; a sunset gun to-day gives greater satisfaction. The Angelus sounds merely in pictorial form. The fire bells give place to still alarms. The dinner bell is silenced in polite society, and sleigh bells are discarded.

What is the future of the bell? That happy silver tongue that has sung out the joys of all the world; that solemn tone that has mourned for the nations' dead, and voiced the nations' woes, and summoned to their knees the nations' worshipers! That faithful servant that has flung upon the breezes God's messages to men, men's thankfulness to God, and has declared a great and glorious nation free!

Must it toll slowly its own passing, and murmur its inevitable doom? We may exclaim with Tennyson,

"Ring out the old,"

but we must pause ere we assert,

"Ring in the new."

The "new" will doubtless come to us in a far different way. It may be clicked out on a telegraphic instrument, or whispered in our ears by telephonic connection, or flashed before our sight by heliographic phenomena.

In the din of modern civilization, amid the rattle and the rumble, the tooting and the screeching, and all the various discordant noises that rise to heaven, the tolling of the bell grows fainter, and still more faint.

Shall its rhythmic music die away altogether?

Its fading echoes waft from us something that many years of civilized invention cannot supply, for with the "passing of the bell" a flock of graceful sentiments take flight, and soar away as swiftly as did the "winged steed" when freed from his detention in the dreary village pound.

"The silent organ
Loudest chants the master's requiem."

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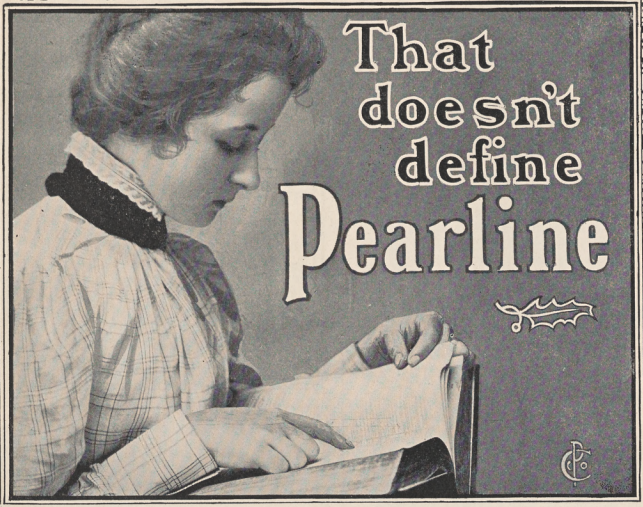
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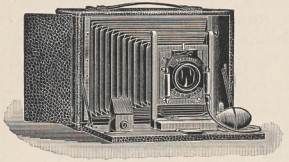
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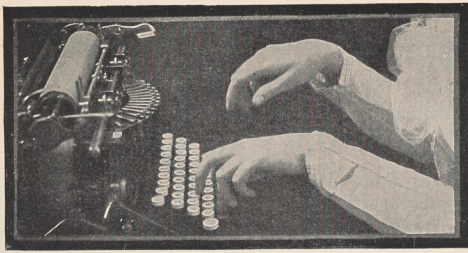
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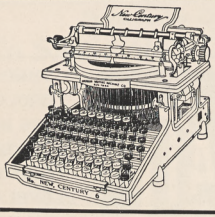


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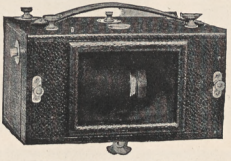
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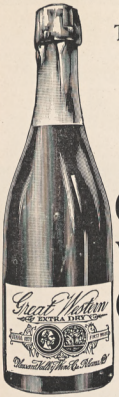
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